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# Among Flowers and Trees With the Poets



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Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,  
And colored with the heaven's own blue. (P. 113.)

Among Flowers and Trees  
with the Poets

OR

*The Plant Kingdom in Verse*

A PRACTICAL CYCLOPÆDIA FOR  
LOVERS OF FLOWERS



*Compiled and Arranged by*

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BOSTON

LEE AND SHEPARD

1901



KE 1758



Prof. C. H. Browne

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AMONG FLOWERS AND TREES WITH THE POETS.

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**To All Lovers of Nature**

**THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED**



## PREFACE

"SHAKESPEARE, Homer, Dante, Chaucer, saw the splendor of meaning that plays over the visible world; knew that a tree had another use than for apples, and corn another than for meal, and the ball of the earth than for tillage and roads; that these things bore a second and finer harvest to the mind, being emblems of its thoughts, and conveying in all their natural history a certain mute commentary on human life."

In this age of science let it be remembered that the objects of nature may be viewed in a poetic aspect as well as in a scientific. Asters, willows, butterflies and sparrows serve just as high a purpose when we think of them as symbols as when we study them analytically. Roses exist as much for the purpose of suggesting love, sweetness, youth, and purity as for the study of calyx and petals and stamens.

In carrying on nature study in our public schools we are in danger — as in all other departments of intellectual activity — of being too scientific. We forget the language of the heart and the imagina-

▼

tion, and especially that children by nature are all poets.

Our original purpose in preparing this volume was to place at the disposal of teachers a multitude of poems which are needed in connection with nature study, but which, from being so widely scattered, were not available except to those who have sufficient leisure to go on long exploring expeditions among papers, books, and magazines. Many poems by standard authors have been purposely omitted, simply because they are already available in works to be found in every school library.

We regret that we have been unable to represent in this collection a number of writers of exceptionally charming nature verse, but we hope to perfect arrangements by which they may appear in a future edition.

In some instances verses have been retained because of their valuable thought rather than for any distinctive poetic merit.

Some poems, having been gathered as waifs and strays, have been necessarily used without especial authority; and where due credit is not given, or where the authorship may have been erroneously ascribed, future editions will, we hope, afford opportunity for corrections.

We desire to acknowledge the valuable assistance of Mr. L. W. Crocker in the determination of technical names in those cases where the exact

genus or species the poet had in mind was somewhat doubtful, and also the kindly aid of Miss Wildie Thayer in the preparation of the manuscript.

We desire also to express our warmest appreciation of the helpful suggestions and encouragement from many authors, teachers, and personal friends, which have been a constant source of inspiration in our work.

We wish also to express sincere thanks for the courtesy extended by authors and publishers, by which many copyrighted poems appear in this compilation. Particular acknowledgments should be made to D. Appleton & Co. for extracts from the poems of William Cullen Bryant; to Roberts Brothers and their successors, Little, Brown & Co., for several poems by Helen Hunt Jackson; to G. P. Putnam's Sons for a number of extracts from *In Berkshire with the Wild Flowers* by Elaine and Dora Read Goodale, and also for an extract from *Lotus Life and Other Poems* by Miss L. Cleaveland.

To Emily Shaw Forman and her publishers, L. C. Page & Co., we are indebted for several poems from *Wild Flower Sonnets*.

Extracts from the complete works of John G. Whittier, James Russell Lowell, Henry W. Longfellow, Lucy Larcom, Celia Thaxter, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich are used by permission of, and by arrangement with, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers of the works of these authors. We are

also indebted to them for brief extracts from the poems of Margaret Deland, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, Annie Fields, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Christopher Pearse Cranch, Lizette W. Reese, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Dinah Muloch Craik, Robert and Elizabeth Browning, and also for two or three reprints from *Our Young Folks*.

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We would acknowledge the courtesy of Harper Brothers in permitting us to use several poems by Margaret Deland, Marian Douglas, Angelina W. Wray, Margaret Eytinge, and Margaret E. Sangster.

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THE EDITORS.





# CONTENTS

	PAGE
PART I. FLOWERS—IN GENERAL . . . .	I
PART II. FLOWERS—SPECIFIED . . . .	39
PART III. TREES AND SHRUBS—IN GENERAL . . . .	229
PART IV. TREES AND SHRUBS—SPECIFIED . . . .	259
PART V. FLOWERLESS PLANTS . . . .	341
PART VI. NATIONAL FLOWERS . . . .	355
APPENDIX I. FLORAL SYMBOLISM . . . .	385
APPENDIX II. FLOWERS OF THE MONTHS. . . .	397
ADDITIONAL REFERENCES . . . .	399
INDEX TO AUTHORS . . . .	401
GENERAL INDEX . . . .	413



## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew, And colored with the heaven's own blue (p. 113)	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	<b>PAGE</b>
Brilliant asters their prim heads tossed . . . . .	<b>22</b>
That flower supreme in loveliness . . . . .	<b>73</b>
Gay in her red gown, trim and fine, Dances the merry columbine . . . . .	<b>83</b>
Beautiful lily, dwelling by still rivers Or solitary mere . . . . .	<b>108</b>
Graceful and tall the slender, drooping stem, With two broad leaves below . . . . .	<b>142</b>
The gorgeous tiger-lilies, That in our garden grow! . . . . .	<b>153</b>
Pink orchid faces	
With their coy and dainty graces . . . . .	<b>176</b>
Gay-gowned in crimson hue, The gorgeous peonies appear . . . . .	<b>187</b>
Violet! sweet violet . . . . .	<b>222</b>
The pink azalea's buds unfold, And sweeten every wandering wind . . . . .	<b>273</b>

	PAGE
A lonely fir tree is standing	
On a northern barren height . . . . .	287
I love the palm,	
With its leaves of beauty, its fruit of balm . . . . .	307
The wild rose thicket seems to be	
The summer in epitome . . . . .	326
There is rest and sweet enchantment	
In the shadow of a fern . . . . .	349
The lily	
A form of incarnate light . . . . .	373

*Flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies.  
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,  
Little flower; but if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is.*

— TENNYSON.

*Not a flower  
But shows some touch in freckle, streak, or stain  
Of His unrivalled pencil.*

— COWPER.

*Flowers are words  
Which even a babe may understand.*

— BISHOP COXE.

*Flowers preach to us if we will hear.  
The rose saith in the dewy morn,  
"I am most fair.  
Yet all my loveliness is born  
Upon a thorn."  
The lilies say, "Behold how we  
Preach, without words, of purity!"*

*But not alone the fairest flowers :  
The merest grass  
Along the roadside where we pass,  
Lichen and moss and sturdy weed,  
Tell of His love who sends the dew,  
The rain, and the sunshine too,  
To nourish one small seed.*

— DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

*Earth's children slumber when the wild winds rise —  
The tempest passes o'er, and heaven looks through their eyes.*

— GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.

*"The Poet gathers fruit from every tree  
Grapes from the vine, figs from the fig-tree  
Plucked by his hand the basest weed that grows  
Turns to a lily, redens to a rose."*

*Flowers preach to us if we will hear.*

— DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

✓  
*God made the flowers to beautify  
The earth, and cheer man's careful mood;  
And he is happiest who hath power  
To gather wisdom from a flower,  
And wake his heart in every hour  
To pleasant gratitude.*

— WORDSWORTH.

*Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous  
God hath written in those stars above;  
But not less in the bright flowerets under us  
Stands the revelation of His love.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,  
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part  
Of the selfsame universal being,  
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*In all places then, and in all seasons,  
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,  
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,  
How akin they are to human things.*

*And with childlike credulous affection  
We behold their tender buds expand;  
Emblem of our own great resurrection,  
Emblems of the bright and better land.*

— LONGFELLOW.

# PART I

## FLOWERS—IN GENERAL





## AMONG FLOWERS AND TREES WITH THE POETS

---

### AMONG THE FLOWERS

Not with the eagle's flight, who sees below him  
A village gleam, a pine grove deep in sand,  
A blue lake smile, a river's liquid poem  
Run its slim thread-light through the prose of land.

Nor where the sailor steers by southern islands,  
Sighting some distant Thule of the sea,  
Through deserts of alternate sound and silence,  
And wilds of wonder, let my roaming be.

I would walk humbly where no glass between us  
Must show me Nature's countenance, and come  
In days whose evening star is always Venus  
To sport with dewdrops, like a bee at home.

'Tis Eden everywhere to hearts that listen  
And watch the life of woods and meadows grow;

2            AMONG FLOWERS AND TREES

Each tiniest blade Love's holiest kisses christen,  
And Beauty asks not where to bud and blow.

There is no music for the joy of thinking  
Like Flora's hymn in smiles and odors played,  
No mood like that when sense and soul are drinking  
The red and yellow honey that God made.

The blooming wilds His gardens are; some cheer-  
ing  
Earth's ugliest waste has felt that flowers bequeath,  
And all the winds o'er summer hills careering  
Sound softer for the sweetness that they breathe.

Down lonely glens, in beds unshaped, unspaded,  
The snowdrop letters of Joy's earliest word  
Whiten the sod, and pink stars shine, fern-shaded,  
Where old creation's curse was never heard.

✓ Peace, Freedom, Purity — her blossom's sample  
Guards each in fields and forests evermore,  
And the lost glories of the world's green temple  
Show still some flakes of splendor on its floor.

✓ These are my school-books, and I study in them  
A voice, a bliss, of strange forgotten days  
That brings me near the Love that could begin them,  
And makes each petalled sweet a song of praise.

— THERON BROWN.

Now it is June, and the secret is told;  
Flashed from the buttercup's glory of gold,  
Hummed in the bumblebee's gladness, and sung  
New from each bough where a bird's-nest is  
    swung,  
Breathed from the clover-beds when the winds  
    pass;  
Chirped in small psalms through the aisles of the  
    grass.

— MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

### THEIR OWN NAMES

I knew a charming little girl,  
    Who'd say, "Oh, see that flower!"  
Whenever in the garden  
    Or woods she spent an hour.  
And sometimes she would listen,  
    And say, "Oh, hear that bird!"  
Whenever in the forest  
    Its clear, sweet note she heard.

But then I knew another —  
    Much wiser, don't you think? —  
Who never called a bird a "bird";  
    But said "the bobolink,"  
Or "oriole," or "robin,"  
    Or "wren," as it might be;  
She called them by their first names,  
    So intimate was she.

And in the woods or garden,  
She never picked "a flower";  
But "anemones," "hepaticas,"  
Or "crocus," by the hour.  
Both little girls loved birds and flowers,  
But one love was the best;  
I need not point the moral;  
I'm sure you see the rest.

For would it not be very queer,  
If when, perhaps, you came,  
Your parents had not thought worth while  
To give you any name?  
I think you would be quite upset,  
And feel your brain a-whirl,  
If you were not "Matilda Ann,"  
But just "a little girl."

—A. W. ROLLINS.

Hope smiled when your nativity was cast, children  
of summer!

—WORDSWORTH.

### THESE ALL WAIT UPON THEE

Innocent eyes not ours  
Are made to look on flowers,  
Eyes of small birds and insects small;  
Morn after summer morn  
The sweet rose on her thorn  
Opens her bosom to them all.

The least and last of things  
That soar on quivering wings,  
Or crawl among the grass blades out of sight,  
Have just as clear a right  
To their appointed portion of delight  
As queens or kings.

— CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

The breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air  
(where it comes and goes like the warbling of  
music) than in the hand.

— BACON.

Oh, the green things growing, the green things  
growing!  
The faint smell of the green things growing!  
I should like to live, whether I smile or grieve,  
Just to watch the happy life of my green things  
growing!

I love, love them so — my green things growing!  
And I think that they love me, without false show-  
ing,  
For by many a tender touch they comfort me so  
much,  
With the soft, mute comfort of green things grow-  
ing.

— DINAH MULOCH CRAIK.

## 6            AMONG FLOWERS AND TREES

Flowers have an expression of countenance as much as men or animals. Some seem to smile; some have a sad expression; some are pensive and diffident; others again are plain, honest, and upright, like the broad-faced sunflower, and the hollyhock.

—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

### HYMN TO THE FLOWERS

Day-stars! that ope your frownless eyes to twinkle  
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,  
And dewdrops on her lonely altars sprinkle

As a libation.

Ye matin worshippers! who, bending lowly  
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,  
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy

Incense on high.

Ye bright mosaics that with storied beauty,  
The floor of nature's temple tessellate,  
What numerous emblems of instructive duty

Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that  
swingeth,

And tolls its perfumes on the passing air,  
Makes Sabbath in the fields and ever ringeth

A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column  
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,

But to that fane most catholic and solemn,

Which God hath planned.

To that cathedral boundless as our wonder,  
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,  
Its choir of winds and waves, its organ thunder,  
    Its dome the sky;  
There, as in solitude and shade I wander  
Through the green fields, or stretched upon the  
    sod,  
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder  
    The ways of God;  
Your voiceless lips, O Flowers, are living preachers,  
Each cup a pulpit, and each lip a book,  
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers  
    From loneliest nook.  
Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor  
"Weep without woe," and blush without a crime,  
O may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender  
    Your love sublime.  
"Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory  
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours!  
How vain your grandeur! Ah, how transitory  
    Are human flowers!"  
In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly artist,  
With which thou paintest Nature's widespread  
    hall,  
What a delightful lesson thou impartest  
    Of love to all.  
Not useless are ye, flowers! though made for  
    pleasure;  
Blooming o'er field and wave by day and night,  
From every source your sanction bids me treasure  
    Harmless delight.



Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary  
 For such a world of thought could furnish scope  
 Each fading calyx a memento mori,

Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!  
 Upraised from seed or bulb, interred in earth,  
 Ye are to me a type of resurrection

And second birth.

Were I in churchless solitude remaining,  
 Far from all voice of teachers and divines,  
 My soul would find in flowers of God ordaining,  
 Priests, sermons, shrines!

—HORACE SMITH.

Flowers are like the pleasures of the world.

—SHAKESPEARE.

### THE RAGGED REGIMENT

I love the ragged veterans of June,  
 Not your trim troop drill-marshalled for display  
 In gardens fine, — but such as dare the noon  
 With saucy faces by the public way.

Moth-mullein, with its moth-wing petals white,  
 Round Dandelion, and flouncing Bouncing-Bet,  
 The golden Butter-and-Eggs, and Ox-eye bright,  
 Wild Parsley, and tall Milkweed bee-beset.

Ha, sturdy tramps of Nature, mustered out  
 From garden service, scorned and set apart, —

There's not one member of your ragged rout  
But makes a warmth of welcome in my heart.

—ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,  
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows ;  
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.

—SHAKESPEARE.

In every flower that blows around,  
Some pleasing emblem we may trace ;  
Young love is in the myrtle found,  
And memory in the pansy's grace.  
Peace in the olive branch we see,  
Hope in the half-shut iris glows,  
In the bright laurel victory !  
And lovely woman in the rose.

—CHAZET.

They speak of hope to the fainting heart,  
With a voice of promise they come and part,  
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,  
They break forth in glory — bring flowers, bright  
flowers !

—MRS. HEMANS.

To me the meanest flower that blows, can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

—WORDSWORTH.

## SEPTEMBER

The goldenrod is yellow ;  
The corn is turning brown ;  
The trees in apple orchards  
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes  
Are curling in the sun ;  
In dusty pods the milkweed  
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest  
In every meadow nook ;  
And asters by the brookside  
Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning  
The grape's sweet odors rise,  
At noon the roads all flutter  
With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens  
September days are here,  
With summer's best of weather,  
And autumn's best of cheer.

— HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

## TO THE FLOWERS

Sweet flowers, where'er I see you,  
It seems, I know not why,  
That you are heavenly footprints  
Of angels passing by.

— WILDIE THAYER.

In Nature's infinite book of secrecy  
A little can I read.

— SHAKESPEARE.

## THE USE OF FLOWERS

God might have made the earth bring forth  
Enough for great and small,  
The oak tree, and the cedar tree,  
Without a flower at all.  
We might have had enough, enough  
For every want of ours,  
For luxury, medicine, and toil,  
And yet have had no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,  
And dyed with rainbow light,  
All fashioned with supremest grace  
Upspringing day and night, —

Springing in valleys green and low,  
 And on the mountain high,  
 And in the silent wilderness  
 Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not,  
 Then wherefore had they birth?  
 To minister delight to man,  
 To beautify the earth:  
 To comfort man, — to whisper hope,  
 Whene'er his faith is dim,  
 For Whoso careth for the flowers  
 Will care much more for him!

— MARY HOWITT.

### WHEN, WHERE, AND HOW

Who painted the yellow buttercup  
 And the daisy's shining heart?  
 The sun with his golden pencil  
 And hand of magic art?  
 Then, did the little cloudlets  
 Stoop with their misty white,  
 And bring a dress for the snowdrop  
 And fringe for the daisy bright?

How did the pink anemone  
 And the purple, find their hue?  
 Are they the dainty colors  
 Of the earliest morning dew?

And the stately scarlet lily —  
Where did it catch its glow?  
Over there in the gleaming west  
When the sun was shining low?

And all the buds and grasses;  
Look at their tender green:  
Did ever you see such dresses  
Worn by a fairy queen?  
Where did the brushes come from  
That daintily touched them so?  
Straight, do you think, from Paradise?  
Where else could they ever grow?

— SYDNEY DAYRE

What's a flower? A bit of brightness  
Sprung unconscious from the sod,  
Yet it lifts us in its lightness  
From our earthliness to God.

— D. H. R. GOODALE

The odors of flowers are their souls.

— JOUBERT.

I love the lowly children of the earth!  
I linger 'mid their artless ways  
To feel their kinship and their fragile worth,  
And catch their speechless praise.

A child of nature, that is child of God,  
 I count these lovely kindred mine.  
 We, children all, breathe on His bosom broad,  
 Live by God's love divine!

— MRS. MERRILL E. GATES.

Why talk of wondrous miracles of yore,  
 When June comes whip'ring at thy lattice door. —  
 Are not the springing grass and op'ning flowers  
 God's miracles through all the summer hours?

— CLARENCE HAWKES.

### SPRING MIRACLES

When the icy hand of Nature yearns  
 Faintly in its wintry stupor deep,  
 And the prescient earth, half-conscious, turns  
 Sunward, smiling in her frozen sleep, —

How do dull brown tubers, which have lain  
 In their darksome prison heaped away,  
 Know that spring entreats the world again,  
 And begin their struggle toward the day?

No spring light has touched them where they lay,  
 No spring warmth has reached them in their tomb,  
 Yet they sprout and yearn and reach alway  
 Toward the distant goal of life and bloom.

Planted in the selfsame garden bed,  
 Nourished by the selfsame rain and light,  
 Whence do roses draw their glowing red?  
 Whence the lily cups their shining white?

Whence does the refulgent marigold  
Gain the gilding for her golden globes?  
Where do the pansies find, amid the mould,  
Purple hues to prank their velvet robes?

How do sweet peas plume their wings with pink,  
Lavender, and crimson rich and fair?  
Nature gives them one and all to drink  
Limpid crystal, colorless as air.

Little gardener with your golden locks  
Bright with sunshine, or uncurled with dew,  
Musing there among your pinks and phlox,  
Finding always something strange or new, —

Trust me, child, the wisest, strongest brain,  
Cobwebbed with much learning though it be,  
Querying thus, must query all in vain,  
Pausing foiled at last, like you or me.

— ELIZABETH AKERS.

### A BOTANY LESSON

There's a strange wee cradle in each little flower,  
Where the wee seed children are sleeping.  
Though so small, they are growing hour by hour,  
And the nurse-flower watch is keeping.

All around and about are the stamen-trees  
Where the gold pollen cakes are growing.  
And the bees and the butterflies shake the trees,  
And the little seeds think it is snowing.



But the snow, in flowerland, is yellow snow,  
 And the sleepy little seed flowers love it.  
 So each one eats (and this makes him grow),  
 As the nurse-flower smiles above it.

When the little flower seeds look brown and dead,  
 And the cradle becomes too small,  
 The nurse-flower, sleepily, nods her head,  
 And among the leaves she drops them all,  
 The sleepy little seed children.

— EMMA L. MCCORD.

Aromatic plants bestow  
 No spicy fragrance while they grow,  
 But crushed or trodden to the ground,  
 Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

— GOLDSMITH.

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet  
 Though to itself it only live and die;  
 But if that flower with base infection meet,  
 The basest weed outbraves his dignity;  
 For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds,  
 Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

— SHAKESPEARE.

And all the meadows wide unrolled  
 Were green and silver, green and gold,  
 Where buttercups and daisies spun  
 Their shining tissues in the sun.

— JULIA C. R. DORR.

## THE MYSTERY OF THE SEED

Children dear, can you read  
The Mystery of the Seed, —  
The little seed, that will not remain  
In earth, but rises in fruit and grain?

A mystery passing strange  
Is the seed, in its wondrous change;  
Forest and flower in its husk concealed,  
And the golden wealth of the harvest field.

Ever, around and above,  
Works the Invisible Love:  
It lives in the heavens and under the land,  
In blossom and sheaf, and the reaper's hand.

— Sower, you surely know  
That the harvest never will grow,  
Except for the Angels of Sun and Rain,  
Who water and ripen the springing grain!

Awake for us, heart and eye,  
Are watchers behind the sky;  
There are unseen reapers in every band,  
Who lend their strength to the weary hand.

When the wondrous light breaks through  
From above, on the work we do,  
We can see how near us our helpers are,  
Who carry the sickle, and wear the star.

Sower, you surely know  
That good seed never will grow,  
Except for the Angels of Joy and Pain,  
Who scatter the sunshine and pour the rain!

— Child, with the sower sing!  
Love is in everything!  
The secret is deeper than we can read:—  
But we gather the grain if we sow the seed.

—LUCY LARCOM.

Is there not a soul beyond utterance half nymph,  
half child, in those delicate petals which glow and  
breathe about the centres of color?

—GEORGE ELIOT.

### A SUMMER SONG WITH PLENTY OF CHORUS

Oh, such a commotion under the ground  
When March called, "Ho, there, ho!"  
Such spreading of rootlets far and wide,  
Such whispering to and fro!  
And, "Are you ready?" the Snowdrop asked,  
" 'Tis time to start, you know."  
"Almost, my dear," the Scilla replied;  
"I'll follow as soon as you go."  
Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came  
Of laughter soft and low  
From the millions of flowers under the ground—  
Yes, millions, beginning to grow.

"I'll promise my blossoms," the Crocus said,  
    "When I hear the bluebirds sing."  
"And straight thereafter," Narcissus cried,  
    "My silver and gold I'll bring."  
"And ere they are dulled," another spoke,  
    "The Hyacinth bells shall ring."  
And the Violet only murmured, "I'm here,"  
    And sweet grew the air of spring.  
Then "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came,  
    Of laughter, soft and low,  
From the millions of flowers under the ground —  
    Yes, millions, beginning to grow.

Oh, the pretty, brave things! Through the coolest  
    days,  
Imprisoned in walls of brown,  
They never lost heart, though the blast shrieked  
    loud,  
And the sleet and the hail came down,  
But patiently each wrought her beautiful dress,  
    Or fashioned her beautiful crown.  
And now they are coming to brighten the world,  
    Still shadowed by winter's frown;  
And well may they cheerily laugh, "Ha! ha!"  
    In a chorus soft and low,  
The millions of flowers hid under the ground —  
    Yes, millions, beginning to grow.

— MARGARET EYTINGER.

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## NATURE IS A DAINTY BELLE

Nature is a dainty belle  
With a thousand dresses,  
Never wearing one an hour,  
Every day a different flower  
In her sunny tresses.  
Ah! she is a winsome maid,  
Every one confesses.

And she wears a thousand shades,  
Like the frosted bowers:  
In the summer green and blue,  
In the autumn every hue,  
In all seasons flowers,  
Ah! she wears as many shades  
As the year has hours.

And the older she becomes,  
Brighter are her dresses,  
Till she shines with every hue  
When the hands of winter strew  
Gray among her tresses.  
Ah! she is a spendthrift dame,  
Given to excesses.

— FRED LEWIS PATTER.

See, here's a blossom at our feet, —  
A little thing, but ah! how sweet.  
I did not see it till the wind  
Told of a flower that we might find  
If we would seek for it.

— EBEN REXFORD.

## GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN

Grandmother's garden was brave to see,  
Gorgeous with old-time plants and blooms,  
All too common and cheap to be  
Grown in modern parterres and rooms;  
Old traditional herbs and flowers,  
Some for pleasure and some for need,  
Gifted, haply, with wondrous powers, —  
Root, or petal, or bark, or seed.

All old fashions of leaf and root  
Grew there, cherished for show or use;  
Currant bushes with clustered fruit,  
Red as garnets and full of juice;  
Tiger-lilies with beaded stalks,  
Balm and basil and bitter rue,  
Gay nasturtiums and four o'clocks —  
Grandmother's garden was fair to view.

Pinks — how rich in their stately prime!  
Filled the air with a rare delight;  
Lavender blended with sage and thyme;  
Lilacs, purple and mingled white,  
Met and mingled and bloomed as one  
Over the path, they grew so tall;  
And tulip torches in wind and sun,  
Flared and flamed by the southern wall.

Periwinkles with trailing vines,  
Lordly lilies with creamy tints,  
Bachelor's buttons and columbines,  
Proud sweet-williams, and odorous mint;  
Heavy peonies burning red,  
Wonders of lush redundant bloom,  
Longed for a wider space to spread,  
And flushed the redder for lack of room.

Brilliant asters their prim heads tossed;  
Dark blue monkshood and hollyhocks  
Smiling fearless at autumn's frost,  
Waved and nodded along the walks;  
Love-lies-bleeding forever drooped;  
Disks of sunflowers, bright and broad,  
Watched like sentries; and fennel stooped  
Over immortal Aaron's-rod.

Cumfrey, dropping its waxen flowers,  
Purple gooseberries, over-ripe —  
Lady-grass that I searched for hours,  
Vainly trying to match a stripe, —  
Pansies, bordering all the beds,  
Ladies' delights for the children's sake,  
Poppies, nodding their sleepy heads,  
And yellow marigolds wide awake.

Morning-glories, whose trumpets rung  
Resonant with the rifling bees,  
Daffodils, born when spring was young;  
Vain narcissus, and gay sweet-peas



Brilliant asters their prim heads tossed.





Clinging close, but with bright wings spread  
Wide, like butterflies just alight;  
Gauze-flowers fragile to sunrise wed,  
And bashful primrose that bloomed at night.

Rich syringas, all honey-sweet,  
Trim carnations of tenderest pink,  
Bluebells, spite of the noonday heat  
Holding dew for the birds to drink;  
Marjoram, hyssops, and caraway,  
Damask roses and mignonette;  
Ah! sometimes at this distant day  
I can fancy I smell them yet.

I have a garden of prouder claims,  
Full of novelties bright and rare,  
Modern flowers with stately names  
Flaunt their wonderful beauty there;  
Yet in threading its brilliant maze,  
Oft my heart, with a homesick thrill  
Whispers, dreaming of early days,  
"Grandmother's garden was fairer still!"

—ELIZABETH AKERS.

## THE RESURRECTION PLANT

"Among the pyramids of Egypt, Lord Lindsay, the English traveller, came across a mummy, the inscription upon which proved to be two thousand years old. In examining the mummy after it was unwrapped, he found in one of its enclosed hands a small root. He took the little bulb from that closed hand and planted it in a sunny soil, allowing the dew and the rains of heaven to descend upon it, and in a few weeks, to his astonishment, the root burst forth and bloomed into a beautiful flower."

Two thousand years ago a flower  
Bloomed lightly in a far-off land;  
Two thousand years ago its seed  
Was placed within a dead man's hand.

Before the Saviour came to earth,  
The man had lived and loved and died.  
And even in that far-off time  
The flower had spread its perfume wide.

Suns rose and set, years came and went,  
The dead hand kept its treasure well;  
Nations were born and turned to dust,  
While life was hidden in that shell.

The shrivelled hand is robbed at last,  
The seed is buried in the earth;  
When lo! the life long hidden there  
Into a glorious flower burst forth.

And will not He who watched the seed  
And kept the life within the shell,  
When those He loves are laid to rest,  
Watch o'er their buried dust as well?

Just such a face as greets you now,  
Just such a form as here we bear,  
Only more glorious far, will rise  
To meet the Saviour in the air.

Then will I lay me down in peace  
When called to leave this vale of tears,  
For, "In my flesh shall I see God,"  
E'en though I sleep two thousand years.

— MRS. S. H. BRADLEY.

### EASTER CAROL

Hepatica, anemone,  
And bloodroot snowy white,  
With their pretty wildwood sisters,  
Are opening to the light.

Each blossom bears a message,  
That a little child may read,  
Of the wondrous miracle of life  
Hid in the buried seed.

In the woods and fields and gardens  
We may find the blessed words  
Writ in beauty — and may hear them,  
Set to music by the birds.

It is nature's Easter carol,  
And we, too, with gladness sing,  
For we see the Life immortal  
In the promise of the spring.

—ANNA M. PRATT.

### AN EASTER LILY

After long months of slumber brown and sere,  
It dreams that April's smile is bending near,  
And stirs, and from its withered covering slips;  
Lifts a few leaves in the benignant light,  
Then flowers, a soaring ecstasy of white,  
Like a pure soul breathed upward to God's lips.

—CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

### EASTER LILIES

Blessed evangels of the Lord!  
The silent preachers of His Word;  
His handwriting, wherein we read  
The miracles our faith would heed,  
Of joy in sorrow, life in death.  
The purer incense of your breath  
We fain would offer, with our praise,  
On this, the glorious day of days!

All fair without, all pure within,  
Unmarred by toil, unstained by sin,  
Serene in voiceless prophecy  
And nurtured less by earth than sky,

Your simple service is to live ;  
While we a worship strive to give,  
And in our faltering praises turn  
A lesson from your life to learn.

By covert stream and lowly way  
Ye dwell in such divine array  
As cheapens royal robe of gold ;  
And true, unsullied hearts unfold  
'Mid noisome vapors, foul and dank,  
And loathliest weeds in riot rank,  
Educing loveliness from these  
As from the morning's virgin breeze.

Where'er your spotless petals spread,  
All common things are hallowed ;  
And balmy fragrance of your prayer  
Chastens the vagrant wanton air  
To sweet and gentle ministry ;  
The while you show the mystery  
Ye hold from age to age, in trust,  
Of resurrection from the dust.

Visions of immortality,  
Fair, vestal sisterhood are ye, —  
Mute worshippers, yet wakening sense  
And spirit by your eloquence,  
To brighter hope that, from the tomb,  
Immortal love, like ye, shall bloom,  
And from the thralldom of the grave  
God shall restore the gifts He gave.

— J. ZITELLA COCKER.

## LILY LESSONS

How beautiful God's lilies are,  
Which neither "toil nor spin" !  
Yet all the gold of earthly kings  
Could not such beauty win !  
O children of the Father's care,  
His tender love and true,  
Let this sweet thought sink in each heart, —  
"I am God's lily too !"

Twin stars of truth He made your eyes,  
To read His gleaming page ;  
To note the wonders of His hands,  
And brighten darksome age !  
Your lightsome, dancing feet He gave  
To run in duty's way ;  
And clever little hands to help  
At work as well as play.

Be tender, little heart, and true,  
In hours of joy or gloom ;  
Like lily, which in shade or sun  
Gives still its sweet perfume,  
Be faithful, little hands and feet,  
Bright eyes and tuneful tongue ;  
God smiles not on the royal robes  
Of gold and purple spun.

But e'en the smallest kindly deed  
He notes with favor kind;  
For in His sight, earth gems are naught  
To jewels of the mind.  
And rarer far than lily flowers  
Which swing on dainty stem  
God's precious lily-children are  
Heirs to a diadem.

—AGNES HASKELL.

### GROWING TOWARD HEAVEN.

A little flower so lonely grew,  
So lonely was it left,  
That heaven looked like an eye of blue,  
Down in its rocky cleft.

What could a little flower do,  
In such a lonely place,  
But try to reach that eye of blue,  
And climb to kiss heaven's face.

And there's no life so lone and low,  
But strength may still be given  
From narrowest lot on earth to grow  
The straighter up to heaven.

—GERALD MASSEY.

### AN APRIL CALENDAR

When the winter days are near  
All the flowers are put to bed;



Tucked beneath a blanket warm,  
Every little sleepy head  
Soon is lost in happy dreams  
Of woodland songs and murmuring streams.

While they slumber April comes,  
Softly whispers, "Darlings, rise!  
Let the bluebirds I have brought  
Find a welcome in your eyes."  
Then the drowsy little things  
Wake and list for fluttering wings.

Upward springs hepatica,  
Dons her pretty, fur-lined cloak,  
She is always on the ground  
First among the blossom folk.  
Mayflower, blushing, full of grace,  
'Neath the blanket hides her face.

Clustering spring beauties haste  
While the robins sing to them.  
Delicate anemone  
Quivers on her swaying stem.  
Bloodroot, shyest of the flowers,  
Scatters round its snowy showers.

Dogtooth violet's petals curl,  
Blazing back the light of noon.  
Dandelion's crown of gold  
In the sunshine glistens soon.  
Innocence with baby smile  
Follows in a little while.

Trillium holds a lily cup  
High above its whorl of leaves.  
Squirrel-corn with drooping buds  
Decorates its dainty sheaves.  
Shadflower seems in pale disguise  
Blooming into butterflies.

By the brook marsh marigold.  
In the woods the bellwort fair.  
By the wayside, in the fields,  
Violets — violets, everywhere.  
All the selfsame story tell,  
April loves her darlings well.

— ANNA M. PRATT.

### MAY THIRTIETH

Dewdrops hang from leaf and stem,  
Each one glistening like a gem.  
Carols echo through the air,  
Overarching skies are fair.  
Rose in bud and bloom of May,  
All, dear child, are yours to-day.  
Tenderly strew fragrant flowers,  
In the shining morning hours,  
Over those who, laid to rest,  
Nobly gave us of their best.

Deeds of heroes theirs have been,  
And through future years serene  
You must keep their memory green.

## MEMORIAL DAY

The robins sing on the hilltop, the west wind murmurs by,  
The white mist lies on the river, the road goes winding on,  
The elms and maples above it, but no harsh and dissonant cry  
Tells of the clash of combat, or the armies that are gone.

The God of the world has spoken, He has washed the bloodstains out,  
With the gladness of love, He has filled the land, and songs are loud once more  
Where the bray of the trumpet sounded, and foemen met with a shout,  
And the war-ships belching their withering flame along the wave-beat shore.

Cover the graves with blossoms, with roses regal and red,  
White pinks and purple pansies, and the lilacs' purple spray,  
And bury the bitter memories and strife with the sleeping dead,  
And strong in brotherhood and love, front the new and glorious day.

—THOMAS COLLIER.

## THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

Scatter your flowers alike to-day  
Over the graves of the Blue and Gray,  
Time has healed all the nation's scars,  
Peace has hushed all the noise of wars,  
And North and South, and East and West,  
There beats but one heart in the nation's breast.

—MARY N. ROBINSON.

## DECORATION DAY

Do you know what it means, you boys and girls,  
Who hail from the North and South?  
Do you know what it means —  
This twining of greens,  
Round the silent cannon's mouth;  
This strewing with flowers the grass-grown grave;  
This decking with garlands the statues brave;  
This flaunting of flags,  
All in tatters and rags;  
This marching and singing;  
These bells all a-ringing;  
These faces grave and these faces gay;  
This talk of the Blue and this talk of the Gray;  
In the North and the South, Decoration Day?  
Not simply a show-time, boys and girls,  
Is this day of falling flowers;  
Not a pageant, a play,  
Nor a holiday  
Of flags and floral bowers;

34      AMONG FLOWERS AND TREES

It is something more than the day that starts  
War memories athrob in veteran hearts ;

For, across the years,  
To the hopes and the fears,  
To the days of battle,  
Of roar and rattle —

To the past that now seems so far away  
Do the sons of the Blue and the sons of the Gray  
Gaze — hand clasping hand — Decoration Day.

For the wreck and the wrong of it, boys and girls,  
For the terror and loss as well,  
Our hearts must hold  
A regret untold

As we think of those who fell.  
But their blood, on whichever side they fought,  
Remade the nation, and progress brought.

We forget the woe ;  
For we live to know  
That the fighting and sighing,  
The falling and dying,

Were but steps toward the future — the martyr's  
way,

Adown which the sons of the Blue and the Gray  
Look, with love and with pride, Decoration Day.

— ANON.

A SUMMER SONG

Roly-poly, honey-bee,  
Humming in the clover,  
Under you the tossing leaves,  
And the blue sky over,

Why are you so busy, pray?  
Never still a minute,  
Hovering now above a flower,  
Now half-buried in it!

Jaunty robin-redbreast,  
Singing loud and cheerily,  
From the pink-white apple tree  
In the morning early,  
Tell me, is your merry song  
Just for your own sweet pleasure,  
Poured from such a tiny throat,  
Without stint or measure?

Little yellow buttercup,  
By the wayside smiling,  
Lifting up your happy face,  
With such sweet beguiling,  
Why are you so gaily clad —  
Cloth of gold your raiment?  
Do the sunshine and the dew  
Look to you for payment?

Roses in the garden beds,  
Lilies, cool and saintly,  
Darling blue-eyed violets,  
Pansies, hooded quaintly,  
Sweet peas that, like butterflies,  
Dance the bright skies under,  
Bloom ye for your own delight,  
Or for ours, I wonder!

— JULIA C. R. DORR.

## JULY DAYS

Softly drone the honey-bees ;  
Blossom-scented is the breeze ;  
    Golden is the grain.  
Over all the faintest haze  
Rests, and song-birds pipe their lays  
    In a sweeter strain.

From the meadows come the scent  
Of the new hay, clover-blent —  
    In the topaz sky  
Fleecy clouds, like ships at sea,  
Floating onward lazily,  
    Or at anchor, lie.

Nature now is doubly dear  
To my soul, for doubly near,  
    At July's behest,  
She has come, and coming brings  
Surcease from all weary things —  
    Blissful sense of rest !

— JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

## AUTUMN DAYS

Fire! Fire! upon the maple bough  
The red flames of the frost!  
Fire! Fire! by burning woodbine, see,  
The cottage roof is crossed!

The hills are hid by smoky haze!  
Look! how the roadside sumachs blaze!  
And on the withered grass below  
The fallen leaves like bonfires glow!

Come, let us hasten to the woods  
Before the sight is lost;  
For few and brief the days when burn  
The red fires of the frost;  
When loud and rude the north wind blows,  
The ruddy splendor quickly goes;  
But, hurrah! those days are here,  
The best and loveliest of the year.

—MARIAN DOUGLAS.





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## PART II.

FLOWERS—SPECIFIED.



## ANDROMEDA

All winter long beneath the level snow,  
Crushed down and frozen in its watery bed,  
The pliant shrub, Andromeda, below  
Has slept as soundly as if she were dead;  
Now that these April winds begin to blow,  
These freshet-swollen runnels noisy flow,  
The waking plant lifts gracefully her head,  
Her slender twigs outspread.

All ready for the soft south winds to swing  
Hang ivory bells the drooping spray along,  
To chime in with the thrushes when they sing,  
And swell the choral chant of nature's song.  
What matters it we cannot hear them ring?  
To fancy's ear their swaying movements bring  
A rich melodious rhythm sweet and strong  
Spring's praises to prolong.

Reminding of Andromeda, the peer  
Of Juno held, divinest of the fair,  
Who challenged Nerus' daughter without fear  
Her charms would suffer any by compare;  
For this presumption she was fastened near  
The water's edge, left without pitying tear  
To meet a cruel fate, till rescued there  
By Perseus bold to dare.

— ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE.

## ANEMONE; WIND-FLOWER

*(Anemone nemorosa\*)*

Anemone, so well  
Named of the wind, to which thou art all free.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

Within the woods  
Whose young and half-transparent leaves scarce  
cast  
A shade, gay circles of Anemones  
Danced on their stalks.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The fairy-formed, flesh-hued anemone,  
With its fair sisters, called by country people  
Fair maids o' the spring.

—JAMES N. BARKER.

The wind-flowers and the wind confer.

—BLISS CARMAN.

I have flirted, too, with thee,  
Tremulous anemone.

—THEO. H. HILL.

## WIND-FLOWERS

As whispers for a moment rest  
Upon the brink of sound,

\* The Latin names of species growing north of the thirty-sixth parallel and east of the Mississippi are taken from Gray's "Manual."

Here fragrant breezes blossom-drest,  
Half visible are found.

— JOHN B. TABB.

The frail anemones  
Have fallen, fading, from the lap of May.  
— ELIZABETH AKERS.

### ANEMONE — ANTICIPATION

Beside a fading bank of snow  
A lovely anemone blew,  
Unfolding to the sun's bright glow  
Its leaves of heaven's serenest hue.  
'Tis spring, I cried; pale winter's fled;  
The earliest wreath of flowers is blown;  
The blossoms, withered long and dead,  
Will soon proclaim their tyrant flown.  
— PERCIVAL.

### THE WIND-FLOWER

Wind-flower, Wind-flower, why are you here?  
This is the boisterous time of the year  
For blossoms as fragile and tender as you  
To be out on the roadsides in spring raiment new;  
For snowflakes yet flutter abroad in the air,  
And the sleet and the tempest are weary to bear;  
Have you not come here, pale darling, too soon?  
You would seem more at home with the flowers of  
June.

44      AMONG FLOWERS AND TREES

"Why have I come here?" the Wind-flower said;  
"Why?"—and she gracefully nodded her head  
As a breeze touched her petals: "Perhaps to teach  
you

That the strong may be sometimes the delicate too.  
I am fed and refreshed by these cold rushing rains;  
The first melting snowdrifts brought life to my  
veins;

The storm rocked my cradle with lullabies wild;  
I am here with the wind — because I am his child."

— LUCY LARCOM.

TRAILING ARBUTUS

(*Epigaea repens*)

The quaint blush of the arbutus in the midst of  
the bleak March atmosphere, will touch your heart  
like a hope of Heaven in the midst of graves.

— D. G. MITCHELL.

THE MAYFLOWER

Out upon the hillside steep,  
Where the rough winds widely sweep  
O'er the violets fast asleep,

I have found the mayflower there  
Long ere other flowers would dare  
Brave the storms and wintry air.

Like the tender blooms that seek  
Birth upon a maiden's cheek  
When she hears her lover speak;

Like a baby's rosy lips  
(Sweeter flower than bee e'er sips!)  
Or its dainty finger-tips;

Like the pure face of a saint,  
Like — but words are poor and faint  
When its beauty I would paint.

Long before the blossom yields  
To our eager clasp, there steals  
Fragrance which its place reveals;

Else the coarse brown leaves that hold  
Rosy wealth from searching cold,  
Scarce its secret would unfold.

Ah! in many lives that wear  
Outwardly no graces rare,  
That seem cold and dull and bare,

If you push the leaves apart,  
If you search with skilful art,  
If you seek with all your heart,

You may find with wond'ring eyes,  
Underneath the rude disguise,  
Many a sweet and glad surprise.

For each lovely charming face  
God be praised! Its flower-like grace  
Brightens many a dreary place.



Yet a face which bears no sign  
Of beauty's touch in tint and line  
With rare loveliness may shine!

Plain perchance to outward view,  
But the spirit shining through,  
Sweet, unselfish, pure, and true,

Like the mayflower, smiling sweet  
Through the coarse leaves at our feet,  
First of all the flowers we greet;

So this spirit-beauty rare,  
Blooming in life's deserts bare,  
Shines with heavenly radiance fair.

— MINNIE CURTIS WAIT.

Gathering still, as he went, the mayflowers blooming around him,  
Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness,  
Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber.  
"Puritan flowers," he said, "and the type of Puritan maidens,  
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla."

— LONGFELLOW.

## THE QUEST OF THE ARBUTUS

For days the drench of noiseless rains,  
Then sunshine on the vacant plains,  
And April with her blind desire  
A vagrant in my veins.

Because the tardy gods grew kind,  
Unrest and care were left behind;  
I took a day, and found the world  
Was fashioned to my mind.

The swelling sap that thrilled the wood  
Was cousin to my eager blood.  
I caught the stir of waking roots  
And knew that life was good.

But something in the odors fleet,  
And in the sap's suggestion sweet,  
Was lacking — one thing everywhere  
To make the spring complete.

At length, within a leafy nest,  
Where spring's persuasion pleaded best,  
I found a pale reluctant flower,  
The purpose of my quest.

And then the world's expectancy  
Grew clear. I knew its need to be  
Not this dear flower, but one dear hand  
To pluck the flower with me.

—CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

## ARETHUSAS

Within the crystal of the streamlet flowing  
Through hot June meadows, answers flower to  
flower,  
Its low banks crowd, they bringing beauty's dower,  
As fond Narcissus to the fountain going.

There much elated, green and crimson showing,  
They drink dissolved pearls at morning hour  
In cups of ruby,—fatal noontide power  
Of rising sun their simple faith not knowing.

Unhappy flowers, the first day of whose living  
Was last as well by nature's plan intended!  
By seeking beauty, too, of your own giving!  
Symbol of fate,—truth taught in fields and  
meadows,  
Whose life is not defrauded by life's shadows!

—ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE.

## ASTER

The lands are lit  
With all the autumn blaze of goldenrod,  
And everywhere the purple asters nod  
And bend and wave and flit.

—HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

And still beside the shadowy glen  
She holds the color of the skies;  
Along the purpling wayside steep  
She hangs her fringes passing deep;  
And meadows drowned in happy state  
Are lit by starry eyes!

— DORA READ GOODALE.

Chide me not, laborious band,  
For the idle flowers I brought;  
Every aster in my hand  
Goes home, laden with a thought.  
— EMERSON.

And out of many a weed-grown nook  
The aster flowers look  
With eyes of tender gloom.  
— WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

### BACHELOR'S BUTTONS (*Centaurea cyanus*)

In the days of the grandmothers of the roses,  
In the sweet old times of the pinks, 'tis said  
The poor little bachelor lost his button,  
His beautiful, black-eyed, blue-rimmed button,  
In dear little Betty's garden bed.

*Tête-à-tête* with the grandmother roses  
Stood the little maid Betty, shy and sweet,  
When all of a sudden she cried with wonder,  
For the bachelor's button was lying under  
A red rosebush, at her very feet.

50      AMONG FLOWERS AND TREES

Then straightway Betty must fall to dreaming,  
Through the lavender-scented summer hours:  
Could the bachelor be a soldier or sailor?  
But he must have surely a fairy tailor  
To fasten his coat with buttons of flowers.

The little maid Betty stood dreaming and waiting,  
In the hope that a sweet little ancient beau,  
In blue-flower buttons and primrose satin,  
With a prince's feather his fine cocked hat in,  
Would come through her garden a peering low.

Then Betty planned she would courtesy primly,  
And say like her mother, stately and mild:  
"Please, sir, an' please, sir, I've found your button."  
But the bachelor never came for his button,  
And she wondered why, while she was a child.

—MARY E. WILKINS.

THE KAISERBLUMEN

Have you heard of the Kaiserblumen,  
O little children sweet,  
That grows in the fields of Germany,  
Light waving among the wheat?

'Tis only a simple flower,  
But were I to try all day,  
Its grace and charm and beauty  
I couldn't begin to say.

By field and wood and roadside,  
Delicate, hardy, and bold,  
It blossoms in wild profusion  
In every color but gold.

The children love it dearly,  
And with dancing feet they go  
To seek it with song and laughter,  
And all the people know

That the emperor's daughter loved it  
Like any peasant maid ;  
And when she died, her father,  
Stern Kaiser Wilhelm, said :

" This flower my darling cherished  
Honored and crowned shall be ;  
Henceforth 'tis the Kaiserblumen,  
The flower of Germany."

Then he bade his soldiers wear it,  
Tied in a gay cockade,  
And the quaint and humble blossom  
His royal token made.

Said little Hans to Gretchen,  
One summer morning fair,  
As they played in the fields together  
And sang in the fragrant air :

"O look at the Kaiserblumen  
That grow in the grass so thick!  
Let's gather our arms full, Gretchen,  
And take to the emperor quick!

"For never were any so beautiful,  
So blue and so white and red!"  
So all they could carry they gathered,  
And thought of the princess dead.

But long ere the streets of the city  
They trod with their little feet,  
As hot they grew and as tired  
As their corn-flowers bright and sweet.

And at last all the nodding blossoms  
Their shining heads hung down, —  
But "Cheer up, Gretchen!" cried little Hans,  
"We've almost reached the town.

"We'll knock at the door of the palace,  
And won't he be glad to see  
All the princess's flowers we've brought him!  
Think, Gretchen, how pleased he'll be!"

So they plodded patiently onward,  
And with hands so soft and small  
They knocked at the palace portal,  
And sweetly did cry and call:

" Please open the door, O Kaiser!  
We've brought some flowers for you;  
Our arms are full of Kaiserblumen,  
All rosy and white and blue! "

But nobody heeded or answered,  
Till at last a soldier grand  
Bade the weary wanderers leave the gate,  
With a gruff and stern command.

But " No!" cried the weeping children,  
Though trembling and sore afraid,  
And clasping their faded flowers;  
" We *must* come in!" they said.

A lofty and splendid presence,  
The echoing stair came down;  
To know the king there was no need  
That he should wear a crown.

And the children cried: " O Kaiser,  
We have brought our flowers so far!  
And we are so tired and hungry,  
See, Emperor, here they are! "

They held up their withered posies,  
While into the emperor's face  
A beautiful light came stealing,  
And he stooped with a stately grace.



Taking the ruined blossoms,  
With gentle words and mild,  
He comforted with kindness  
The heart of each trembling child.

And that was a wonderful glory  
That the little ones befell!  
And when their heads are hoary,  
They still will the story tell,

How they sat at the Kaiser's table,  
And dined with princes and kings,  
In that far-off day of splendor  
Filled full of marvellous things!

And home when the sun was setting,  
The happy twain were sent,  
In a gleaming golden carriage  
With horses magnificent.

And like the wildest vision  
Of fairy-land it seemed;  
Hardly could Hans and Gretchen  
Believe they had not dreamed.

And even their children's children  
Eager to hear will be,  
How they carried to Kaiser Wilhelm  
The flowers of Germany.

— CELIA THAXTER.

## BINDWEED

*(Convolvulus)*

In the deep shadow of the porch  
A slender bindweed springs.  
And climbs, like airy acrobat,  
The trellises, and swings  
And dances in the summer sun,  
In fairy loops and rings.

—SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Nature, in learning to form a lily, turned out a  
convolvulus.

—PLINY.

## BITTER SWEET

*(Solanum dulcamara)*

When the summer days are past,  
Perfect days that could not last —  
And the autumn draweth near,  
With her strong wine of the year,  
Then the splendor doth unfold  
Of thy scarlet and thy gold.  
Late, but sure, thy glory came,  
Shaming even the maple's flame,  
Clothing thee from head to feet,  
Bitter sweet.

When the brief November day  
Comes and goes in cloak of gray,  
When the winds relentless rave  
Round thee, woodland spirit brave, —

Like a love that clingeth warm,  
Shining brighter for the storm,  
Thou dost glow with berries wet,  
Gay and dauntless, smiling yet  
Scorning parley or retreat,  
Bitter sweet.

But there comes a day, an hour  
When the winter's awful power,  
Brooking no divided sway,  
Tears thy slender arms away,  
Hurls thy beauty to the ground,  
Fain would give thee deadly wound;  
Muttering, his blows between,  
"Fairer corpse was never seen,"  
Wraps thee in his winding sheet,  
Bitter sweet.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I took that wintry day  
Through the woods my hasty way,  
With a joy transcending thought  
All my spirit was enwrought,  
But a grief beyond compare  
Kept the balance true and fair;  
Equal foes, equipped, complete,  
This so bitter, that so sweet,  
In eternal warfare met,  
Then in sorest pain and fret,  
Did my heart thy name repeat,  
Bitter sweet.

O most wonderful of all!  
As if coming at my call,  
I espied thy welcome face,  
Bright with all its ancient grace,  
Cloth of gold, and scarlet sheen,  
Glowing from the drifts between.  
Couldst thou then my conflict know,  
In thy covert 'neath the snow?  
Didst come forth thy kin to greet,

Bitter sweet?

— ELIZABETH W. DENISON.

Not unknown art thou to fame,  
With thy strange pathetic name.

— ANON.

### BLACK-EYED SUSAN; CONE-FLOWER

(*Rudbeckia hirta*)

Merry, laughing black-eyed susans grow along the  
dusty way,  
Homely, wholesome, happy-hearted little country  
maids are they.  
Frailer sisters shrink and wither, 'neath the hot mid-  
summer sun,  
But these sturdy ones will revel till the long, bright  
days are done.  
Though they lack the rose's sweetness and the lily's  
tender grace,  
We are thankful for the brightness of each honest,  
glowing face;

For in dry and barren places, where no daintier  
 blooms would stay,  
 Merry, laughing black-eyed susans cheer us on our  
 weary way.

— MINNIE CURTIS WAIT.

### BLOODROOT

*(Sanguinaria)*

When 'mid the budding elms the bluebird flits,  
 As if a bit of sky had taken wings;  
 When cheerily the first brave robin sings;  
 When timid April smiles and weeps by fits,—  
 Then dainty Bloodroot dons her pale green wrap,  
 And ventures forth, in some warm, sheltered nook,  
 To sit and listen to some gurgling brook,  
 And rouse herself from her long winter nap.  
 Give her a little while to muse and dream,  
 And she will throw her leafy cloak aside,  
 And stand in shining raiment, like a bride  
 Waiting her lord; whiter than snow will seem  
 Her spotless robe, the moss-grown rocks beside,  
 And bright as morn her golden crown will gleam.

— EMILY SHAW FORMAN.

### BLOODROOT BLOSSOMS

What time the earliest ferns unfold,  
 And meadow cowslips count their gold;  
 A countless multitude they stood,  
 A Milky Way within the wood.

White are my dreams, but whiter still,  
The bloodroot on the lonely hill;  
Lovely and pure my visions rise,  
To fade before my yearning eyes;  
But on that day I thought I trod  
'Mid the embodied dreams of God.

Tho' frail those flowers, tho' brief their sway,  
They sanctified one perfect day;  
And tho' the summer may forget,  
In my rapt soul they blossom yet.

— DANSKE DANDRIDGE.

A pure white flower of simple mould,  
And touched with soft peculiar bloom,  
Its petals faint with strange perfume,  
And in their midst a disk of gold.

— ELAINE GOODALE.

When shiv'ring through the skies  
Spring sought the wintry earth,  
She saw with longing eyes  
The gleaming stars arise  
To light her path!

She might not wait or stay  
To pluck them for a crown,  
For dim and far away  
The world expectant lay,  
And she must hasten down.

But there, for necklace bright,  
With soft, cold hands she made  
Some stars, all snowy white,  
Gleaming like those of night,  
And on her young breast laid!

Lo, on Spring's bosom cold  
These starry blossoms glow,  
Half hid by many a fold  
Of brown leaves, sere and old,  
And sodden by past snow.

— MARGARET DELAND.

### BLUEBELL; HAREBELL

In bleak and barren places, fresh with unexpected  
graces,  
Leaning over rocky ledges tenderest glances to  
bestow,  
Dauntless still in time of danger, thrilling every  
wayworn stranger,  
Scattered harebells earn a triumph never known  
below.

— ELAINE GOODALE.

Simplest of blossoms! To mine eye  
Thou bringest the summer's painted sky.

— MOIR.

In the hemlock's fragrant shadow  
Harebells nod by the drowsy pool.

— JULIA C. R. DORR.

Hang-head bluebell,  
Bending like Moses' sister over Moses,  
Full of a secret that thou dar'st not tell!

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

The harebell — as if grief depressed,  
Bowing her fragrance.

—GISBORNE.

Pray where are the charming bluebells gone,  
That lately bloomed in the wood?  
Why, the little fairies have each taken one  
And put it on for a hood.

—ANON.

### THE BLUEBELL

There is a story I have heard —  
A poet learned it from a bird,  
And kept its music, every word.

A story of a dim ravine,  
O'er which the towering treetops lean,  
With one blue rift of sky between.

And there two thousand years ago,  
A little flower, as white as snow,  
Swayed in the silence to and fro.

Day after day with longing eye,  
The floweret watched the narrow sky  
And fleecy clouds that floated by.



And through the darkness, night by night,  
One gleaming star would climb the height,  
And cheer the lonely floweret's sight.

Thus, watching the blue heavens afar,  
And the rising of its favorite star,  
A slow change came but not to mar;

For softly o'er its petals white  
There crept a blueness like the light  
Of skies upon a summer's night;

And in its chalice I am told,  
The bonny bell was found to hold  
A tiny star that gleamed like gold.

And bluebells of the Scottish land  
Are loved on every foreign strand,  
Where stirs a Scottish heart or hand.

Now little people, sweet and true,  
I find a lesson here for you,  
Writ in the floweret's bell of blue;

The patient child whose watchful eye  
Strives after all things pure and high  
Shall take their image by and by.

—UNIDENTIFIED.

### BLUETS; INNOCENTS

(*Houstonia cœrulea*)

Innocents in smiling flocks.

—CAROLINE A. MASON.

Have you seen the tiny babies,  
The little bluets frail;  
All nestling close together  
Their faces small and pale?  
But they're brave and uncomplaining  
'Neath stormy April skies,  
As they lisp "The spring is coming!"  
With joy in their bright eyes.

So frail, these smiling babies,  
Near mossy pasture bars,  
Where the bloodroot now so coyly  
Puts forth her snowy stars;  
And the maple tall and slender,  
With blossoms red and sweet,  
Looks down upon the bluets  
Close nestled at her feet.

"Innocents," the children call them —  
These floral babies small,  
Of Mother Nature olden,  
Whose broad lap holds them all;  
To her arms she calls her darlings  
And whispers to them, "Dears,  
To mortals sad and weary  
You bring back childhood's years."

—RAY LAURANCE.

## BLUETS

"The sociablest of flowers."

Along the dusty roadside  
Through the meadow grasses,  
Smile the tiny flower folk  
At each one who passes.

Many flowers draw more apart,  
Some are quite exclusive,  
And if others pass too near,  
Think it *so* intrusive!

But *you* crowd together so!  
Dozens upon dozens!  
O such a host of kinsfolk,  
Uncles, aunts, and cousins!

You are happier I know, —  
With your sweet caressing,  
Treading on each other's toes,  
When so closely pressing.

Innocent indeed you look,  
Smiling so demurely,  
But in spite of that, I fear  
You are gossips surely!

For you smile, and nod, and wink,  
With your heads together;  
Do you chat about the flowers,  
Bees, and birds, and weather?

Criticise your neighbors too,  
Buttercups and clover,  
When you cuddle up so close,  
Talking them all over?

Did the fairies come last night,  
Wake you from your slumber,  
And to deck a tiny feast  
Carry off a number?

Were our ears but fine enough  
We could hear you chatter,  
Ah! how we should like to know  
What is all the matter,

When you dainty flower folk  
In the meadow grasses,  
Nod, and smile, and toss your heads,  
At each one that passes.

— MINNIE CURTIS WAIT.

The mimic waving of acres of *Houstonia* whose  
innumerable florets whiten and ripple before the  
eye.

— EMERSON.

I know a field where bluets blow  
Like frost from fingers of the night.

— DANSKE DANDRIDGE.

With tender steadfast eye,  
Straight she looks up at the sky.

— MARGARET DELAND.

In families thou lov'st to grow,  
Sweet social bands, a beauteous show.

—ANON.

### WHAT THE BURDOCK WAS GOOD FOR

"Good for nothing," the farmer said,  
As he made a sweep at the burdock's head,  
But then, he thought it was best, no doubt,  
To come some day and root it out.  
So he lowered his scythe, and went his way,  
To see his corn, to gather his hay;  
And the weed grew safe and strong and tall,  
Close by the side of the garden wall.

"Good for a home," cried the little toad,  
As he hopped up out of the dusty road.  
He had just been having a dreadful fright —  
The boy who gave it was yet in sight.  
Here it was cool and dark and green,  
The safest kind of a leafy screen.  
The toad was happy; "for," said he,  
"The burdock was plainly meant for me."

"Good for a prop," the spider thought,  
And to and fro with care he wrought,  
Till he fastened it well to an evergreen,  
And spun his cables fine between.  
'Twas a beautiful bridge — a triumph of skill;  
The flies came 'round, as idlers will;  
The spider lurked in his corner dim,  
The more that came, the better for him.

"Good for play," said a child perplex  
To know what frolic was coming next.  
So she gathered the burs that all despised,  
And her city playmates were quite surprised  
To see what a beautiful basket or chair  
Could be made, with a little time and care.  
They ranged their treasures about with pride,  
And played all day by the burdock's side.

Nothing is lost in this world of ours ;  
Honey comes from the idle flowers ;  
The weed which we pass in utter scorn,  
May save a life by another morn.  
Wonders await us at every turn,  
We must be silent, and gladly learn.  
No room for recklessness or abuse,  
Since even a burdock has its use.

— AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

## BUTTERCUP

*(Ranunculus)*

The buttercups, bright-eyed and bold,  
Held up their chalices of gold  
To catch the sunshine and the dew.

— JULIA C. R. DORR.

And oh, the buttercups! that field  
Of the cloth of gold, where pennons swam —  
Where France set up his lilied shield,  
His oriflamb,

And Henry's lion standard rolled ;  
What was it to their matchless sheen,  
Their million, million drops of gold,  
Among the green !

— JEAN INGELOW.

The rich, milk-tinging buttercup  
Its tiny polished urn holds up,  
Filled with ripe sunshine to the edge,  
The sun in his own wine to pledge.

— LOWELL.

The buttercups across the field  
Made sunshine rifts of splendor.

— D. M. MULOCH.

Bursting from their icy prison,  
The golden buttercups have risen.

— THEO. H. HILL.

Yellow japanned buttercups, and star-disked dandelions . . . lying in the grass, like sparks that have leaped from the kindling sun of summer.

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

### DISCONTENTED

Down in a field, one day in June,  
The flowers all bloomed together,  
Save one who tried to hide herself,  
And drooped that pleasant weather.

A robin who had flown too high,  
And felt a little lazy,  
Was resting near a buttercup  
Who wished she were a daisy.

For daisies grew so trig and tall!  
She always had a passion  
For wearing frills around her neck,  
In just the daisies' fashion.

And buttercups must always be  
The same old tiresome color;  
While daisies dress in gold and white,  
Although their gold is duller.

"Dear Robin," said the sad young flower,  
"Perhaps you'd not mind trying  
To find a nice white frill for me,  
Some day when you are flying?"

"You silly thing!" the robin said,  
"I think you must be crazy;  
I'd rather be my honest self,  
Than any made-up daisy.

"You're nicer in your own bright gown;  
The little children love you;  
Be the best buttercup you can,  
And think no flower above you.



“ Though swallows leave me out of sight,  
We'd better keep our places ;  
Perhaps the world would all go wrong  
With one too many daisies.

“ Look bravely up into the sky,  
And be content with knowing  
That God wished for a buttercup  
Just here, where you are growing.”

— SARAH O. JEWETT.

### CARDINAL FLOWER

(*Lobelia cardinalis*)

Where melancholy marshes meet and merge  
In darkling aisles of luxuriant green  
The cardinal flaunts its crimson flame, and streaks  
The emerald glooms. In far, forgotten years,  
A many-tined monarch of the wood,  
Pierced by a savage dart, in death-flight blind  
Plunged past, and sprinkled the receptive mould  
With ruddy life-drops. When the year again  
Kindled with August heats here burst in bloom,  
These tapering torch-flowers that light autumn,  
down

The pilgrim path that summer's feet have pressed.

— CLINTON SCOLLARD.

As if some wounded eagle's breast  
Slow throbbing o'er the plain  
Had left its airy path impressed  
In drops of scarlet rain.

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Whence is yonder flower so strangely bright?  
Would the sunset's last reflected shine  
Flame so red from that dead flush of light?  
Dark with passions is its lifted line,  
Hot, alive, amid the falling night.

— ELAINE GOODALE.

### THE CARDINAL FLOWER

Deep-colored wonder of the forest glade  
Edging the brook. Upon a fragile stem  
Here autumn lifts a marvellous diadem —  
Daughter, one half of sunshine, half of shade.  
All the lush summer's bounty went to fill  
This jewel-bloom—its forces to distil  
This rich-wrought garment, recklessly displayed.  
What queen of old was ever so arrayed?  
Thine is the climaxed glory of the year.  
When dark decay and bosage dun and sere  
Disturb the heart, by deadly doom dismayed,  
Hope starts to see this miracle so near,  
And fronts the year's departure unafraid.

— JOEL BENTON.

### WILD CARROT

(*Raucus carota*)

In the fields and blooming meadows  
Among the grasses green,  
And the dainty pink-faced clover,  
Fair ladies can be seen,

Decked out in snowy laces,  
Heirlooms of nature old,  
"They've long been in the family,"  
Flower gossips have been told.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gauzy gowned in fairy network  
And caps of finest lace,  
Dames colonial of the roadside  
In the summer find a place,  
In nature's glad procession,  
That pay all homage due  
To their wise and bounteous mother,  
They're proud and loyal too!

—RAY LAURANCE.

### NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS

(*Cereus grandiflorus*)

Flowers shall unfurl to the sun  
Nature's law is; but this one,  
Best and purest of them all,  
Opens when the shadows fall.

In the deepest, darkest night  
Then it blooms to gladdened sight,  
Breathing out upon the air  
Sweetest incense, like a prayer.

Life has nights of deepest gloom  
But they bring some flowers to bloom;  
And we know the best of all  
Opens when the shadows fall.

—JENNIE M. BINGHAM.





**That flower supreme in loveliness.**

**(From photograph by Ernest H. Curtis.)**

That flower supreme in loveliness and pure  
As the pale Cynthia's beams, through which un-  
veiled

It blooms, as if unwilling to endure  
The gaze by which such beauties are assailed.

— ANON.

But to me the dearest flower,  
Heeding not the coaxing shower  
Or the pleading of the sun,  
Closely folds its snowy splendor  
O'er its heart so true and tender  
Till the glowing day is done.

Then a power divine, mysterious,  
Opes the sweet night-blooming cereus  
To perfume the dewy night;  
In its exquisite perfection  
Seeming like some glad reflection  
From the land of perfect light.

Comes the morning, fair but fateful  
To the flower frail and graceful,  
For a life so brief and bright,  
And the snowy leaves fold slowly,  
And the perfumed head drops lowly,  
At the coming of the light.

— EMMA B. FRENCH.

### MOUSE-EAR; CHICKWEED

(*Cerastium viscosum*)

Dearest but humblest born  
Of nature's blameless brood.

Creeping among the grass, among the corn,  
Keeping well out of sight,  
Beneath the dock and plantain hidden quite,  
Sleeping in bivouac through the summer's night  
Around the glow-worm's light,  
Poor gypsy vagabond of road and lane,  
Thou hast of men their coldness and disdain,  
Contempt and bitter scorn;  
Yet Mother Nature good  
To all her children with unstinted love,  
Holds thy form closely pressed  
To her warm loving breast,  
And smiles in sunshine on thy frequent bloom.  
Brighter the world to thee,  
Than to the laurel tree  
Brought from the dark depths of the forest gloom,  
Only a prize to be  
To grace a victory,  
Or mimicking bowed sorrow, lean above  
Red-handed conqueror sleeping in his tomb.

— ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE.

### CHRYSANTHEMUM

Lo! in the corner yonder  
There's a gleam of white and gold —  
The gold of summer's sunshine,  
The white of winter's cold.  
And laden with spicy odors,  
The autumn breezes come  
From the nooks and corners, brightened  
By the brave chrysanthemum.

Hail to thee! beautiful flower,  
With royal and dauntless mien  
Facing the frosts of winter —  
I crown thee autumn's queen.  
With your gleam of late sweet sunshine  
You brighten the closing year,  
And keep us thinking of summer,  
Till the winter we dread is here.

Brave, beautiful, steadfast flower,  
You come with a message to all;  
Smile in life's bitterest weather,  
And brighten its lonesome fall.  
Carry some beauty of summer  
In the heart till the season's past,  
And let the dread winter that cometh  
Form a flower in the soul at last.

—EBEN REXFORD.

### CHRYSANTHEMUM

When nuts are dropping from the trees, and corn is  
gathered in,  
When purple grapes are on the vine, and apples in  
the bin,  
When far across the level fields is borne the crow's  
harsh call,  
Then in the garden lifts its head the bravest flower  
of all.



Chrysanthemum — the name is long for little lips to  
speak,  
But Ethel loves the cheerful bloom, and holds it to  
her cheek;  
For on the winter's icy edge it sets its banners bold,  
With fragrance keen as myrrh and spice, with colors  
clean and cold.

Clematis twined its airy wreaths, and faded from the  
land;  
No more the sumach rears its plume, by gentle  
breezes fanned;  
Dear Mother Nature tells the rose 'tis time to hide  
her head,  
And every tiny violet is tucked away in bed.

The birds which sang in summer days are flying to  
the south;  
The fairies lurk no longer in the morning-glory's  
mouth;  
And Ethel, sitting down to rest anear the old stone  
wall,  
Sees, bright and strong and undismayed, the bravest  
flower of all.

Its petals may be tipped with pink, or touched with  
palest hue  
Of yellow gold, or snowy white, their beauty smiles  
at you;  
And little recks it though the frost may chill the  
nipping air,  
It came to see the curtain drop, this flower so debo-  
nair.

Chrysanthemum — a harder word than children  
often say,  
Yet little Ethel croons it o'er to music blithe and  
gay;  
"Far East," she cries, "and West the leaves they  
flutter and they fall,  
And still I find chrysanthemum the bravest flower of  
all."

Oh, by and by the fierce north wind in wildest wrath  
will blow,  
The sleet upon the panes will beat, and Nature swift  
shall go  
And whisper to chrysanthemum — shall little Ethel  
hear? —  
"Come, darling flower; the play is done. I'll bring  
you back next year."

—MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

*Home Fairies and Heart Flowers.* Copyright, 1886, by Harper &  
Brothers.

### CHRYSANTHEMUMS

There grew one plant in utter want  
Of bud or blossom-dower; —  
I broke a spray of leaves away,  
And said, "The winter hour  
Will crown these stems with diadems, —  
This bears the Christ's sweet flower.

"It cheers with blooms the stormy gloom  
By chill December nursed;  
And it is told in stories old

That this fair blossom first,  
On that fair morn when Christ was born,  
Into white beauty burst.

“ Perhaps — ah, well, we cannot tell  
If truly it be so;  
I but repeat the legend sweet,  
And only this I know, —  
That in the prime of Christmas time  
The Christ’s sweet flowers blow.

“ More pure and clear than any here,  
Their snowy disks unfold,  
White as a star that melts afar  
Into the morning gold.  
And odor rare beyond compare  
Their fragrant fringes hold.

“ This branch I break for memory’s sake,  
And ere descends the snow,  
The slender bough, I sever now,  
Within our home shall grow;  
How brightly there, all white and fair,  
The Christ’s sweet flowers shall blow.”

— ELIZABETH AKERS.

But here and there amid the wreck,  
The drift of leaves, appear  
The hardy late chrysanthemum,  
To crown the year.

Strong, bright, courageous, as a smile  
They cheer the withered place,  
Like the last charm pale sorrow leaves  
A faded face.

—DANSKE DANDRIDGE.

### CLEMATIS

Light-climbing Clematis! I scarce can tell  
When thou art fairest, — in thy maiden days,  
When over briar and bush thy clinging sprays  
Break into bloom, and every wayside dell  
Shines with thy clustered stars, — or matron grown,  
When autumn winds thy silken tresses toss  
Into green rippling waves of gleam and gloss, —  
Or later yet, when woodlands glow, and lone  
In the still air, thy snowy locks unbound,  
Thou stand'st, a picture of serene old age.  
Thrice fair thou art; nay more than fair, most sage,  
Since thy brief season tells this truth profound:  
Rough rock, sharp thorn, dead branch, if used in  
time,  
Are but the heavenward helps by which we climb.

—EMILY SHAW FORMAN.

Where the woodland streamlets flow,  
Gushing down a rocky bed,  
Where the tasselled alders grow  
Lightly meeting overhead,  
When the fullest August days  
Give the richness that they know,

Then the wild clematis comes,  
With her wealth of tangled bloom,  
Reaching up and drooping low.

\* \* \* \*

But when autumn days are here,  
And the woods of autumn burn,  
Then her leaves are black and sere,  
Quick with early frosts to turn!  
As the golden summer dies,  
So her silky green has fled,  
And the smoky clusters rise  
As from fires of sacrifice,  
Sacred incense to the dead!

— DORA READ GOODALE.

### A SONG OF CLOVER

(*Trifolium*)

I wonder what the clover thinks:  
Intimate friend of bobolinks;  
Lover of daisies slim and white,  
Waltzer with buttercups at night;  
Keeper of inn for travelling bees,  
Selling to them wine, dregs and lees,  
Left by the royal humming-birds,  
Who sip and pay with finespun words;  
Fellow with all the lowliest,  
Peer of the gayest and the best;  
Comrade of winds, beloved of sun,  
Kissed by the dewdrops one by one;  
Prophet of good-luck mystery,  
By sign of four which few may see;

Symbol of nature's magic zone,  
One of three, and three in one;  
Emblem of comfort, in the speech  
Which poor men's babies early reach;  
Sweet by the roadside, sweet by the rills,  
Sweet in the meadows, sweet on the hills,  
Sweet in its wine, sweet in its red,  
Oh, half of its sweetness cannot be said;  
Sweet in its every living breath,  
Sweetest, perhaps, at last, in death!  
Oh, who knows what the clover thinks?  
None! unless, perhaps, the bobolinks.

—HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

### FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER

I know a place where the sun is like gold,  
And the cherry blooms burst with snow,  
And down underneath is the loveliest nook  
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,  
And one is for love you know;  
And God put another one in for luck,—  
If you search, you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith,  
You must love, and be strong, and so, —  
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place  
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

—ELLA HIGGINSON.

Crimson clover I discover  
By the garden gate,  
And the bees about her hover,  
But the robins wait.  
Sing, robins, sing,  
Sing a roundelay,  
'Tis the latest flower of spring  
Coming with the May.

—ELAINE GOODALE.

### A CRIMSON CLOVER

The maples dropped their withered leaves ;  
Wan, through the mist, the sunset shone ;  
And from the upland, bare of sheaves,  
The jay's call floated, weird and lone.  
No robin's song the orchard stirred ;  
No oriole flashed from elm to elm ;  
Nor even the cricket's chirp was heard,  
Through all that gray November realm.

The dreary sky, the drifting leaves,  
The jay's far-off, funereal strain,  
Thrilled me, till, sad as one who grieves  
Above his dead, I walked the lane.  
When lo ! 'mid ferns that, fresh and fair,  
Still drooped beneath a sheltering wall  
And gave their fragrance to the air,  
A crimson clover, sweet and tall !

O heart of joy ! O breath of June !  
O grace I thought forever fled !







Gay in her red gown, trim and fine,  
Dances the merry columbine.

The rose's scent, the robin's tune,  
 Were wafted from that clover red!  
 The lane grew pink with apple blooms,  
 A paradise of murmuring bees,  
 And softly, through the maple glooms,  
 From sunny meadows stole the breeze!

So night fell, but it seemed not dark;  
 The wind blew, but it was not chill;  
 Up rolled the mist till I could mark  
 The Pleiades gleam above the hill.  
 "Ah, storm and loss, regret and pain,  
 Ye are but shades that pass!" I said;  
 And, turning homeward through the lane,  
 I plucked and wore the clover red.

— EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

## THE COLUMBINE

(*Aquilegia*)

Gay in her red gown, trim and fine,  
 Dances the merry columbine,  
 Never she thinks if her petals shall fall;  
 Cold rains beating she does not dread;  
 Sunshine is round her and spring birds call,  
 Blue are the skies above her head.  
 So in her red gown, trim and fine,  
 Merrily dances the columbine.

\* \* \* \* \*

— ARLO BATES.

*The Poet and His Self.* Copyright, 1891, by Roberts Brothers.

## A FLOWER ACQUAINTANCE

I met a little lady,  
A stranger here, mayhap;  
She wore a gown of green,  
She wore a scarlet cap.

Graceful was her figure,  
Her manners very fine;  
A fairy airy creature,  
Her name was Columbine.

The pasture was her parlor,  
Very sweet the views;  
The winds from every corner  
Brought the latest news.

— MARY F. BUTTS.

Columbine! open your folded wrapper,  
Where two twin turtle doves dwell!  
Oh cuckoopint! toll me the purple clapper  
That hangs in your clear green bell!

— JEAN INGELow.

Skirting the rocks at the forest edge  
With a running flame from ledge to ledge,  
Or swaying deeper in shadowy glooms,  
A smouldering fire in her dusky blooms;  
Bronzed and moulded by wind and sun,  
Maddening, gladdening every one  
With a gypsy beauty full and fine —  
A health to the crimson columbine!

— ELAINE GOODALE.

## COMPASS-PLANT

*(Silphium laciniatum)*

Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from  
the meadow,  
See how its leaves are turned to the north as true as  
the magnet;  
This is the compass flower, that the finger of God  
has planted  
Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller's  
journey  
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of desert.

— LONGFELLOW.

## COPTIS

*(Coptis trifolia)*

There's a group of graceful birches  
Beyond the pasture lane  
That worship all the summer  
In Nature's sylvan fane,  
Where kneeling in the temple,  
Is Coptis' glossy green,  
Guarding her hidden treasures,  
Golden threads unseen.

Shy Coptis wove from sunbeams  
Her threads of yellow gold,  
Embroidered rich earth's garments,  
And o'er it dark soil rolled.

She tried to keep her secret  
Concealed in sylvan fane;  
The wood nymphs roamed the temple,  
They sought her gold in vain.

O listen, do you hear him?  
He's busy here, I think,  
A hermit softly calling  
In silvery tones, "Chewink!"  
"Chewink!" exclaiming clearly  
In tones of glad surprise,  
"I've found the Coptis' treasure,  
Concealed from wood nymph's eyes."

This little wildwood rover,  
Searching sylvan ground,  
Keeps repeating to the wood nymphs  
"Chewink, her gold I've found!"  
The group of birches, listening,  
Have heard the news, I think,  
For they quiver with excitement  
As he clearly calls, "Chewink!"

— RAY LAURANCE.

### WILD COREOPSIS

(*Coreopsis*)

A sea of blossoms, golden as the glow  
Of morning sunlight on a wind-rocked bay,  
Beneath the breeze of this rare autumn day  
Heaves in soft undulation to and fro.  
Like incense floating o'er the marsh below,

Come fragrant odors of the late mown hay.  
Beyond, in harmony of green and gray,  
The graceful tamaracks tower in stately row;  
And wading through the shimmering waves with  
song

Upon his lips, a fair-haired youth I see,  
Who swings off the saffron blossom-bells.  
Back roll the years — a melancholy throng,  
And I behold in sea-girt Sicily,  
Theocritus amid the asphodels.

— CLINTON SCOLLARD

## COWSLIP

(*Primula*)

“Rich in vegetable gold,  
From calyx pale the freckled cowslip born,  
Receives in amber cups the fragrant dews of morn.”

— ANON.

The cowslip that bending,  
With its golden bells,  
Of each glad hour's ending  
With a sweet chime tells.

— MISS LONDON.

## THE AWAKENING

“Dear old Mother Earth,” a little cowslip said,  
Lifting up the covers of her rosy bed,  
“Do you hear the children crying for the flowers  
Sleeping in your bosom through the wintry hours?”

"Give me my white bonnet, tie its ribbons green ;  
 Send me on my journey, though the winds are keen ;  
 Bid me haste, and tell them every blossom fair  
 Soon will waken, smiling, in the soft spring air."

— ANON.

The cowslip is the country wench.

— HOOD.

And ye talk together still  
 In the language wherewith spring  
 Letters cowslips on the hill.

— TENNYSON.

The cowslip tall her pensioners be ;  
 In their gold coats spots you see ;  
 Those be rubies, fairy favors ;  
 In those freckles, live their savors.

— SHAKESPEARE.

Wild-scattered cowslips bedeck the green glade.

— BURNS.

### COWSLIP — WINNING GRACE

Smiled like a knot of cowslips on the cliff.

— BLAIR.

### BITTER CRESS; CUCKOO-FLOWER

(*Cardamine*)

And by the meadow touches blow the faint sweet  
 Cuckoo-flowers.

— TENNYSON.

## CROCUS

*(Crocus)*

It is thought that the crocus derives its name from a Greek word signifying thread, from the fact of its thread or filament being in such request for saffron dye. Bees are excessively fond of the crocus, and Moore alludes to this fact in *Lalla Rookh*:—

The busy hive  
On Bela's hills is less alive  
When saffron beds are full in flower,  
Than looked the valley in that hour.

## THE CROCUS

"Rest, little sister," her sisters said —  
Violet purple, and wild rose red —  
"Rest, dear, yet, till the sun comes out,  
Till the hedges bud, and the grass blades sprout.  
We are safe in the kindly earth, and warm —  
In the upper world, there is sleet and storm.  
Oh wait for the robin's true, clear note,  
For the sound of a drifting wing afloat,  
For the laughter bright of an April shower  
To call and wake you, sweet crocus flower."

But Brave-heart Crocus said never a word,  
Nor paused to listen for note of bird,  
Or laugh of raindrop. . . . In rough green vest  
And golden bonnet, herself she dressed



By the light of a glow-worm's friendly spark,  
And softly crept up the stairway dark,  
Out through the portal of frozen mould  
Into the wide world, bleak and cold.  
But somehow, a sunbeam found the place  
Where the snow made room for her lifted face.

— MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

Like lilac flame its color glows,  
Tender, and yet so clearly bright  
That all for miles and miles about  
The splendid meadow shineth out,  
And far-off village children shout  
To see the welcome sight.

— MARY HOWITT.

## CYCLAMEN

(*Persicum*)

Over the plains where Persian hosts  
Laid down their lives for glory,  
Flutter the cyclamens like ghosts  
That witness to their story.  
O fair! O white! O pure as snow!  
On countless graves how sweet they grow!  
Or crimson like the cruel wounds  
From which the lifeblood flowing  
Poured out, where now on grassy mounds  
The low soft winds are blowing.  
O fair! O red! Like blood of slain,  
Not even time can cleanse that stain.

— ARLO BATES.

## DAFFODIL

*(Narcissus)*

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd, —  
A host of golden daffodils  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the Milky Way,  
They stretched in never ending line  
Along the margin of a bay :  
Ten thousand saw I, at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee ;  
A poet could not but be gay  
In such a jocund company ;  
I gazed, — and gazed, — but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude ;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Daffy-down-dilly came up in the cold through the  
brown mould,  
Although the March breezes blew keen on her face,  
Although the white snow lay on many a place.

—MISS WARNER.

The daffodil is our doorside queen;  
She pushes up the sward already,  
To spot with sunshine the early green.

—BRYANT.

The name "Daffodil" is a corruption of Dis's lily, supposed, according to mythology, to be the flower dropped from Pluto's chariot as he carried off Proserpine to the lower regions.

O Proserpine,  
For the flowers now, that frightened, thou lettest fall  
From Dis's wagon; daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares,  
And take the winds of March with beauty.

—SHAKESPEARE.

## DAISY

(*Bellis perennis*)

That well by reason men it call may  
The Daisie, or else the eye of day.

—CHAUCER.

This was first called "Day's Eye" because it closed at night and opened at dawn.

—MRS. DANA.

*How to know the Wild Flowers.* Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Wee, modest, crimson tippit flower,

\* \* \* \* \*

Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,  
Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
In humble guise.

— ROBERT BURNS.

There is a flower, a little flower,  
With silver crest and golden eye,  
That welcomes every changing hour  
And weathers every sky.

— JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Whose white investments figure innocence.

— SHAKESPEARE.

In French the daisy is called *la Marguerite* or pearl, and it was the device of Marguerite of Anjou, and also of Marguerite de Valois. It was a more appropriate emblem of the latter princess, who withdrew from the glitter of courts to study her Bible, than of the ambitious Lancastrian queen of England.

The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air.

— ROBERT BURNS.

Of all the flowers in the mede  
Than love I most these flowers white and rede,  
Soch that men callen daises in our town.

— CHAUCER.

Daisies infinite  
 Uplift in praise their glowing little hands  
 O'er every hill that under heaven expands.

— EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

I know the way she went  
 Home with her maiden posy,  
 For her feet have touched the meadows  
 And left the daisies rosy. — TENNYSON.

Daisies, those pearly Arcturi of the earth,  
 The constellated star that never sets.

— PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

### DAISIES

Over the shoulders and slopes of the dune  
 I saw the white daisies go down to the sea,  
 A host in the sunshine, a snowdrift in June.  
 The people God sends us to set our hearts free.

The bobolinks rallied them up from the dell,  
 The orioles whistled them out of the wood,  
 And all of their singing was, "Earth, it is well!"  
 And all of their dancing was, "Life, thou art  
 good!"

— BLISS CARMAN.

*More Lays from Vagabondia.*

Clear and simple in white and gold,  
 Meadow blossoms of sunlit spaces, —  
 The field is full as it well can hold  
 And white with the drift of the ox-eyed daisies!

— DORA READ GOODALE.

When the wild whiteweed's bright surprise  
Looks up from the strawberried plain  
Like thousands of astonished eyes.

— ELIZABETH AKERS.

### BOSSY AND THE DAISY

Right up in the Bossy's eyes,  
Looked the daisy, boldly,  
But, alas! to his surprise,  
Bossy ate him, coldly.

Listen! daisies in the fields,  
Hide away from Bossy!  
Daisies make the milk she yields,  
And her coat grow glossy!

So, each day, she tries to find  
Daisies nodding sweetly,  
And, although it's most unkind,  
Bites their heads off neatly!

— MARGARET DELAND.

### DAISY GRANDMOTHERS

Oh, children, come down in the meadow  
Where the daisies and buttercups grow,  
And see my funny grandmamas,  
All nid-nodding, so wise and so slow.  
They are right down there in the dingle,  
And my auntie she made them for me;

We were sitting down in the grasses,  
Deep in it, it was taller than we;  
The daisies were there, close beside us,  
In a circle they stood on a mound,  
And auntie took out her sharp scissors  
And she snipped them around and around,  
Until each had a white cap border,  
And she left them two petals for strings;  
And then next she found a lead pencil  
In her bag with the rest of her things;  
And with that, on each yellow centre,  
Auntie drew such a queer little face —  
But look — you can see the grandmamas,  
Here they are in the same grassy place!

— UNIDENTIFIED.

### DANDELIONS

O'er worlds of green scurrying swirl  
Of golden disks and feathery clocks,—  
For spring had raised her gates of pearl  
And loosed the dandelion flocks.

— CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

### DANDELION

A dandelion loves to have her own way, just as  
you and I do. She loves to grow up tall with a fine  
long stem, nodding and shaking her head and sway-  
ing merrily in the wind and sunshine. When the

storm comes beating down she draws her green waterproof cloak up over her head, and while the thrush sings so cheerily she makes merry with the raindrops — gay little dandelion.

But the dandelion cannot always have her own way, sweet as it is, for there is the gardener who comes cutting her down cruelly with the lawn-mower again and again and again.

How discouraging is all this when one feels herself made to live on a long stem with such jocund friends as the rain, the wind, and the sunshine. But the dandelion is not to be discouraged, and in a wise brown heart she considers how she may best adapt herself to such adverse circumstances as gardeners and lawn-mowers.

The next day she comes up as bright and friendly as ever only with a shorter stem. Again she is cut down, and again she springs up with a still shorter stem.

At last she is trampled upon and bruised and crushed under foot to the earth, but the brightness and gladness and beauty are still there in the faithful brown heart, and, gazing steadfastly into heaven, she sends up one trustful little bud without any stem at all.

Her sister dandelions do the same, and they bloom and bloom and bloom until the green lawn looks as if it were buttoned down all over with pieces of brightest gold.

This is a true story; but if you don't believe it, you may ask the dandelion.



## THE DANDELION

Some young and saucy dandelions  
Stood laughing in the sun,  
They were brimming full of happiness,  
And running o'er with fun,  
They stretched their necks so slender  
To stars up in the sky,  
They frolicked with the bumblebee  
And teased the butterfly.

At length, they saw beside them  
A dandelion quite old,  
His form was bent and withered,  
Gone were his locks of gold;  
"Oh ho!" they cried, "just see him!  
Old gray beard, how d'ye do?  
We'd hide our heads in the grasses,  
If we looked as bad as you."

So they mocked the poor old fellow  
Till the night came on apace,  
Then a cunning small green night-cap  
Hid each saucy little face;  
But lo! when dawned the morning,  
Up rose each little head,  
Decked, not with golden tresses,  
But long, gray locks instead;  
And they learned, though late, the lesson  
Which children should be told,  
That those who mock the aged  
May, themselves, some day be old.

—C. E. H.

## DANDELIONS

Dandelions gone to seed  
All along the way,  
"Flower bubbles! Flower bubbles!"  
Cries our little May.

Then she picks the dainty thing,  
Breaks the bubble fair,  
Just to see it float away  
On the sunny air.

Then she picks another,  
To tell the "time o' day,"  
And to see if Mother  
Wants her little May.

O dandelions gone to seed,  
Where is all your gold?  
In the bright June sunshine  
You are growing old.

O dandelions gone to seed,  
You dearest little things,  
From the time you doff your cap of green  
Until you use your wings.

— ELSIE LOCKE.

## THE CHILDREN'S FLOWER

Dear dandelion, you sunshiny thing,  
How many toys for the young folks you bring;  
Watchchains for Nanny, and trumpets for Ned,

100      AMONG FLOWERS AND TREES

Funny green curls for the baby's bald head;  
Next you're a weathercock, ready to show  
When your white seeds fly, which way the winds  
    blow.

Friend of the barefoot boy, gold of the poor,  
You're a wee playhouse at every child's door.

— UNKNOWN.

You cannot forget it, if you would, those golden  
kisses all over the cheeks of the meadow, queerly  
called dandelions.

— HENRY WARD BEECHER.

IN MAY

I looked up from the window to take a little peep  
At the pretty, pretty stars just before I went to  
    sleep,  
And there they were all shining, — it made me  
    laugh to see  
How they twinkled and they twinkled as they took a  
    peep at me.

And in the morning early I went to hear the birds  
As they twittered and they twittered — you could  
    almost hear the words.  
And, out upon the grass-plot what *do* you think I  
    found?  
Those pretty stars had fallen and were scattered on  
    the ground.

I looked and looked and hurried in to give mamma a  
    call.

She laughed and said: "Why, little one, they are  
not stars at all."

She called them flowers — dandelions. How can  
she be right,

When I know they were the very stars that peeped  
at me last night ?

— SYDNEY DAYRE.

Where thy yellow blossoms  
Underneath the trees  
Twinkle 'mid the shadows,  
Floral Pleiades!  
Here and there a golden  
Coronet I miss;  
There hath been a stellar  
Metamorphosis!

Some have filmy silver  
Diadems of down,  
More than one Merope  
Wears a fainter crown;  
Yet your constellation  
Seemeth ever new —  
Fresher blooms appearing  
Where the missing grew.

— THEO. H. HILL.

### TO THE DANDELION

Dear common flower, that groweth beside the way,  
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,  
First pledge of blithesome May,

Which children pluck, and, full of pride uphold,  
 High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they  
 An Eldorado in the grass have found,  
 Which not the rich earth's ample round  
 May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me  
 Than all the prouder summer blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow  
 Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,  
 Nor wrinkled the lean brow  
 Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease ;  
 'Tis the spring's largess, which she scatters now  
 To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,  
 Though most hearts never understand  
 To take it at God's value, but pass by  
 The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

\*      \*      \*      \*      \*

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with  
 thee ;

The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,  
 Who from the dark old tree  
 Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,  
 And I, secure in childish piety,  
 Listened as if I heard an angel sing  
 With news from heaven, which he could bring  
 Fresh every day to my untainted ears  
 When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal does nature seem,  
 When thou, for all thy gold, so common art !  
 Thou teachest me to deem

More sacredly of every human heart,  
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam  
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,  
Did we but pay the love we owe,  
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look  
On all these living pages of God's book.

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

### HAWK-BIT; FALL DANDELION

*(Leontodon)*

How sweetly on the autumn scene,  
When haws are red amid the green,  
The hawk-bit shines with face of cheer  
The favorite of the faltering year!

When days grow short, and nights grow cold,  
How fairly gleams its eye of gold,  
On pastured field and grassy hill,  
Along the roadside and the rill!

It seems the spirit of a flower,  
This offspring of the autumn hour,  
Wandering back to earth to bring  
Some kindly afterthought of spring.

A dandelion's ghost might so  
Amid Elysian meadows blow,  
Become more fragile and more fine  
Breathing the atmosphere divine.

— CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

## DODDER

*(Cuscuta)*

In the roadside thicket hiding,  
Sing, robin, sing!  
See the yellow dodder, gliding,  
Ring, bluebells, ring!

Like a living skein enlacing,  
Coiling, climbing, turning, chasing,  
Through the fragrant sweet-fern chasing —  
Laugh, O murmuring spring!

—SARAH F. DAVIS.

## EDELWEISS

*(Leontopodium alpinum)*

A small perennial herb, of the aster family, allied to the everlasting, having dense clusters of flower-heads at ends of stems, surrounded by involucrate leaves, all covered with a white cotton-like pubescence.

## A STRAY EDELWEISS

Breath of the mountain air,  
Fresh from its fields of ice,  
Breathes round thy form so fair,  
Seems still to kiss thy hair,  
O dainty edelweiss!

Far from thy native place,  
Strange eyes bend over thee;  
Yet, oh! what stainless grace  
Shines from thy patient face,  
In low captivity.

Wand'rer from sunlit height,  
Close to the bending blue!  
Thou dost reflect its light  
Down in the valley's night, —  
Lowly thou art, but true.

I, too, an exile here;  
My home, like thine, above!  
Though seen through many a tear,  
So, may I, year by year,  
Teach of the heights I love.

— LEE S. PRATT.

In spirit we ascended these Alps . . . till we  
gathered . . . the wonderful Edelweiss (noble-  
white), which alone blooms amid eternal snows.

— ANNA M. HOWITT. ,

### EDELWEISS

Fair white flower that often grows  
Underneath the Alpine snows,  
Where the searching wild wind blows.

In a purer, higher air  
Thou so bravely bloomest, where  
Not another flower would dare,



'Mid the snows that round thee drift,  
And within each crevice sift,  
Thou dost still thy head uplift ;

Like a flower from paradise  
Art thou, to the traveller's eyes,  
Seeing thee with glad surprise.

May the lesson thou dost teach  
In each heart far deeper reach  
Than mere written word, or speech.

O sad ones, who sit and weep,  
While the snows around you creep,  
Covering many a fond hope deep,

Search beneath the frozen snows  
Of your hearts, perchance there grows  
For you yet, some rare sweet rose :

Some great joy to bless you still,  
With content your lives to fill,  
Peace and comfort to instil !

O tired soul who long hast lain,  
Worn in spirit, racked with pain,  
Joy will come to thee again !

When the storms so wildly sweep,  
When the snows of sorrow creep  
O'er the heart so thick and deep,

Lift your head, and brave the blast,  
Though thy woes fall thick and fast,  
Courage take — they will not last.

And when thou at length art free,  
Purer, stronger thou shalt be,  
For this stern adversity.

— MINNIE CURTIS WAIT.

### GRANDMOTHER'S FENNEL

*(Foeniculum)*

When I was a tiny bit of a girl  
In the country meeting-house,  
Where I expected to sit as still  
As a frightened little mouse,  
Perhaps I did not relish the feast  
Which the good old parson spread,  
But I did enjoy my grandmother's treat  
Of a fragrant fennel head.

I'm grandmother now, myself, you know,  
But the dainty blue-eyed girl,  
Who sits by my side in a city church  
With her feathers all in a curl,  
Will never know in her Greenaway gown  
Exactly the joy I knew,  
As I tasted the fresh sweet "meetin' seed,"  
That in grandmother's garden grew.

### FLAX FLOWERS

*(Linum)*

Blue as heaven, light as air,  
All their slender stems can bear;

Nodding, swaying as they float,  
Each one like a restless boat.

One would think they'd anchored there  
Just to wait till winds are fair.

On their stems they tug and strain,  
Longing to be off again.

If the winds that murmur sweet  
Would but start the tiny fleet,

Surely their light keels could pass  
Over seas of meadow grass ;

Trees and bushes growing low,  
Where the rippling wind does blow,

Over the waves of bold sunshine,  
Down the moonbeams pale and fine.

\*           \*           \*           \*           \*

— MARGARET DELAND.

From *Harper's Magazine*. Copyright, 1888, by Harper & Brothers.

Her eyes were as blue as the fairy flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day.

— LONGFELLOW.

## THE FLOWER-DE-LUCE

(*Iris*)

Beautiful lily, dwelling by still rivers  
Or solitary mere,  
Or where the sluggish meadow brook delivers  
Its waters to the weir !



**Beautiful lily, dwelling by still rivers  
or solitary mere.**



Thou laughest at the mill, the whirl and worry  
Of spindle and loom,  
And the great wheel that toils amid the hurry  
And rushing of the flume.

Born in the purple, and uplifts thy drooping banner,  
And round thee throng and run  
The rushes, the green yeomen of thy manor,  
The outlaws of the sun.

The burnished dragon-fly is thine attendant,  
And tilts against the field,  
And down the listed sunbeams rides resplendent,  
With steel-blue mail and shield.

Thou art the Iris, fair among the fairest,  
Who, armed with goldenrod  
And winged with the celestial azure, bearest  
The message of some God.

Thou art the Muse, who far from crowded cities  
Haunted the sylvan streams,  
Playing on pipes of reed the artless ditties  
That come to us as dreams.

O flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let the river  
Linger to kiss thy feet!  
O flower of song, bloom on, and make forever  
The world more fair and sweet.

— HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Nearer to the river's trembling edge  
There grew broad flag flowers, purple, pranked with  
white.

— SHELLEY.

Lilies of all kinds,  
The flower-de-luce being one !

— SHAKESPEARE.

### FORGET-ME-NOT

(*Myosotis palustris*)

When to the flower so beautiful  
The Father gave a name,  
Back came a little blue-eyed one —  
All timidly it came;  
And, standing at the Father's feet,  
And gazing in his face,  
It said with meek and gentle voice,  
Yet with a timid grace,  
“ Dear Lord, the name thou gavest me,  
Alas! I have forgot.”  
The father kindly looked on it,  
And said, “ Forget-me-not.”

— EMILY BRUCE ROELOFSON.

### THE BRIDE OF THE DANUBE

The legend of the forget-me-not as told in the following stanzas has from an early date been connected with the tiny blue flower.

“ See how yon glittering wave in sportive play  
Washes the bank, and steals the flowers away.  
And must they thus in bloom and beauty die,  
Without the passing tribute of a sigh? ”

“ No, Bertha, those young flowerets there  
Shall form a braid for thy sunny hair ;

I yet will save one, if but one  
Soft smile reward me, when 'tis done."

He said, and plunged into the stream, —  
His only light was the moon's pale beam.  
"Stay! stay!" she cried, — But he had caught  
The drooping flowers, and breathless sought  
To place the treasures at the feet  
Of her from whom e'en death were sweet.

With outstretched arms upon the shore she stood,  
With tearful eyes she gazed upon the flood,  
Whose swelling tide now seemed as if 'twould sever  
Her faithful lover from her arms forever.  
Still through the surge he panting strove to gain  
The welcome strand, but ah! he strove in vain!

Yet once the false stream bore him to the spot,  
Where stood his bride in muteness of despair;  
And scarcely had he said, "Forget-me-not!"  
And flung the dearly ransomed flowerets there,  
When the dark wave closed o'er him, and no more  
Was seen young Rudolph on the Danube's shore.

Aghast she stood; she saw the tranquil stream  
Pass o'er him, — could it be a fleeting dream?  
Ah, no! the last fond words, "Forget-me-not!"  
With frantic haste the dripping flowers she prest,  
Too deadly purchased, to her aching breast.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oft at eve when maidens rove  
Beside the Danube's wave,



They tell the tale of hapless love,  
 And show young Rudolph's grave;  
 And cull the flowers from that sweet spot,  
 Still calling them, "Forget-me-not."

— MISS PICKERGILL.

#### FOUR-O'CLOCK; MARVEL OF PERU

(*Mirabilis jalapa*)

Pink and white and gold,  
 'Mid the waning light,  
 Stars that first unfold  
 At the gate of night;  
 Peeping o'er the pansy beds,  
 Flashing through the phlox,  
 A blessing on your bonny heads,  
 Happy four-o'clocks!

Gold and white and pink,  
 Clad in white array,  
 Flowerets, do ye think  
 Life's a gift for play?  
 Ere the amber morn had broke  
 Bloomed the stalwart stocks;  
 Pray whisper why so late ye woke,  
 Naughty four-o'clocks.

Gold and pink and white,  
 Though ye are so shy,  
 I have guessed to-night  
 Just the reason why

Ye came to watch with sleep-lorn lids,  
'Neath the hollyhocks;  
Your lovers are the katydid,  
Dainty four-o'clocks.

—SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

Four-o'clock, with heart upfolding,  
When the loving sun had gone,  
Streak and stain of cunning crimson,  
Like the light of early dawn.

—ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

## THE FRINGED GENTIAN

(*Gentiana*)

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,  
And colored with the heaven's own blue,  
Thou openest when the quiet light  
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean  
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,  
Or columbines in purple dressed  
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,  
When woods are bare and birds are flown,  
And the frosts and shortening days portend  
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye  
Look through its fringes to the sky,  
Blue — blue — as if that sky let fall  
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see  
 The hour of death draw near to me,  
 Hope, blossoming within my heart,  
 May look to heaven as I depart.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### CLOSED GENTIAN

Blind little beauties by the wayside,  
 Left alone by the summer's pomp of flowers,  
 Do you ache with a pain of desolation,  
 Have you hearts sad in solitude as ours?

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

What secret, O foundling of the twilight,  
 Are you hiding of brightness and perfume?  
 Shall we envy or pity it — the wonder  
 Of a bud that we know will never bloom.

Sometimes I seem to guess your meaning,  
 As you stand, purple nuns with mantles furled,  
 Your dark lamps are Hallowe'en's oblations  
 At the last vespers of the summer's world.

A veiled smile is every soft corolla,  
 A sealed joy that cannot come or go;  
 A hope dumb in chrysalis, a patience,  
 A sun thought within a dream of snow.

Cold, scentless strangers, — yet you cheer us  
 With a sweetness beyond the sense of men,  
 Like drops of the holy blue of midnight,  
 Only fallen to exhale to heaven again.

And nature to your October lifetime  
Not a grace or a pleasure more can add,  
Never free look, nor open breath of laughter,  
Morn or noon, — yet I think you are not sad.

For your shut lips calmly hold the promise  
Of a sometime glory and delight,  
In a climate where every blinded beauty  
And truth breaks from shadow into light.

And, vestals of autumn ! Love would whisper  
The souls of the flowers that never blew  
Have their own Eden — and to that perfection  
The saints first translated will be you.

I know not, but of that clime if ever  
Son or pilgrim across my path shall fare  
From its glad life gardens, I shall ask him  
If he saw “closed gentians” blooming there.

— THERON BROWN.

### GOLDENROD AND ASTERS

The goldenrod, the goldenrod  
That glows in sun or rain,  
Waving its plumes on every bank  
From the mountain slope to the main, —  
Not dandelions, nor cowslips fine,  
Nor buttercups, gems of summer,  
Nor leagues of daisies yellow and white,  
Can rival this latest comer !

On the plains and the upland pastures  
 Such regal splendor falls  
 When forth, from myriad branches green,  
 Its gold the south wind calls, —  
 That the tale seems true the red man's god  
 Lavished its bloom to say,  
 "Though days grow brief and suns grow cold,  
 My love is the same for ay."

And, darker than April violets  
 Or pallid as wind-flowers grow,  
 Under its shadow from hill to meadow  
 Great beds of asters blow ; —  
 O plots of purple o'erhung with gold  
 That need nor walls nor wardens,  
 Not fairer shone, to the Median queen,  
 Her Babylonian gardens !

On Scotia's moors the gorse is gay,  
 And England's lanes and fallows  
 Are decked with broom whose winsome grace  
 The hovering linnet hallows ;  
 But the robin sings from his maple bough,  
 " Ah, linnet, lightly won,  
 Your bloom to my blaze of wayside gold  
 Is the wan moon to the sun ! "

And were I to be a bride at morn,  
 Ere the chimes rang out I'd say,  
 " Not roses red, but goldenrod  
 Strew in my path to-day !

And let it brighten the dusky aisle,  
And flame on the altar-stair,  
Till the glory and light of the fields shall flood  
The solemn dimness there ; ”

And should I sleep in my shroud at eve,  
Not lilies pale and cold,  
But the purple asters of the wood  
Within my hands I'd hold ; —  
For goldenrod is the flower of love  
That time and change defies ;  
And asters gleam through the autumn air  
With the hues of paradise.

— EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

### GOLDENROD

(*Soldiago*)

Death in the woods, and the goldenrod  
When the fires are out, and the ashes cold,  
O blossom, how from the lifeless clod  
When the fires are out, and the ashes cold,  
Doth a vein that the miners know not, yield  
Such wealth of gold?

— JOHN B. TABB.

### GOLDENROD

All along the highways,  
Along the lanes and byways,  
The goldenrod's in bloom.  
From the darkest places  
Merry little faces  
Brighten up the gloom.

O goldenrod, goldenrod!  
Through the sunny weather,  
Nod and grow, gleam and glow,  
And all be glad together.

Where the winds are calling,  
Brown nuts slowly falling,  
The yellow blooms glow.  
How they gleam and glitter!  
Hear the robins twitter,  
"Almost time to go!"

O goldenrod! goldenrod!  
Autumn days are flying.  
Nod and grow, gleam and glow,  
And do your best by trying.

Willow trees are turning,  
Maple leaves are burning,  
Goldenrod's afire!  
Fairy torches glimmer,  
Woods are in a shimmer  
And the flames leap higher!

November rain is all in vain.  
Down, down, it dashes.  
O goldenrod! goldenrod!  
You've burned the woods to ashes.

—ANGELINA W. WRAY.

The goldenrod with fire  
Stands tipped.

—DORA GREENWELL.

Along the roadside, like the flowers of gold  
That tawny Incas for their gardens wrought,  
Heavy with sunshine droops the goldenrod,  
And the red pennons of the cardinal flowers  
Hang motionless upon their upright stems.

—WHITTIER.

Ripe grew the year. Then suddenly there came  
With the significance of a smile of God,  
O'er all the edges of the world a flame, —  
The wild apocalypse of the goldenrod.

—CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

### SEASIDE GOLDENROD

Graceful tossing plumes of gold,  
Waving lowly on the rocky ledge;  
Leaning seaward, lovely to behold,  
Clinging to the high cliff's ragged edge;

Burning in the pure September day,  
Spike of gold against the stainless blue,  
Do you watch the vessels drifting by?  
Does the quiet day seem long to you?

\* \* \* \* \*



How much of life's rapture is your right?  
In earth's joy what may your portion be?  
Rocked by breezes, touched by tender light,  
Fed by dews, and sung to by the sea.

Something of delight and of content  
Must be yours, however vaguely known;  
And your grace is mutely eloquent,  
And your beauty makes the rock a throne.

Matters not to you, O golden flower!  
That such eyes of worship watch your sway,  
But you make more sweet the dreamful hour,  
And you crown for me the tranquil day.

— CELIA THAXTER.

### GRAPEVINE

The trumpet flower and the grapevine  
Hang their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of  
Jacob,  
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, de-  
scending,  
Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from  
blossom to blossom.

— LONGFELLOW.

Ah, sweet the bloom upon the grape  
Before it leaves the vine!

— ELIZABETH AKERS.

## HUNTING MUSCADINES

(A memory of boyhood)

Floating on the gentle Yadkin in an olden-time  
canoe,  
Singing old plantation ballads, — I and charming  
blue-eyed Sue —  
Blue-eyed, golden-tressèd Sue.

Willows plume the shining river, and the birch a  
shadow flings  
Far across its dimpled bosom. Down the shore her  
laughter rings —  
Merry, rippling laughter rings.

Pendant dewdrops glitter brightly in the overhang-  
ing vines,  
Laden with a luscious treasure of large purple mus-  
cadines —  
Ripe, delicious muscadines.

— JOHN HENRY BONER.

## THE COTTON-GRASS

The blossom's dewy lips are dumb;  
They wait until the poets come.  
By chance a Scottish ploughman's choice  
Gave to the daisy flower a voice  
That round the world in music goes,  
Borne on, borne on, it knows not whither.

Still whispers Waller's "Lovely Rose";  
 Will Shakespeare's cowslips ever wither?  
 Three hundred summers have gone by,  
 The dewdrops on them are not dry.  
 Oh when, like this, they have the power  
 Immortal bloom to give a flower,  
 I wonder why the poets pass  
 Unheeding by the cotton-grass,  
 That lovely, fairy seeming thing,  
 In every soft wind fluttering.  
 The waving of whose white plume shows  
 The way the hidden streamlet flows;  
 Beneath its floating flag of peace  
 The bobolink's low nest is hidden;  
 And when the bird's June raptures cease,  
 And if by viewless spirits bidden  
 (Itself how spirit-like and fair),  
 It floats away upon the air;  
 We look, and lo! it is not there!

— MARIAN DOUGLAS.

From *Harpers' Basar*. Copyright, 1889, by Harper & Brothers.

### A BLADE OF BLUE GRASS

As prone upon the cool, fresh turf I lay,  
 Enwrapped in shadows of thick greeneries,  
 Whose leafy lush the o'erbold sun's keen ray  
 Pierced rarely through the silent distances,  
 I plucked a blade of tender, fragrant grass,  
 Sweet with heaven's breath and tinted with its  
 blue,

As skies' soft azure would earth's green surpass  
In lovely rivalry, and paint a hue  
Meet for this darling of their bounteous care ;  
Then, in this leaf of sweet blue grass, I saw  
God's patience, which through ages did prepare  
It's home and sustenance by nature's law,  
Perfecting frailest things. Can He who feeds  
And clothes the grass forget us and our needs ?

—ZITELLA COCKE.

### BLUE-EYED GRASS

(*Sisyrinchium angustifolium*)

What impulse stirs the feathery grasses,  
And dips along their wavering line ?  
While, as the sudden tremor passes,  
Two strange sweet eyes look up to mine ?  
Eyes with a more than human pleasing,  
So poet-deep, so maiden-shy !  
Till all my soul is drowned in gazing,  
O rare blue eye !

My spirit flower, my heaven-sent blossom,  
I held your secret in my hand.  
I caught and held you to my bosom,  
I thought to know and understand.  
O fatal haste ! Thou hast undone me,  
Yet, yet, unsolved the mystery lies, —  
They closed, and shut the wonder from me,  
Those deep, dark eyes !

—ELAINE GOODALE.

## HEAL-ALL

*(Brunella vulgaris)*

Dear blossom of the wayside kin,  
Whose homely, wholesome name  
Tells of a potency within  
To win thee country fame!

The sterile hillocks are thy home,  
Beside the windy path;  
The sky, a pale and lovely dome,  
Is all thy vision hath.

Thy unobtrusive purple face,  
Amid the meagre grass,  
Greets me with long-remembered grace,  
And cheers me as I pass.

And I, outworn by petty care,  
And vexed with trivial wrong,  
I heed thy brave and joyous air  
Until my heart grows strong.

A lesson from the Power I crave  
That moves in me and thee,  
That makes thee modest, calm, and brave —  
Me restless as the sea.

Thy simple wisdom I would gain —  
To heal the hurt life brings,  
With kindly cheer and faith in pain,  
And joy of common things.

— CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

From *The Book of the Native*. Copyrighted by Lamson, Wolfe & Co.

## THE HEAL-ALL

Little flower of field and roadside  
In homely purple gown,  
You are quaintly sweet, old-fashioned,  
As you modestly look down  
Upon the lowly grasses  
And humble chickweed small,  
That fringe the country pathways  
From early spring till fall.

In cap of homely purple,  
A little grandmother old,  
You know the many secrets  
The winds and bees have told;  
And it may be flowers have sorrows  
They tell in floral way,  
And you, dear little heal-all  
Give sympathy each day,

And say, "Oh, fair sweet blossom,  
Complain not, for you know  
Your mission is to brighten  
Nature's garden here below,  
And say to weary mortals,  
'Why weep o'er the green sod,  
When your flowers bright, celestial,  
Bloom in the realms of God.'"

—RAY LAURANCE.

## HEATHER

*(Erica)*

About five hundred species of *Erica* are known, nearly all of them natives of the south of Africa. None are found in America. The British Isles produce seven species. A sprig of *Erica cinera* was the badge of the MacDonalds at the time when they existed as a distinct clan. The leaves are small, linear, and evergreen; the flowers, in spikes, are of a lilac-rose color, rarely white. Cottages are often thatched with it, and beds made of it. In England many species are cultivated.

No more these simple flowers belong  
To Scottish maid and lover;  
Sown in the common soil of song,  
They bloom the wide world over.

In smiles and tears, in sun, and showers,  
The minstrel and the heather,  
The deathless singer, and the flowers  
He sung of, live together.

Wild heather-bells and Robert Burns!  
The moorland flower and peasant!  
How, at their mention, memory turns  
Her pages old and pleasant!

— WHITTIER.

The solemn wastes of heathery hill  
Sleep in the July sunshine still.

— MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## HELIOTROPE

(*Heliotropium*)

From the lofty Cordilleras of Peru the botanist  
Jussieu carried to Paris the seeds of the wild plant  
which he named heliotrope, from the Greek words  
signifying "the sun," and "I turn," he having  
noticed that it turned its flowers toward the sun.

— GEORGE WALDO BROWNE.

## TO THE HELIOTROPE.

What subtle fragrance wafted hither by  
The breeze ; so rich, so sweet, methinks I view  
Elysian fields neath skies of purest blue.  
What sacred blueness fallen from the sky,  
To rest in the small flower. Light and air,  
And heat and moisture, all to make thee fair,  
Combined and tempered by that Hand on high  
Which fashioned thee. As on thee gazing I  
Inhale thy subtle fragrance so divine,  
And sweet and pure as some unsullied child,  
I do not think of treasure I make mine,  
To comfort me when in some desert wild,  
And far from all the heart holds dear I roam,  
Thou brightest sweet memories of my childhood  
home.



## HEPATICA

All the woodland path is broken  
 By warm tints along the way,  
 And the low and sunny slope  
 Is alive with sudden hope,  
 When there comes the silent token  
 Of an April day, —  
                   Blue hepatica.

— DORA READ GOODALE.

The liverleaf put forth her sister blooms  
 Of faintest blue.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Hooded darlings of the spring,  
 Rarest tints of purple wearing.

— HELEN CHASE.

Half vent'rin' hepaticas in their furry coats.

— LOWELL.

## HEPATICAS

(*Hepatica triloba*)

Shyest of nature's brood  
 Retreating to the wood,  
 Just at its edge a refuge have ye found;  
 Like partridge chicks in fright,  
 Keeping yourselves from sight,  
 Under the dry leaves scattered on the ground.

Ye would not shrink so much  
From our fond sight and touch  
If only our heart's feeling could be known;  
We wait with watching eyes  
To mark your mild surprise  
That coming early, ye come not alone.

The bluebird yesterday  
Came flying home this way,  
He piped his very sweetest song of you;  
In fullest faith and love  
We are now come to prove  
That bluebird's prophecy shall turn out true.

We push the leaves away,  
And there in silken gray  
Has nature swaddled tenderly your forms;  
Open for us your eyes!  
Look at the April skies  
Blue as in summer after heavy storms.

Within the opening lid  
A thought of blue is hid,  
A memory of skies watched long ago;  
A dream ye fondly kept  
All that long night ye slept  
Beneath the downy coverlets of snow.

— ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE.

## THE HOLLYHOCKS

The hollyhocks are standing  
In groups against the wall,  
Engaged in conversation  
With the lowly flowers small,  
That gaze with admiration  
On floral dames so gay,  
Who wear such ruffled bonnets  
Of crimson deep, to-day.

\* \* \* \* \*

"We are an ancient family,"  
The tall dames, swaying, say,  
"We were favorites in the garden,  
In old colonial day!  
We came across the ocean,  
From Syria, it is said,  
And we stood unrivalled beauties  
In grandmother's posy bed."

The wind has paused to listen  
To the dames of high degree,  
And the mignonette and pansies  
Are laughing with such glee!  
The mullein pinks are blushing,  
And the poppies say, "Oh, see,  
In the dame's gay frilled red bonnet  
She has a bumblebee!"

—RAY LAURANCE.

## THE HYACINTH

*(Hyacinthus)*

I buried my hyacinth bulb in the mould,  
    To wait for spring.  
The snow lies over it, white and cold,  
    Poor little thing!  
Is it tired of waiting for sweet warm rain  
    And sun, I wonder?  
Does it long to send up its leaves again  
    And push asunder  
The dark brown earth with its sheath of green,  
    Where are hidden well  
The daintiest flowers that were ever seen,  
    Each a pearly bell?  
Hidden so well that no one could guess,  
    From the bulb in the earth,  
What an exquisite angel of loveliness  
    Was waiting for birth;  
Is it storing the whiteness out of the snows  
    For each delicate bell,  
And the sweetness from every breeze that blows  
    For delicious smell?  
Is it listening now for the bluebird's call,  
    And the robin's song,  
And thinking spring is not coming at all,  
    It waits so long?  
Only a few more snowy nights  
    And frosty days,  
And spring will touch with colored lights  
    These browns and grays.

Then some day, lovely as a queen  
 From fairy-land,  
 All snowy white, 'twixt leaves of green  
 My flower will stand!

— MARY E. ATKINSON.

The hyacinth for constancy with its unchanging  
 blue.

— BURNS.

And the hyacinth purple and white and blue,  
 Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew  
 Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,  
 It was felt like an odour within the sense. — SHELLEY.

## INDIAN PIPE

(*Monotropa*)

Death in the wood, —  
 In the death-pale lips apart;  
 Death in a whiteness that curdled the blood,  
 Now black to the very heart;  
 The wonder by her was formed  
 Who stands supreme in power;  
 To show that life by the spirit comes  
 She gave us a soulless flower.

— ELAINE GOODALE.

Pale mournful flower, that hidest in shade  
 'Mid dewy damps, and murky glade,  
 With moss and mould,  
 Why dost thou hang thy ghastly head  
 So sad and cold? — E. CATHERINE BEECHER.

## INDIAN PIPE

Pale ghost of flowers,  
That in the midnight hours  
From dankest mould  
Doth from the inmost covert of the wood  
Rise gaunt and cold,  
Thou art akin to those dim lights that glower  
From pestilential marsh at midnight hour,  
Or phantom fogs that glide  
Along the river's brim at eventide.

Art thou some fay,  
Who, at the break of day,  
Forgot to flee?  
Or yet, a relic of that elfin crew  
That 'neath some tree,  
At midnight hour, doth hold high carnival  
By moonlight scant, or light of glow-worm dull?  
Surprised by owl or wind  
Did they in trembling fright leave thee behind?

Ah, phantom flower,  
Thou art from Pluto's bower,  
A noisome spray,  
Beloved by Hecate and by Proserpine.  
Speak, flower, and say  
If from thy petals pale and clammy vine  
A mortal hand might press a leaden wine,  
A cup to banish pain  
And woo to Lethe's opiate domain?

—FRED LEWIS PATTEE.

# ENGLISH IVY

(*Hedera Helix*)

Ivy climbs the crumbling wall  
To decorate decay.

— BAILEY.

Oh, a dainty plant is the ivy green,  
That creepeth o'er ruins old!  
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,  
In his cell so lone and cold.  
Creeping where no life is seen —  
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

— CHARLES DICKENS.

Ivy clings to wood or stone  
And hides the ruin that it feeds upon.

— COWPER.

# MY WINDOW IVY

Over my window the ivy climbs,  
Its roots are in homely jars,  
But all day long it looks at the sun  
And at night looks out at the stars.

The dust of the room may dim its green,  
But I call to the breezy air,  
“Come in, come in, good friend of mine!  
And make my garden fair.”

So the ivy thrives from morn to morn,  
Its leaves are turned to the light;  
And it gladdens my soul with its tender green,  
And teaches me day and night.

What though my lot is in lonely place  
And my spirit behind the bars?  
All the day long I may look at the sun,  
And at night look out at the stars.

What though the dust of earth would dim?  
There's a glorious outer air  
That will sweep through my soul if I let it in,  
And make it fresh and fair.

Dear God! let me grow from day to day,  
Clinging and sunny and bright!  
Though planted in shade, Thy window is near  
And my leaves may turn to the light.

— MARY MAPES DODGE.

From *Along the Way*. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

## JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

(*Arisæma triphyllum*)

An old legend claims that the dark purple stains of the spathe were received at the Crucifixion, hence the generic name *Arisæma*, signifying bloody arum.

Beneath the cross it grew;  
And in the vase-like hollow of the leaf,  
Catching from that dread shower of agony  
A few mysterious drops, transmitted thus



Unto the groves and hill their healing stains,  
 A heritage, for storm or vernal shower  
 Never to blow away.

From Mrs. Dana's *How to know the Wild Flowers*. Published by  
 Charles Scribner's Sons.

### JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

Jack-in-the-Pulpit preaches to-day  
 Under the green trees just over the way.  
 Squirrel and song sparrow high on their perch,  
 Hear the sweet lily-bells ringing to church.

Come hear what his Reverence rises to say,  
 In his painted pulpit, this calm Sabbath day.  
 Fair is the canopy over him seen,  
 Pencilled by nature's hand, black, brown, and green.

Green is his surplice, green are his bands;  
 In his queer little pulpit the little priest stands.  
 In black and gold velvet, so gorgeous to see,  
 Comes with his bass voice the chorister bee.

Green fingers playing unseen on wind lyres —  
 Low-singing bird-voices — these are his choirs.  
 The violets are deacons, I know, by the sign  
 That the cups which they carry are purple with  
                   wine.

And the columbines bravely as sentinels stand  
 On the lookout with their red trumpets in hand;  
 Meek-faced anemones drooping and sad;  
 Great yellow violets smiling out glad;

Buttercups' faces beaming and bright;  
Clovers with bonnets — some red and some white;  
Daisies, their white fingers half-clasped in prayer;  
Dandelions, proud of the gold in their hair;

Innocents, children guileless and frail,  
Meek little faces, upturned and pale;  
Wildwood geraniums, all in their best,  
Languidly leaning, in purple gauze dressed:—

All are assembled this sweet Sabbath day,  
To hear what the priest in his pulpit shall say.  
Look, white Indian pipes on the green mosses lie !  
Who has been smoking profanely so nigh ?

Rebuked by the preacher the mischief is stopped,  
But the sinners in haste, have their little pipes  
dropped.

Let the wind with the fragrance of fern and black  
birch

Blow the smell of the smoking clean out of the  
church.

So much for the preacher : the sermon comes next,  
Shall we tell how he preached it, and where was his  
text ?

Alas, like too many grown-up folks who play  
At worship at churches man-built to-day, —

We heard not the preacher expound or discuss;  
But we looked at the people, and they looked at us ;

We saw all their dresses, their colors and shapes,  
The trim of their bonnets, the cut of their capes ;  
We heard the wind organ, the bee, and the bird,  
But of *Jack-in-the-Pulpit* we heard not a word.

— EDITED BY J. G. WHITTIER.

## JASMINE

(*Jasminum*)

The jasmine throwing wide her elegant sweets,  
The deep dark green of whose unvarnished leaf  
Makes more conspicuous and allumines more  
The bright profusion of her scattered flowers.

— COWPER.

## NIGHT-BLOOMING JASMINE.

Many a perfume breathed  
From plants that wake when others sleep ;  
From timid jasmine buds that keep  
Their odor to themselves all day,  
But when the sunlight dies away  
Let the delicious secret out  
To every breeze that roams about. — MOORE.

## JESSAMINE

(*Gelsemium sempervirens*)

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns  
Its fragrant lamps, and turns  
Into a royal court with green festoons  
The banks of dark lagoons. — HENRY TIMROD.

Among the flowers no perfume is like mine;  
That which is best in me comes from within.  
So those who in this world would rise and shine  
Should seek eternal excellence to win. — LELAND.

The golden stars of the jessamine glow,  
And the roses bloom away!  
— JULIA C. R. DORR.

### STAR JESSAMINE

Discerning star from sister star,  
We give to each its name;  
But ye, O countless blossoms, are  
In fragrance and in flame  
So like, that He from whom ye came  
Alone discerneth each by name.  
— JOHN B. TABB.

The heart is like the jessamine bell,  
Its wealth of love revealing,  
The perfume from each honeyed cell  
On every zephyr stealing. — ANON.

### JEWEL-WEED

(*Impatiens fulva*)

Where the brooks stray through the meadow  
By alders shaded deep,  
There dwells a woodland goddess  
Who seems a watch to keep

O'er the waters clear as crystal  
(The mirror of the trees),  
As she holds her tiny pictures  
While swaying in the breeze.

Cup-bearer to the summer,  
This floral Hebe shy  
Is loitering by the brookside  
As the season passes by;  
And she's strung her golden ewers  
With spots of brown all flecked,  
O'er dainty emerald garments,  
Like a queen with gems bedecked.

To her guest in black and yellow,  
The roving honey-bee,  
She offers wildwood nectar,  
Saying, "Quaff; it is for thee!"  
Though she loves secluded places,  
She is a shy coquette,  
Swinging tiny golden pictures  
By stream or meadow wet.

She brooks not condescension  
From mortal hand, you know,  
For, touch her e'er so gently,  
Impatiently she'll throw  
Her tiny little jewels,  
Concealed in pockets small  
Of her dainty, graceful garment,  
And o'er the ground they fall.

Her tiny magic jewels  
May be a fairy's gift,  
For scattered by the brookside  
They soon small leaflets lift.  
What mortal knows the secrets  
Of Flora's children shy,  
Concealed in field and meadow,  
That with the flowers die?

—RAY LAURANCE.

### THE JONQUIL

(*Narcissus jonquilla*)

Through its brown and withered bulb  
How the white germ felt the sun,  
In the dark mould gently stirring  
His spring children, one by one!

Thrilled with heat it split the husk,  
Shot a green blade up to light,  
And unfurled its orange petals  
In the old enchanter's sight.

One step more and it had floated  
On the palpitating noon,  
Winged and free, a butterfly  
Soaring from the rent cocoon.

But it could only leave its earth  
And the May-dew's tender tears,  
So it was there forever,  
'Twixt the green and azure spheres.

—CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

*The Book of the Native.* Copyrighted by Lamson, Wolfe & Co.

## LADY'S-SLIPPER; MOCCASIN-FLOWER

*(Cypripedium)*

Graceful and tall the slender drooping stem,  
 With two broad leaves below,  
 Shapely the flower so lightly poised between,  
 And warm its rosy glow.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

With careless joy we thread the woodland ways  
 And reach her broad domain.  
 Thro' sense of strength and beauty, free as air,  
 We feel our savage kin, —  
 And thus alone with conscious meaning wear  
 The Indian's moccasin!

— ELAINE GOODALE.

## LADY'S-SLIPPER; CAPRICIOUS BEAUTY

The *Cypripedium* with her changeful hues,  
 As if she were doubtful which array to choose.

Where Cinderella dropped her shoe,  
 'Tis said in fairy tales of yore,  
 'Twas first the lady's-slipper grew  
 And there its rosy blossom bore.

And ever since, in woodlands gray,  
 It marks where spring retreating flew,  
 Where speeding on her eager way,  
 She left behind her dainty shoe.

— ELAINE GOODALE.



Graceful and tall the slender drooping stem,  
With two broad leaves below.





## LADY'S-TRESSES

*(Spiranthes gracilis)*

When summer flowers have shut their sunny eyes,  
And summer birds to summer lands are flown ;  
When crickets chant their drowsy monotone,  
And sadly through the pines the south wind sighs ;  
When over hill and plain in lavish tides  
The goldenrod its garnered sunshine sheds,  
And asters, white and purple, nod their heads,  
And seem to say, " Naught that is fair abides ! "   
Ah, then in shady lane and grassy field,  
What new delight thy slender spires to find,  
With tress of hyacinthine bells entwined !  
Fragrance like thine no rose of June can yield ;  
No lily can eclipse thy snow, dear prize,  
Flung backward by sweet summer as she flies.

— EMILY SHAW FORMAN.

## BEE LARKSPUR

*(Delphinium)*

They have put on their tiny blue bonnets,  
To play in the garden to-day,  
Such sweet and demure flower maidens,  
Do you wonder the passing winds say :  
" Ha ! Ha ! little blue-hooded witches,  
What means this assembly here ;  
Have you gathered to talk of your neighbor,  
The scarlet-robed salvia near ?

.

" You think she's attracting attention,  
 Her cap and her gown fiery red,  
 Perhaps of her floral regalia  
 She has heard what you larkspurs have said ;  
 For when lingering, admiring her color,  
 I heard the proud salvia say :  
 ' Just look at those blue-hooded maidens,  
 So quaint and old-fashioned are they ! ' "

I am sure it is very becoming,  
 That bonnet in style now so old,  
 Concealing their small faces charming,  
 Relieved by their hair colored gold ;  
 The rim of the bonnet is flaring,  
 But nature knew what she could do  
 When she gave the demure little maidens  
 Such grace in their bonnets of blue.

— RAY LAURANCE.

## LILAC

(*Syringa vulgaris*)

The lilac, various in array — now white,  
 Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set  
 With purple spikes pyramidal ; as if  
 Studious of ornament, yet unresolved  
 Which hues she most approves, she chose them all.

— ANON.

And the lilacs, overwhelmed with blossoms,  
 Drooping like a wounded warrior's plume,  
 Hang their faint heads heavy with perfume.

— ELIZABETH AKERS.

The lilacs purpling to the eaves,  
Fling all their fragrant spikes about.

— ELIZABETH AKERS.

### THE LILAC

I feel too tired and too old  
Long rambles in the woods to take,  
To seek the cowslip's early gold,  
And search for violets in the brake;  
But when my door I open wide  
The fragrance floats in like a tide;  
Great purple plumes before me swing,  
The lilac welcoming the spring.

Dear common tree that needs no care,  
Whose root in any soil will live,  
How many a dreary spot grows fair  
With the glad charm thy clusters give!  
The narrow courtyard in the town  
Knows their sweet coming, and the brown  
Low hillside farmhouse hides its eaves  
Beneath the gray-green of thy leaves.

Loosed by the south wind's gentle touch  
In perfumed showers thy blossoms fall;  
Thou asketh little, givest much;  
Thy lavish bloom is free to all;  
And even I, shut in, shut out  
From all the sunny world about,

Find the first flower my childhood knew  
Is to the gray old woman true!

— MARIAN DOUGLAS.

*From Harper's Basar.* Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers.

## LILAC

When I inhale the fragrance  
Of lilac blooms so sweet,  
My thoughts go quickly backward,  
A schoolhouse old I greet.

And reverently I linger,  
The place to me is dear;  
E'en now sweet childish echoes  
Are sounding in my ear.

Again I see my playmates,  
I ne'er shall see them more;  
Again we pluck the lilacs  
That blossomed by the door.

How often I have formed them  
In chains; again I seem  
To be adorned with lilacs —  
The present is a dream.

Ah, fragrant, purple lilacs,  
Your slender chains have power  
To bind me to my childhood;  
I treasure you, sweet flower.

— WILDIE THAYER.

## LILACS — A VISION OF SPRING

I've seen the pussy-willows  
With dainty furry faces;  
I've found the pretty violets  
Abloom in shady places;  
The jonquil and the crocus  
Have told me of the spring,  
And in the orchard up and down  
Has glanced the bluebird's wing.

But here's the purple lilac,  
That lifts its fragrant plumes,  
And sends a waft of sweetness  
Through homely cottage rooms,  
Its hardy branches tapping  
Against the farmhouse eaves,  
The flowers it gives us growing  
In generous waving sheaves.

I'm sure the mother robin  
Is very glad to see  
The lilacs' screen about her  
Wee nest and fledglings three,  
And father wren is singing  
In pure delight to-day  
That spring is here already  
And summer on the way.

And I am glad our Father  
Whose love is over all,

Who counts the stars by number,  
And sees a sparrow fall  
Has sent again the lilacs  
To make the garden fair,  
And waft their honeyed sweetness  
Upon the wandering air.

— MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

From *Harper's Young People*. Copyright, 1888, by Harper & Brothers.

### BE WHITE

It was a weary hour,  
I looked on the lily-bell,  
How holy is the flower!  
It leaned like an angel against the light;  
"O soul!" it said, sighing, "be white, be white."

— ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

And the stately lilies stand  
Fair in the silvery light  
Like saintly vestals, pale in prayer;  
Their pure breath sanctifies the air  
As its fragrance does the night.

— JULIA C. R. DORR.

"Look to the lilies how they grow!"  
'Twas thus the Saviour said, that we  
Even in the simplest flowers that blow  
God's ever-watchful care might see.

— MOIR.

## MEADOW LILIES

Tossing cups above the grass,  
Swayed by zephyrs as they pass,  
Giving all the meadow's space,  
Hints of queenly garden grace,  
Make midsummer doubly fair —  
June brought nothing half so rare.  
Specked and yellow, specked and brown,  
Nature shows no lovelier crown;  
Toiling not, nor made to spin,  
Formed to fold rare beauty in,  
Rivalling with their nodding bells  
The immortal asphodels,  
Where are lineage, pomp and grace,  
Or splendor, fitted to displace  
July's Cleopatra crown  
Of the lilies looking down?

— JOEL BENTON.

## FAIRY CANDLES

Because the tall trees shut the sun  
From the green forest-space away,  
Red lilies shine along the paths,  
That fairies may not go astray.

— M. F. B.



## LILIES

Flowers! when the Saviour's calm benignant eye  
 Fell on your gentle beauty, when from you  
 That heavenly lesson for all hearts He drew,  
 Eternal, universal as the sky;  
 Then, in the bosom of your purity,  
 A voice He set, as in a temple shrine,  
 That life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you by  
 Unwarned of that sweet oracle divine,  
 And though, too oft, its low, celestial sound  
 By the harsh notes of workday Care is drowned,  
 And the loud steps of vain unlistening Haste,  
 Yet the great ocean hath no tone of power  
 Mightier to reach the soul, in thoughts' hushed hour  
 Than yours, ye lilies, chosen thus and graced!

— FELICIA HEMANS.

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously  
 And starry river-buds glimmered by.

—SHELLEY.

## WATER-LILIES

Down on the lake where the waters sleep  
 In a trance of leafy gloom,  
 Rocked ceaselessly by the lulling swell  
 In an endless waste of bloom,  
 The fair white lilies, the bridelike lilies,  
 Unbosom their rich perfume.

Oh, lovingly, after the stars go out,  
And the silent night is done,  
When their morning choruses clear and sweet  
The woodbirds have begun,  
The fond white lilies, the bridelike lilies,  
Look up to their lord, the sun.

And a spell like that which the lotus owns  
Steals over the charmed air,  
As slow, unclosing their shining leaves,  
So wondrously pale and fair,  
The rich white lilies, the bridelike lilies,  
Their golden hearts lay bare.

White angels of the crystal lake,  
Haloed with purity,  
There is never a touch of earthly dust  
On their radiant drapery,—  
The sweet white lilies, the bridelike lilies,  
The fairest flowers that be.

— ELIZABETH AKERS.

### LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY

(*Convallaria majalis*)

The light of her tremulous bells are seen  
Through their pavilions of tender green.

— SHELLEY.

### LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY

Did winter, letting fall in vain regret  
A tear among the tender leaves of May,

Embalm the tribute, lest she might forget  
This perfumed and imperishable way?

Or did the virgin spring sweet vigil keep  
In the white radiance of the midnight hour,  
And whisper to the unwondering ear of sleep  
Some shy desire that turned into a flower?

— CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,  
Puts on the robe she neither sew'd nor spun.

— MICHAEL BRUCE.

The lily of the vale,  
That loves the ground, and from the sun withholds  
Her pensive beauty, from the breeze her sweets.

— WORDSWORTH.

### AN EGYPTIAN LILY

An arrowy point divides the oozy mould,  
A slender shaft, an emerald spear in rest;  
And soon another crowds the earliest,  
Crumpled and cramped with creases manifold;  
So closely were its swaddling-garments rolled, —  
Even as a baby's cheek, in slumber pressed  
Against the pillow of its downy nest,  
Is stamped and dimpled by a careless fold.  
A faint green bud appears, and hour by hour,  
Greatens and widens; yet a little while,  
And, marvelling, the gazer's eyes behold





The gorgeous tiger lilies  
That in our garden grow.

The fragrant glory of the perfect flower,  
Full of the magic of the mystic Nile, —  
A wondrous cream-white trumpet spiked with gold!

— ELIZABETH AKERS.

### TIGER-LILIES

How keepeth my lady the weeds from her posies,  
All in the gay summertime!  
Why is it the rose-chafer eats not her roses  
From the song of the lark, till the four-o'clock  
closes?

Five fierce lily-tigers in spotted cuirasses  
She posteth at each of her green garden passes,  
And they frighten away the chafers and grasses,  
All in the gay summertime.

— MARY E. WILKINS.

I like the chaliced lilies,  
The heavy Eastern lilies,  
The gorgeous tiger-lilies,  
That in our garden grow!

For they are tall and slender;  
Their mouths are dashed with carmine;  
And when the wind sweeps by them,  
On their emerald stalks,

They bend so proud and graceful —  
They are Circassian women,  
The favorites of the Sultan,  
Adown our garden walks!

And when the rain is falling,  
I sit beside the window  
And watch them glow and glisten,  
    How they burn and glow!

O for the burning lilies,  
The tender Eastern lilies,  
The gorgeous tiger-lilies,  
    That in our garden grow!

—THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

## LOTUS

(*Nymphaea lotus*)

Like the blue lotus on its own clear river  
Lie thy soft eyes beloved, upon my soul.

—UNIDENTIFIED.

The lotus flower is troubled  
At the sun's resplendent light;  
With sunken head and sadly  
She dreamily waits for the night.

— HEINE.

## LUPINE

(*Lupine*)

*Lupine — Dejection, Sorrow.*  
The lupine here, as evening shadows rise,  
Low droop their sorrowing leaves,  
And close their humid eyes.

## THE CORNSTALKS

Did you ever chance to see them,  
All those gentlefolk of corn,  
Who bow from morn till evening  
And from evening until morn?

How they bend and courtsy  
With the music of the breeze,  
Which whistles all their tunes to them,  
And rustles in the trees!

How polite they are and stately  
As they bend and dip so low,  
Like ladies in the minuets  
Of long and long ago!

— KATHERINE B. OWEN.

## THE CORN SONG

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!  
Heap high the golden corn!  
No richer gift has autumn poured  
From out her lavish horn.

Let other lands, exulting, glean  
The apple from the pine,  
The orange from its glossy green,  
The cluster from the vine;



We better love the hardy gift  
Our rugged vales bestow,  
To cheer us when the storm shall drift  
Our harvest fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,  
Our ploughs their furrows made,  
While on the hills, the sun and showers  
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seeds o'er hill and plain,  
Beneath the sun of May,  
And frightened from our sprouting grain  
The robber crows away.

All through the long bright days of June  
Its leaves grew green and fair,  
And waved in hot midsummer noon  
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now with autumn's moonlit eves  
Its harvest time is come,  
We pluck away the frosted leaves  
And bear the treasure home.

There richer than the fabled gift  
Apollo showered of old,  
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,  
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk,  
Around their costly board;  
Give us the bowl of samp and milk  
By homespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth  
Sends up its smoky curls,  
Who will not thank the kindly earth,  
And bless our farmer girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain  
Whose folly laughs to scorn  
The blessing of our hardy grain,  
Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly root,  
Let mildew blight the rye,  
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,  
The wheat-field to the fly;

But let the good old crop adorn  
The hills our fathers trod;  
Still let us, for his golden corn,  
Send up our thanks to God!

— JOHN G. WHITTIER.

### MAIZE IN NORWAY

By an inn of wildest Norway—  
A dark fiord below,  
And the peaks of the Noska-field, above,  
In a waste of gleaming snow;  
And, between the sombre fir trees,  
The mead where the kine fed free,  
And a mountain torrent leaping down  
To be lost in the Maelstrom sea—

There, in a narrow garden,  
One breezy August morn,  
I saw, beside its hardy flowers,  
A cluster of Indian corn!

And I said to blue-eyed Lena  
With braided flaxen hair,  
The child of the inn who had brought me forth  
To see her small parterre,  
"Your land lies far to the frozen north,  
And a day your summer spans;  
Why do you plant the tropic maize  
When frost the harvest bans?  
Barley and oats and rye you may reap  
Ere yet the snows fall cold,  
But the stately maize, the grain of the sun,  
Will never yield its gold."

"'Tis true," the maiden answered,  
"That frost our harvest bans,  
But we plant the beautiful waving maize  
To please the Americans.  
They smile when they see its shining leaves,  
And say, on their boundless plains  
It grows like a forest, rich and tall,  
In the warmth and the mellow rains;  
And the bins are filled with its blessed gold  
Before the bright year wanes."

"O child," I said, "you have planted well!"  
And I thought, that August morn,

As I looked at peak and stream and tree,  
The dark fiord and the grassy lea,  
There is naught so fair on shore or sea  
As that cluster of waving corn.

—EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

### MANDRAKE

(*Podophyllum peltatum*)

“The umbrellas are out!” the children cry.

—MRS. DANA.

### MANDRAKES

Down in the shady woodland  
Where fern-fronds are uncurled,  
A host of green umbrellas  
Are swiftly now unfurled.

Do they shelter fairy people  
From sudden pelting showers?  
Or are the leaves but sunshades  
To shield the waxen flowers?

Perhaps they're dainty canopies  
'Neath which the fairies wed,  
The blossoms, fragrant marriage bells,  
That softly swing o'erhead.

—MINNIE CURTIS WAIT.

# MARIGOLD

(*Calendula*)

No marigolds yet closed are,  
No shadows great appear.

— HERRICK.

The marigold that goes to bed with the sun,  
And with him rises weeping.

— SHAKESPEARE.

Nor shall the marigold unmentioned die,  
Which Acis once found out in Sicily;  
She Phœbus loves, and from him draws his hue,  
And ever keeps his golden beams in view.

— RAPIN.

Old English poets called these flowers "golds,"  
and the name "Mary" was added in honor of the  
queen.

The marigold is usually open from nine in the  
morning until three in the afternoon; this foreshows  
a continuance of dry weather: should the blossom  
remain closed, rain may be expected. It shuts at  
sunset.

"The Marybudde" that shutteth with the light.

But, maiden, see the day is waxen olde  
And 'gins to shut in with the marigolds.

— BROWNE.

## MARIGOLD

Open afresh your round of starry folds,  
Ye ardent marigolds!  
Dry up the moisture of your golden lids;  
For great Apollo bids  
That in these days your praises shall be sung  
On many harps, which he has lately strung;  
And then again your dewiness he kisses —  
Tell him I have you in my world of blisses;  
So happy when I rove in some far vale  
His mighty voice may come upon the gale.

— KEATS.

In yonder marshes burns  
The fiery-flaming marigold.

— DORA READ GOODALE.

Winking marybuds begin to ope their golden eyes.

— SHAKESPEARE.

O velvet bee! you're a dusty fellow!  
You've powdered your legs with gold.  
O brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow,  
Give me your money to hold!

— JEAN INGELow.

## MEADOW RUE

*(Thalictrum)*

The tall white rue stands like a ghost  
That sighs for days departed,

Ere life's woes gathered like a host  
 And sorrow's tears had started.  
 And 'tis, oh, to be a child again  
 Where meadow brooks are playing,  
 Where the long grass nods with sound like rain  
 To south wind through it straying!  
 Oh, the rue grows tall and fair to see;  
 Sweet "herb of grace" and memory.

The white rue trembles as it stands,  
 As if some spirit seeming,  
 As if it yearned toward unseen hands —  
 Some loved one near, but fleeing.  
 And 'tis, oh, to taste lost youth once more,  
 When well-loved lips were meeting;  
 When the heart was light that now is sore,  
 Nor dreamed love's bliss is fleeting.  
 Oh, the rue grows tall and fair to see,  
 Sweet "herb of grace" and memory.

— ARLO BATES.

*The Poet and His Self.* Copyrighted, 1891, by Roberts Brothers.

## MIGNONETTE

(*Reseda*)

Mignonette is said to have been named by Napoleon's soldiers, who first saw it in their disastrous campaign in Egypt. Inhaling its delicious fragrance, they cried out in ecstasy, "Mignonette" (little darling!).

— SUSAN TYTLER.

## MIGNONETTE

Who gave you your name, Little Darling,  
I wish that I knew.  
Such a tiny, sweet, lovable blossom,  
I half think that you grew,  
In the Garden of old, and believe  
You were christened by Eve.

Was she first of all women to find you?  
Did she gather and smell,  
And carry a cluster to Adam?  
If we could only tell  
What they said and they did, he and she,  
How nice it would be!

Or was it some quaint little maiden  
Of France in old days,  
Who spied you and loved you and called you  
(Oh, sweetest of praise!)  
Caressingly, as to a pet,  
By the name Mignon-ette?

\* \* \* \* \*

But whether in France or in Eden  
'Tis all one to me,  
Yours is just the best name, Little Darling,  
Could possibly be,  
And though no one had taught me, I yet  
Should say — Mignonette.

— SUSAN COOLIDGE.



The while deliciously,  
Like some vague, tender memory of delight,  
Or like some half-remembered, dear regret,  
Rises the odor of the mignonette.

— CELIA THAXTER.

### MILKWEED

*(Asclepias cornuti)*

Little weavers of the summer,  
With sunbeam shuttle bright,  
And loom unseen by mortals,  
You are busy day and night,  
Weaving fairy threads as filmy  
And soft as cloud swans, seen  
In broad blue sky-land rivers,  
Above earth's fields of green.

Your treasures you are hiding  
In emerald velvet pouch,  
You like no curious mortals  
To gaze on them, I vouch ;  
But your woven fairy fabric  
And magic spell concealed  
In every tiny fibre  
To nature's touch will yield.

The clasp of pouch unfastened,  
Each tiny strand takes flight,  
For they're surely downy feathers,  
Of cloud swans soft and white,

That, caught on sunbeams' shuttle,  
Tho' you deftly wove with care,  
Dame Nature has betrayed you, —  
See, they're scattered on the air!

And no doubt the sky swan feathers  
With magic power endowed,  
Are wafted by the wind fays  
Back to the realms of cloud;  
That fairy land enchanting,  
With rivers blue and deep,  
Oh, little roadside weavers,  
Who cannot secrets keep!

— RAY LAURANCE.

## MISTLETOE

(*Viscum*)

The mistletoe proper is a native of Europe, and derives its name from the Greek words meaning "thief" and "tree," because it is a parasite and steals its nourishment from the tree to which it is attached. It usually grows upon the apple tree, sometimes upon the pear, hawthorn, sycamore, poplar, locust, and fir, but is rarely found upon the oak. It is a small evergreen bush, with oval, yellowish green leaves, and tiny yellow flowers.

The fruit is a small, pearly white berry filled with a sticky juice, and is eaten by many birds, especially by thrushes. The plant is propagated in a curious way, by the birds wiping their bills, to which the

berries adhere, on the branches of trees on which they may chance to rest.

The mistletoe was held in highest esteem for its supposed magical virtues, as a charm against witchcraft, and also as a medicine, by the ancient Britons, especially that which grew upon oaks, and was cut down by the priests with golden sickles.

It is supposed by some that Shakespeare calls it "the baneful mistletoe" because of the horrid rites practised by the Druids while gathering it, but it only has had reference to the parasitical nature of the plant, and its supposed injurious effect upon the tree to which it owes its support.

It was considered sacred to Friga, the Saxon goddess of love, and the custom of kissing under the mistletoe at Christmas time is of very ancient origin among the English and Germans. A kiss could be claimed from any one caught under the mistletoe as long as the berries lasted, but for every kiss a berry must be plucked from the bough.

It is held in equal esteem with the holly as a Christmas decoration, and large quantities are gathered from the apple orchards of Normandy, and shipped to England each year.

The American variety, *Phoradendron flavescens*, is found throughout the Southern states, and, unlike its European relatives, usually makes its home with the oak,

O'ershadowed by oaks from whose branches  
Garlands of Spanish moss, and of mystic mistletoe  
    flaunted,  
Such as the Druids cut down with their golden  
hatchets at Yule Tide.

— LONGFELLOW.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,  
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall.

— THOMAS HAYNES BAILEY.

### MITCHELLA; PARTRIDGE-BERRY

*(Mitchella repens)*

In midday twilight made by hemlocks old  
That lean together in the sombre woods,  
Close grouped as kindred trees that fain would hold  
In whisperings low, communion here alone  
Where seldom foot of curious man intrudes  
    To press the rounded stone  
    Plashed by the headlong rill  
    That tumbles down the hill,  
    And with green moss o'ergrown,  
There comes a beauty shy and low,  
Beneath the moss, beneath the snow,  
For never does the green vine cease to grow  
In summer's time of heat, in winter's time of snow.

Made glad with springtime fancies pearly white,  
Two tender blossoms on a single stem  
In their sweet coral fruitage close unite

As rounded bead cut from a garnet red ;  
 And all the year the vine uplifting them,  
     Creeps on with cautious tread,  
     As if between soft palms  
     Its treasure safe from harms  
     Was borne above its head.  
 Proud of a beauty that abides  
 Through all the long year's changing tides,  
 While in the wolf's-foot deep herself she hides  
 Mitchella shows her jewels with delight.

— ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE.

## MORNING-GLORY

(*Ipomœa*)

Wondrous interlacement !  
 Holding fast to threads by green and silky rings,  
 With the dawn it spreads its white and purple  
     wings,  
 Generous in its bloom and sheltering while it  
     clings ;  
     Sturdy morning-glory.

Creeping through the casement,  
 Slanting to the floor in dusty shining beams,  
 Dancing on the floor in quick fantastic gleams  
 Comes the new day's light and pours in tideless  
     streams,  
     Golden morning-glory.

In the lowly basement  
 Rocking in the sun the baby's cradle stands ;

Now the little one thrusts out his rosy hands —  
Soon his eyes will open ; then in all the lands  
No such morning-glory !

—HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Morning-glories, tents of purple  
Stretched on bars of creamy white,  
Folding up their satin curtains  
Inward through the dewy night.

—ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

### FLORIDA MOSS

(*Tillandsia usneoides*)

Long spectral wreaths that hang in weird festoons,  
Above the lazy sweep of dark lagoons,  
From live-oaks stretching forth great arms to greet  
The soft caressing touch of south winds sweet ;

Are ye the gray beards of some Titan race  
That found grim burial in this grewsome place,  
And left these tokens hanging high in air,  
To fill with awe the eyes that view them there ?

—MINNIE CURTIS WAIT.

### MULLEIN

(*Verbascum thapsus*)

Burly weed, with your mittens and cloak,  
Standing tall in the sun, tell me whether  
You're a straying of Eskimo weather,  
Or a phoenix of tropical smoke !

Was it summer, or winter, that wound you  
In your waterproof duffle and felt?  
Are you dreaming of snowdrifts around you,  
Or a climate where buttercups melt?

Frigid bloom in meridian blazes,  
Buttoned up in your ash-colored clothes,  
Only plant salamander that grows,  
Lend a fan to the sweltering daisies,  
Fling a leaf to the burnt brier-rose.  
To the dry mint and sorrel, from you,  
What a boon were a ripple apiece  
Of your shade, and a drop of the dew  
That hangs never-used on your fleece!

Paradox of the kingdom of herbs,  
Budded rod in the desert, like Aaron's,  
You alone of the life of the barrens  
Never thirst, heat, or hunger disturbs.  
And among the quaint windfalls of fable  
Fancy seeks, by your hint to my eye,  
For the elf-freak, O strange vegetable,  
That explains how you came here, and why;

As if Robin Goodfellow, or Mab,  
To console all the sun-blighted acres,  
Made a bush with a look like a Quaker's  
In a many-caped tunic of drab,  
Or, in sport, by some whimsical spell,  
Metamorphosed the ghost of a friar  
To a thistle with never a brier,  
Or a foxglove with never a bell.

But no chance ever lent you your merit,  
Never mind where your pedigree goes;  
Flora's poems of verdure inherit  
Nothing fitter to praise than your prose.  
Sober dress never yet made you sullen,  
Style or size never brought you a blush;  
You're the envy of weavers, O mullein,  
For no shuttle can mimic your plush.

With your feet in the sand you were born,  
Woolly monk of the thorn-field and fallow,  
But your heart holds the milk of the mallow,  
And your head wears the bloom of the corn;  
And your plume, like a brand with its embers,  
Burning gold till the season of sheaves,  
The brain-weary patient remembers  
As he quaffs the warm soul of your leaves.

In the fields that are famines of grass,  
Where the stones shine all summer like glass,  
And the night dews too shortly survive,  
On the soil with no tree-wing to hinder  
Or to shield when the sun-fires arrive,  
Where the mosses themselves turn to tinder,  
And the mushrooms are puff-balls of tinder,  
Nature always leaves something alive;  
Though she saves nor a flake nor a flinder  
Of her green, the gray mullein will thrive.

'Tis its mission to grow, and its lot  
To be glad, and make glad, in the waste,



To reveal how the poorest may taste  
 And bestow what no fortune has bought,  
 And to breathe by the wayside the thought  
 Of a brightness where beauty is not.

Long and long after valleys are white,  
 When the tempests have torn in their spite  
 Its shag-coat and girdle of leather,  
 On its stem still it stands to the weather,  
 Stark and bold, sowing seed day and night,  
 Till the bounty its summer could gather  
 Is repaid in its winter of blight.  
 And the wood-mouse makes haste to its token,  
 And the snowbirds their almoner know;  
 And I hear the last sermon unspoken  
 From the silent evangelist go;  
 "There is worth in God's rudest creations;  
 Every commonplace leaf is a creed,  
 And a gospel of courage and patience  
 May be preached unto man by a weed."

— THERON BROWN.

\*           \*           \*           \*           \*

The mullein's yellow candles burn  
 Over the heads of the dry sweet fern:

All summer long the mullein weaves  
 His soft and thick and woolly leaves.

\*           \*           \*           \*           \*

— MARGARET DELAND.

## MYRTLE

*(Myrtus communis)*

Dark green and gemmed with flowers of snow,  
With close uncrowded branches spread,  
Not proudly high, nor meanly low,  
A graceful myrtle reared its head.

— MONTGOMERY.

Up from the gardens floated the perfume,  
Of roses and myrtle, in their perfect bloom.

— JULIA C. R. DORR.

## NARCISSUS

According to the mythologists the narcissus owes its origin to a beautiful youth of Bœotia, of whom it had been foretold that he should live happily until he beheld his own face. One day, when heated by the chase, Narcissus sought to quench his thirst in a stream; in so doing he beheld the reflection of his own features, of which he immediately became enamoured. He was spellbound to the spot, where he pined to death, and was metamorphosed by the gods into the flower that now bears his name. Hence the flower has been considered the emblem of self-love, or egotism.

What first inspired a bard of old to sing,  
Narcissus pining o'er the untainted spring?  
In some delicious ramble he had found  
A little space, with boughs all woven round;

And in the midst of all, a clearer pool  
 Than ere reflected in its pleasant cool  
 The blue sky, here and there serenely peeping,  
 Through tendril wreaths fantastically creeping.  
 And on the bank a lonely flower he spied,  
 A meek and forlorn flower with naught of pride,  
 Drooping its beauty o'er the watery clearness  
 To woo its own sad image into nearness;  
 Deaf to light Zephyrus it would not move,  
 But still would seem to droop, to pine, to love.  
 So while the poet stood in this sweet spot,  
 Some fainter gleamings o'er his fancy shot;  
 Nor was it long ere he had told the tale  
 Of young Narcissus, and sad Echo's wail.

— KEATS.

## NASTURTIIUM

(*Nasturtium*)

In Roman days thou wouldst have been  
     The conqueror's flower,  
 His laurelled brows to overlean  
     In banquet hour,

Thy peltate leaf the counterfeit  
     Of rounded shield,  
 Thy helmet flower the burnished casque  
     That led the field,

Thy very color seeming part  
 Of the hot ardor of his heart.

— ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

## MY NASTURTIUMS

Quaint blossom with the old fantastic name,  
By jester christened at some ancient feast!  
How royally to-day among the least  
Considered herbs, it flings its spice and flame,  
How carelessly wears a velvet of the same  
Unfathomed red, which ceased when Titian ceased  
To paint it in the robes of doge and priest.  
Oh, long lost, loyal red which never came  
Again to painter's palette — on my sight  
It flashes at this moment, trained and poured  
Through my nasturtiums in the morning light,  
Like great-souled kings to kingdoms full restored,  
They stand alone and draw them to their height,  
And shower me from their stintless golden hoard.

— HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Little warriors, brave and fearless  
With shields of emerald green,  
Are climbing o'er the fence rails,  
And everywhere are seen,  
Looking down on either side,  
While her brave nasturtium army  
Queen Nature views with pride.

\* \* \* \*

— RAY LAURANCE.

### NETTLE

Yet from the nettle's angriest stem  
Behold — a little flower so blue,  
Softer than silk, comes pushing through,  
Perfect and sweet — a floral gem.

So after hasty word or frown,  
Have you not known strange joys arise  
From hurting hearts, while to the skies  
Remembrance went like thistle-down?

— JOHN HENRY BONAR.

### ORCHID

In the marsh pink orchid faces  
With their coy and dainty graces,  
Lure us to their hiding places —  
Laugh, O murmuring spring!

— SARAH F. DAVIS.

Purple orchids lasteth long.

— JEAN INGELow.

### ORCHIS

Deep in moist meadows with fair iris growing,  
Where blossomed buttercups in early May,  
Its spike of purple flowers proudly showing,  
The orchis holds its head high up to-day.



Pink orchid faces  
With their coy and dainty graces.



It stands breast-high among the bending grasses  
That with the summer breezes rise and sink,  
Loads with its fragrance every breath that passes,  
Though burdened this with song of bobolink.

At dawn it sends this winsome message over  
To call afeld the bees and butterflies,  
Above the billowy seas of purple clover  
This eager horde of honey-seekers hies.

They find the orchis in its stately beauty,  
As picket stationed here some charge to keep,  
Alert, devoted to its sacred duty,  
To guard the spot where tender fledglings sleep.

Above that helmet plumed, and worn so proudly,  
On fluttering wing hangs anxious bobolink;  
He greets his waiting home by singing loudly,  
With cadence of his song at last to sink.

— ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE.

## PAINTED-CUP

(*Castilleja coccinea*)

Thoreau graphically describes its appearance near Concord, Mass.: "The painted-cup is in its prime. It is a splendid show of brilliant scarlet, the color of the cardinal flower, and surpassing it in mass and profusion. I do not like the name. It does not remind me of a cup, rather of a flame, when it first appears. It might be called flame-flower, or scarlet tip. It is startling to see a leaf thus brilliantly



painted, as if its tip was dipped into some scarlet tincture, surpassing most flowers in intensity of color."

From Mrs. Dana's *How to know the Wild Flowers*. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

### THE PAINTED-CUP

The fresh savannas of the Sagamon  
Here rise in gentle swells, and the long grass  
Is mixed with rustling hazels. Scarlet tufts  
Are glowing in the green, like flakes of fire ;  
The wanderers of the prairie know them well,  
And call that brilliant flower the painted-cup.

Now, if thou art a poet, tell me not  
That these bright chalices were tinted thus  
To hold the dew for fairies, when they meet  
On moonlight evenings in the hazel bowers  
And dance till they are thirsty. Call not up,  
Amid this fresh and virgin solitude,  
The faded fancies of an elder world ;  
But leave these scarlet cups to spotted moths  
Of June, and glistening flies and humming birds  
To drink from, when on all these boundless lawns  
The morning sun looks hot. Or let the wind  
O'erturn in sport their ruddy brims, and pour  
A sudden shower upon the strawberry plant,  
To swell the reddening fruit, that even now  
Breathes a slight fragrance from the sunny slope.

But thou art of a gayer fancy. Well —  
Let then the gentle Manitou of flowers,  
Lingering amid the bloomy waste he loves,  
Though all his swarthy worshippers are gone;  
Slender and small, his rounded cheek all brown  
And ruddy with the sunshine; let him come  
On summer mornings, when the blossoms wake,  
And part with little hands the spiky grass,  
And, touching, with his cherry lips, the edge  
Of these bright beakers, drain the gathered dew.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

## PANSY

(*Viola tricolor*)

The French name "pansy" is derived from the French *pensée*, "a thought."

The Italians call it *flammola*, "little flame," while "Heart's-ease," "Johnny-jump-up," "the herb Trinity," and "love-in-idleness," by which it has been celebrated by Shakespeare, are some of the names by which this beautiful variety of the violet is known.

## GARDEN FOLK

I saw, as I walked in the garden one day,  
In the warm June sunshine, a curious array —

A bright, merry host of queer flower folk,  
A-frolicking gayly — life all a good joke.

Quaint little faces turned bright toward the sun,  
Nodding and bobbing about, every one.

Wise little pansies in dark purple hoods  
Seem discussing great questions in most thoughtful  
moods.

Stately ladies in crimson, grouped there in a set,  
Seem treading the steps of the court minuet.

Pert little blue-bonnets, brimful of fun,  
Play tag with the breezes, and wink at the sun.

Dear little white pansies cuddle together  
Among the green leaves, and enjoy the fine weather.

Everywhere yellow-heads smile up at you,  
Like bright little sunbeams, scattered all through.

Ah! there is the parson in sombre black gown,  
White cravat at his throat — righteous his frown

At the gay little pansies, flirting away  
With the sunburned brown pansy lads over the way.

See! there the wind comes! Away they all go!  
Nodding and bobbing and dancing, each row.

Ever fresh to my mind doth memory recall  
The dear little pansies 'neath the old garden wall.

— MARION LODER.

Heart's-ease! One could look for half a day  
Upon this flower, and shape in fancy out  
Full twenty different tales of love and sorrow,  
That gave this gentle name.

— MARY HOWITT.

And there is pansies ; that's for thoughts.

—SHAKESPEARE.

The beauteous pansies rise  
In purple, gold, and blue,  
With tints of rainbow hue  
Mocking the sunset skies.

—THOMAS J. OUSELEY.

They are all in the lily bed cuddled together —  
Purple, yellow-cap, and the baby-blue ;  
How they ever got there you must ask the April  
weather,  
The morning and the evening winds, the sunshine  
and the dew.

— NELLIE M. HUTCHINSON.

Of all the bonny buds that blow  
In bright or cloudy weather,  
Of all the flowers that come and go  
The whole twelve moons together,  
The little purple pansy brings  
Thoughts of the sweetest, saddest things.

—MARY E. BRADLEY.

## APRIL FOOL

Shy little pansies  
Tucked away to sleep,  
Wrapped in brown blankets,  
Piled close and deep,

Heard in a day-dream  
A bird singing clear ;  
“ Wake, little sweethearts !  
The springtime is here ! ”

Glad little pansies  
Stirring from their sleep,  
Shook the brown blankets  
Off for a peep ;  
Put on their velvet hoods,  
Purple and gold,  
And stood all atremble  
Abroad in the cold.

Snowflakes were flying,  
Skies were grim and gray,  
Bluebird and robin  
Had scurried away.  
Only the cruel wind  
Laughed as it said,  
“ Poor little April fools !  
Hurry back to bed ! ”

Soft chins aquiver,  
Dark eyes full of tears, —  
Brave little pansies,  
Spite of their fears,  
Said, “ Let us wait for  
The sunshiny weather :  
Take hold of hands, dears,  
And cuddle close together.”

— EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

## PANSIES

Here's a box of velvet pansies — white and purple,  
blue and gold,  
Lovely tints of light and beauty, springing from the  
dull, dark mould.  
Smiling in the eastern sunlight, gleaming from their  
morning shower,  
They are something more than blossoms, each is  
something else than flower.  
They have faces, they are people, they are friends  
of other years,  
Oh! these pensive pansy faces, smiling on me  
through their tears.

\* \* \* \* \*

So these tints of light and beauty, springing from  
the dull, dark mould;  
Royal purple, bridal whiteness, pensive blue and  
virgin gold;  
Bring the well-remembered people, and their unfor-  
gotten ways,  
Gathering round me from the bygone, trooping  
backward from the days.  
They are people, they have features, they are  
friends of other years,  
Oh! these pensive pansy faces, smiling on me  
through their tears!

—MARY B. DIMOND.

## PANSIES

“ I love almost all flowers that blow,”  
 Said dainty Kitty, airily.  
 “ But pansies, when your vase you fill,  
 They’ll make you think ’tis winter chill,  
 And fairly shiver, just to see  
 How, close and tight as they can be,  
 They creep, and creep, and huddle so ! ”

“ The very prettiest flowers that blow,”  
 Said Sally, “ are the pansies dear.  
 Their faces blink and wink,  
 They really seem almost to think ;  
 And when in dish or vase they dwell,  
 Their thoughts they must each other tell,  
 They cheek to cheek will cuddle so ! ”

—SARA E. L. CASE.

## PASSION-FLOWER

(*Passiflora incarnata*)

There are more than two hundred species of this flower, most of which are natives of the warm parts of America.

It grows wild throughout the Southern States, and in some portions of France and the south of

England, and several varieties are cultivated in hot-houses. In some tropical countries it is esteemed for its fruit. The name, it is supposed, was given it by some of the early Spanish settlers in America, who fancied they saw in the curious flower the emblems of the crucifixion. The ten petals are supposed to represent the disciples, Peter, who denied, and Judas, who betrayed his Lord, being left out; the five stigmas, the five wounds; the three stigmas, the nails.

The crown of glory is typified by the outer circle of rays, and the crown of thorns by the inner circle. The leaves of the plant represent the open hand that struck the blow, and the tendrils, the scourges and bonds. The "rays" or filaments which constitute the corona, and are usually of a beautiful purple color, are also supposed to represent the purple robe.

Thy pure corolla's depth within  
We trace a holier symbol; yea a sign  
Twixt God and man; a record of that hour  
When the expiatory act divine  
Cancelled that curse which was our mortal dower.  
It is the Cross!

—SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

### THE PEA-FIELDS

These are the fields of light, and laughing air,  
And yellow butteries and foraging bees,



And whitish, wayward blossoms winged as these,  
 And pale green tangles like a sea-maid's hair.  
 Pale, pale the blue, but pure beyond compare,  
 And pale the sparkle of the far-off seas,  
 Ashimmer like these fluttering slopes of peas,  
 And pale the open landscape everywhere.

From fence to fence a perfumed breath exhales  
 O'er the bright pallor of the well-loved fields,  
 My fields of Tautramar in summertime;  
 And scorning the poor feed their pasture yields,  
 Up from the bushy lots the cattle climb  
 To gaze with longing through the gray, mossed  
     rails.

—CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

## PEONY

(*Pæonia*)

A sturdy maid,  
 Plump hands upon her hips,  
 White throat flung back,  
 And laughing scarlet lips —

\*       \*       \*       \*

Plain speech or rough,  
 No empty flattery, —  
 But wholesome heart —  
 That is the peony.

—MARGARET DELAND.





Gay-gowned in crimson hue,  
The gorgeous peonies appear.

## THE PEONIES

The skies once more are sunny,  
And Nature dons the green,  
Covering her brown garments,  
And looking like a queen,  
As she calls the south wind softly,  
"Go forth, the flowers invite  
To come and welcome Springtime,  
My young guest fair and bright."

Among the first arrivals,  
Gay-gowned in crimson hue,  
The gorgeous peonies appear,  
So bright 'neath skies of blue;  
They're waiting in the sunshine,  
Vain, haughty, full of pride,  
As they scan the cheerful faces  
Of the heart's-ease close beside.

Seem they not like the proud sisters,  
Gay-gowned for royal fête,  
By little Cinderella,  
In the kitchen desolate?  
But their brilliant, gorgeous beauty  
We praise, and then pass by,  
To seek the English violet,  
So modest, sweet, and shy.

She's the little Cinderella  
The bees seek not in vain,

(They're the pages from the palace,)  
 To find the maid again.  
 She's clothed in royal purple;  
 The sun Prince calls aloud,  
 "I've found my little Princess!"  
 What think you, sisters proud?

—RAY LAURANCE.

### PERIWINKLE

(*Vinca*)

When March, just ready to depart, begins  
 To soften into April. Then we have  
 The delicatest and most welcome flowers,  
 And yet they take least heed of bitter wind  
 And lowering sky. The periwinkle then,  
 In an hour's sunshine, lifts her azure blooms  
 Beside the cottage door.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

With tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
 Through fern and periwinkle,  
 The cows come slowly home.

—AGNES E. MITCHELL.

### PIMPERNEL

(*Angallis arvensis*)

The pimpernel has sometimes been called "the  
 shepherd's clock," as its scarlet petals open regularly

between seven and eight in the morning, and close about two in the afternoon, if the weather is pleasant. If cloudy and damp they do not open at all.

Darwin says of the flower:

“ Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel ;  
In fiery red the sun doth rise,  
Then wades through clouds to mount the skies ;  
'Twill surely rain, we see with sorrow,  
No working in the fields to-morrow.”

“ I'll go and look at the pimpernel,  
And see if she thinks the clouds look well !  
    For if the sun shine  
    And 'tis like to be fine,  
    I will go to the fair !  
So, pimpernel, what bodes the clouds in the sky ?  
If fair weather, no maiden so happy as I ! ”

Now the pimpernel flower has folded up  
Her little gold star in her coral cup,  
    And unto the maid,  
    A warning she said :  
    “ Though the sun smite down,  
    There's a gathering frown  
O'er the checkered blue of the clouded sky ;  
So tarry at home ! for a storm is nigh.”

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

## PINK

*(Dianthus)*

Dainty pink with feathered petals  
Tinted, curled, and deeply frayed,  
With its calyx heart, half-broken,  
On its leaves uplifted laid.

— ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

And I will put the pink, the emblem o' my dear,  
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms with-  
out a peer.

— ROBERT BURNS.

The pink in truth we should not slight,  
It is the gardener's pride.

— GOETHE.

## PITCHER-PLANT

*(Sarracenia purpurea)*

Once was a modest fancy tempted fair  
By ancient Grecian urn of beauty rare,  
Whose well-proportioned form had potter graced  
With glad procession, round the border traced ;  
The lovely maiden's beauty ne'er should fade,  
The eager lover never win the maid ;  
So had the artist to his fancy wrought,  
So shaped to this far age his happiest thought !  
Henceforth that urn its round of years repeats  
Accompanied by gracious thought of Keats.

To-day the pitchers, wrought to nature's mind,  
In lovely wood-surrounded spot I find,  
Their forms as perfect and unchanged they hold  
As potter's work preserved from days of old;  
So curl the lips about the outer rim,  
So stands the water even with the brim,  
So are they painted by the summer sun;  
In brown and purple tints the colors run;  
Fronds blend with vines except where mosses hide  
A patch of green upon the under side.

—ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE.

### POPPIES IN THE WHEAT

Along Ancona's hills, the shimmering heat,  
A tropic tide of air with ebb and flow,  
Bathes all the fields of wheat until they glow  
Like flashing seas of green which toss and beat  
Around the vines.  
The poppies, lithe and fleet,  
Seem running, fiery torchmen, to and fro  
To mark the shore.  
The farmer does not know  
That they are there. He walks with heavy feet,  
Counting the bread and wine by autumn's gain.  
But I, — I smile to think that days remain  
Perhaps to me in which, though bread be sweet  
No more, and red wine warm thy blood in vain,  
I shall be glad remembering how the fleet,  
Lithe poppies ran like torchmen with the heat.

—HELEN HUNT JACKSON.



## POPPIES

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

But bright and still in the noonday heat  
 The poppies blaze and glow,  
 Fluted and ruffled, fold on fold,  
 With crinkled petals, and hearts of gold,  
 And delicate buds below.

So drowsily sweet is the poppies' breath,  
 In the slumbrous silence deep,  
 That a thousand idle visions swift  
 Float up from the shores of sleep.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

And fancy follows the perfume strange,  
 As it drifts on the passing breeze,  
 Over Eastern deserts of burning sands,  
 Through the sultry climes of the far-off lands,  
 Hemmed in by shining seas.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

O fair flame-flowers with hearts of light,  
 More splendid than noonday's glow,  
 Burn on, burn on, in your radiance bright,  
 With torches swinging slow.  
 Strange hints of a life we have lived before,  
 Strange hints of a life to be,  
 A dream of the beauty forever past,  
 A dream of the beauty to come at last,  
 You have brought like a gift to me.

—ANGELINA W. WRAY.

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## EVENING PRIMROSE

*(Ænorthera)*

Fair flower that shun'st the light of day,  
 Yet lov'st to open, meek and bold,  
 To evening's hues of sober gray,  
 The cup of paly gold.

—BERNARD BARTON.

And there the primrose stands that, as the night  
 Begins to gather and the dews to fall,  
 Flings wide to circling moths her twisted buds,  
 That shine like yellow moons with pale, cold glow,  
 And all the air her heavy fragrance floods,  
 And gives largess to any winds that blow.

\* \* \* \* \*

Children came

To watch the primrose blow. Silent they stood,  
 Hand clasped in hand, in breathless hush around,  
 And saw her shyly doff her soft green hood  
 And blossom — with a silken burst of sound.

—MARGARET DELAND.

## THE PRIMROSE

Who tells you, sweet primrose, 'tis time to wake up,  
 After dreaming all day?  
 Who changes so quickly your sombre green dress  
 To the yellow one gay,  
 And makes you the pet of the twilight's caress,  
 And of poet's sweet lay?  
 Who does, primrose, pray?

The primrose, secure on his emerald throne,  
     Looked up quickly to say,  
 " A dear lovely fairy glides down from his throne  
     In the sun's golden ray,  
 And with a sweet kiss opens wide all our eyes,  
     Saying, ' Now is your day.'  
 And lo! when he's gone we are filled with surprise  
     At our wondrous array  
     So fresh and so gay.  
 Do tell us the name of this fairy, I pray,  
 Who gives of his beauty and then hies away  
     Without thanks, without pay.  
     Does he linger your way? "

— ELIZABETH PORTER GOULD.

### JACK-O'-LANTERN

In the pleasant corn-field  
 All the summer through,  
 Such a funny playmate  
 Waited long for you,  
 Snugly housed and hidden  
 Where the gay green leaves,  
 Bending close together,  
 Made his rustling eaves.  
 When the corn was gathered,  
 When the flowers were dead,  
 From the lonely hillside  
 Peered his golden head.  
 Now at last behold him,  
 With his open face,  
 Smiling broad and cheery

In the darkest place.  
Bear him forth in triumph,  
Through the autumn night,  
Jolly Jack-o'-lantern  
With his eyes so bright.  
Comic little fellow,  
Come to make you fun,  
When in gray November,  
Summer sports are done. — ANON.

## HISTORY OF A SEED

## I. THE SEED

Just a little seed,  
Very small indeed,  
Put it on the ground,  
In a little mound,  
And wait and see  
What it will be.

## II. THE VINE

The seed became a lovely vine,  
That o'er the brown earth used to twine,  
And at our feet so very low  
Went on and on, to grow and grow.

## III. THE FLOWER

The summer rain, the summer shine,  
That wet and warmed the pretty vine,  
Had somehow quite a wondrous power,  
Which wrought this lovely yellow flower.

## IV. THE FRUIT

The little flower grew and grew,  
In sun and shower and moistening dew,  
And when the leaves began to fall,  
There lay this gorgeous yellow ball —  
The prize for harvest best of all.

## V. THE PIE

Hurrah for the tiny seed!  
Hurrah for the flower and vine!  
Hurrah for the golden pumpkin,  
Yellow and plump and fine!  
But better than all beginnings,  
Sure nobody can deny,  
Is the end of the whole procession,—  
This glorious pumpkin pie.

## ROSEMARY

(*Rosmarinus*)

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance.

— SHAKESPEARE.

Dreary rosemary,  
That always mourns the dead.

— HOOD.

For you there's rosemary and rue, these keep  
Seeming and savor all the winter long;  
Grace and remembrance be with you both!

— SHAKESPEARE.

Rosemary, which was anciently thought to strengthen the memory, was not only carried at funerals, but also worn at weddings.

— BRAND.

### ST.-JOHN'S-WORT

(*Hypericum*)

How cheery, warm, and bright,  
With golden yellow light,  
The hillside pasture this midsummer day,  
As through the fragrant fern  
The starry flowers burn  
With all the brilliancy of noontide ray!

Was it for this of old —  
This blazing gleam of gold  
From petals shining as from altar flame —  
For token of their praise  
That men in olden days  
Should give St.-John's-wort for this flower's name?

Because its flame was seen  
Kindled in pastures green  
At times when he, the Baptist, came on earth,  
Of whom it was foretold,  
By sainted prophets old,  
That many should have gladness in his birth?

When came the year around,  
With birch and fennel bound,  
This flower our fathers hung above the door

In mother England dear,  
And so they brought it here  
To keep that home remembered on this shore.

— ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE.

## SAXIFRAGE

(*Saxifraga*)

Pale nurslings of the early waking year,  
Forerunner of the coming spring,  
    Shy creeping round the edge  
    Of broken granite ledge  
Soon as the drifts of winter disappear;  
Your tender rootlets fondly cling  
    Close in the frost-made rifts,  
    Your slender stalk uplifts  
Sweet clustering flowers of hope our waiting hearts  
    to cheer.

You claim no favored spot of meadow ground  
Where violets and daisies grow,  
    But o'er earth's bosom bare  
    You softly venture where  
No other seemly covering would be found;  
You brave the wintry winds that blow  
    Through withered grasses sere;  
    Wait patiently to hear  
Young bright-eyed, golden buttercups glad waken  
    all around.

— ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE.

## SENSITIVE-PLANT

*(Mimosa)*

A sensitive-plant in a garden grew,  
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,  
And it opened its fanlike leaves to the light;  
And clothed them beneath the kisses of night.

—SHELLEY.

For the sensitive-plant has no bright flower,  
Radiance and odor are not its dower;  
It loves, even like love, its deep heart is full,  
It desires what it has not, the beautiful.

—SHELLEY.

## SHAMROCK

*(Trifolium)*

Oh, the shamrock, the green immortal shamrock!  
Chosen leaf  
Of bard and chief,  
Old Erin's native shamrock.

—THOMAS MOORE.

## SNOWDROP

*(Galanthus)*

The snowdrop is sometimes called "Fair Maid of February," as it is dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Tradition says it blooms on the second of February, celebrating the event of the presentation of the child Jesus in the temple.



And I believe the brown earth takes delight  
In the new snowdrop looking back at her,  
To think that by some vernal alchemy  
It could transmute her darkness into pearl.

— LOWELL

Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,  
Chaste snowdrop, venturous harbinger of spring,  
And pensive monitor of fleeting years!

— WORDSWORTH.

### THE SNOWDROP

Many, many welcomes,  
February fair-maid,  
Ever as of old time,  
Solitary firstling,  
Coming in the cold time,  
Prophet of the gay time,  
Prophet of the May time,  
Prophet of the roses,  
Many, many welcomes,  
February fair-maid!

— ALFRED TENNYSON.

### SNOW-PLANT

(*Sarcodes sanguinea*)

On the eternal peaks where winter reigns,  
And cold and frosts their icy splendors shed,  
Like drops of blood on pallid banks of snow,  
This hyacinthine blossom rests its head.

A pyramid of tiny tongues of flame,  
Darting from out the drifts of dazzling white,  
A strange, bright phantom, born of ice and fire,  
Flushing pale with gleams of crimson light.

The wonderful snow-plant of the Sierras, discovered by the naturalist of the late Colonel Fremont's party in 1843, is aptly named *Sarcodes sanguinea* (blooded flesh), the flower heads having a translucent fleshy appearance. *Sarcodes sanguinea* is usually found growing among the pines at an elevation of about eight thousand feet, but has been found at a much lower altitude. The plants, when fully developed, extend from seven to twenty inches above the ground, and about as far below. The early development of the flower is under deep banks of snow, which protect them from the winds sweeping through the mountains. When the snow has melted, the beautiful flower heads are quickly seen to peep from the yet partially frozen ground. The stout, fleshy flower stems consist of partly crystallized sugar, and are said to taste when cooked, sweeter, but not unlike, asparagus. The stalks have been known to be as much as twenty-two inches in circumference, and bear as many as eighty perfect flowers. They resemble in general outline huge heads of asparagus. They are thickly clothed up to the raceme with firm, fleshy scales, the lower ones ovate and closely imbricated, gradually more scattering, narrower, and passing into the linear bracts,

which mostly exceed the flowers. The corollas are pendulous and half an inch in length; rather fleshy. Imagine a rosy-red and snow-tinted, crowned hyacinth, every miniature bell wound about by a rosy and frosted silver ribbon topped with an asparagus-like head in hoar frost and silver. The frosted papilla is very marked on every sepal and bract. Though the whole translucent spike is flushed with rose and carmine, the petals are the deepest and most brilliantly colored parts of the flower, which is five-parted, and each open one showing slightly the stamens and pistils. The bulbs or plants are solid and brittle when taken up; they will soon dry away unless placed in ice water, where they will remain in perfection for several weeks. All attempts to cultivate this remarkable plant have proved failures.

### WOOD-SORREL

(*Oxalis acetosella*)

Upon the sloping bank of woodland stream,  
 Fair as a fairy's dream,  
 Wakes nymph Wood-sorrel, opening wide her eyes  
 To spring's low-arching skies;  
 Its leaves,— as many as the Graces,— seen  
 At evening golden green,  
 Will in the morning light display with pride  
 Their purple under side,  
 Worn as the royal purple of the East  
 To grace a royal feast,

Embroidered either side in lines as fair  
As locks of maiden's hair.

Heart-shaped each tiny leaf, that we may know  
The tender thought below,  
That springs to meet us in the blossoms sweet  
Low bowing at our feet ;  
On slender stems of pink and green they swing  
As birds upon the wing,  
Their white empurpled petals worn as gay  
As crown by Queen of May ;  
In numbers gathering to this quiet nook  
Beside the plashy brook,  
They deck this mossy bank beneath the firs  
For Flora's worshippers.

— ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE.

### SOUTHERNWOOD

(*Artemisia abrotanum*)

With magic brush fond memory  
Is tracing scenes again,  
From vanished years of childhood  
And home in shadowy lane ;  
A gray unpainted farmhouse,  
Half-hid by lilacs tall,  
And my mother's little garden,  
Beside the mossy wall.

In spring the crimson " pineys "  
Gave us such pleasure rare,

Gay-gowned in gorgeous color,  
 They seemed, those ladies fair,  
 Cinderella's haughty sisters,  
 From story ever new,  
 We thought a floral fairy  
 Had dressed those " pineys " too.

With recollections pleasant,  
 I recall in tender mood  
 The dainty, feathery branches  
 Of fragrant southernwood;  
 It is growing near the " pineys,"  
 And seems as green to-day,  
 As in summers long since vanished  
 In the past's sweet far away.

Dear plant of country garden,  
 With perfume bitter-sweet,  
 You waken childish memories  
 And happy scenes repeat;  
 For the flowers in old-time fashion  
 We made in bouquets set  
 With southernwood for background  
 I never can forget!

—RAY LAURANCE.

## SPEEDWELL

(*Veronica*)

Fair flowers, modest, shy,  
 In depths of billowy meadow grasses hiding,  
 And yet worn footpaths nigh

Is found the wonted place of your abiding,  
To watch with careless gaze the passer-by!

Your eyes, wide-open, tell  
In tones of Saxon blue your heart's warm feeling;  
As from the hermit's cell  
Shines midnight lamp his piety revealing,  
The fragrant breath of flowers bids me "Speed  
well!"

—ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE.

### MY STRAWBERRY

O marvel, fruit of fruits, I pause  
To reckon thee. I ask what cause  
Set free so much of red from hearts  
At core of earth, and mixed such sweets  
With sour and spice; what was that strength  
Which out of darkness, length on length,  
Spun all thy shining thread of vine,  
Netting the fields in bond as thine.  
I see thy tendrils drink by sips  
From grass and clover's smiling lips;  
I hear thy roots dig down for wells,  
Tapping the meadow's hidden cells,—  
While generations of green things  
Descended from long lines of springs;  
I see what makes room for thee to bide  
A quiet comrade by thy side;  
I see the creeping peoples go  
Mysterious journeyings to and fro,

Treading to right and left of thee,  
Doing thee homage wonderingly.  
I see the wild bees as they fare,  
Thy cups of honey drink, but spare.  
I mark thee bathe and bathe again  
In sweet uncalendared spring rain;  
I watch how all May has of sun  
Makes haste to have thy ripeness done,  
While all her nights let dews escape  
To set and cool thy perfect shape.  
O fruit of fruits, no more I pause  
To dream, and seek thy hidden laws!  
I stretch my hand and dare to taste,  
In instant of delicious waste  
On single feast, all things that went  
To make the empire thou hast spent.

— HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

### SUCCORY; CHICORY

(*Cichorium intybus*)

Oh, not in ladies' gardens,  
My peasant posy!  
Smile thy dear, blue eyes,  
Nor only — nearer to the skies —  
In upland pastures, dim and sweet,  
But by the dusty road  
Where tired feet  
Toil to and fro,  
Where flaunting sin  
May see thy heavenly hue,

Or weary sorrow look from thee  
Toward a tenderer blue! —MARGARET DELAND.

Or succory keeping summer long its trust  
Of heaven-blue fleckless from the eddying dust.

—LOWELL

### SUNDEW

(*Drosera*)

A little marsh-plant, yellow-green,  
And tipped at lip with tender red.  
Tread close, and either way you tread  
Some faint black water jets between,  
Lest you should bruise the curious head.

—SWINBURNE.

The leaves of the sundew are fringed and beset in all parts with hairs which bear at their extremity viscid glands, and the irritation of these glands causes them to contract, and fold up, so that insects are imprisoned by them. Recent observation has proven that these insects are actually digested by the plant, their nutritive material being absorbed by it.

### SUNDEW

The soil beneath our feet,  
Along the brookside in the mowing field,  
Is soft and springy, — downy mosses yield  
To lightest pressure; where our feet have set  
A deep mould in low bended grasses wet,  
Rise waters cool and sweet.



From all the leaves around,  
 From stalk and stem, from blade and flower cup,  
 The sun has drunk the dews of morning up;  
 The purple orchis proudly lifts its head,  
 Blue violets lie sleepy in their bed,  
 In dreamy slumber drowned.

Here sundew in the moss  
 Stretches its leaf-stalks as extended arms,  
 Holds to the heavens its broad, round, upturned  
     palms  
 Brimmed with the crystal drops its leaves distil,  
 Begs the noontide sunbeam drink its fill,  
 Nor suffers any loss.

— ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE.

## SUNFLOWER

(*Helianthus*)

Miles and miles of golden green  
 Where the sunflowers blow  
 In a solid glow.

— ROBERT BROWNING.

→ The sunflower turns on her god when he sets,  
 The same look which she turned when he rose.

— THOMAS MOORE.

The sunflower, thinking 'twas for him foul shame  
 To nap by daylight, strove t'excuse the blame;  
 It was not sleep that made him nod, he said,  
 But too great weight and largeness of his head.

— COWLEY.

With zealous step he climbs the upland lawn,  
And bows in homage to the rising dawn ;  
Imbibes with eagle eye the golden ray,  
And watches as it moves the orb of day.

— DARWIN.

Unloved the sunflower, shining fair,  
Ray round with flowers her disk of seed.

— TENNYSON.

Eagle of flowers! I see thee stand,  
And on the sun's noon-glory gaze ;  
With eye like his, thy lids expand,  
And fringe their disk with golden rays ;  
Though fixed on earth, in darkness rooted there,  
Light is thy element, thy dwelling air,  
Thy prospect heaven.

— MONTGOMERY.

### SWEET PEA

(*Lathyrus odoratus*)

Here are sweet peas on tip for a flight,  
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,  
And taper fingers catching at all things,  
To bind them all about with tiny rings.

— KEATS.

### COMRADES

There's a dear little gadabout in a pink bonnet,  
Who gossips with butterflies every fine day ;  
She runs by the fence, and climbing upon it,  
She nods to her neighbors just over the way.

She sees mignonette and she gives her a greeting  
 (A breath of her fragrance, that's flower talk, you  
   see),

And mignonette's answer, "Good morrow, my  
   sweeting,"

Is sent in her perfume to pretty sweet pea.

—ANNA M. PRATT.

### SWEET PEAS

Like tiny boats at anchor in still air,  
 With rope and spar, and set sail gleaming fair,  
 They lie, moored close by tendril cordage slim,  
 And freighted with sweet odors to the brim.

Sudden and swift upsprings the summer gale;  
 They strain and struggle, but of no avail.  
 Fast are they anchored, though they fain would be  
 All freely sailing o'er the airy sea.

Now comes my lady in her dainty dress,  
 And plucks them gently, with a soft caress;  
 No longer are they ships that would be free,  
 But fairest flowers in glad captivity.

—MARY NICHOLENA MCCORD.

### THISTLEDOWN

Set loose from summer's churlish hand,  
   All day they pass my door;  
 White voyagers to no man's land,  
   To ports without a shore.

—LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

## A SUMMER SNOWFLAKE

When skies are blue, in sunny summer weather,  
And breezes blow as softly as a sigh,  
Then bees and birds and butterflies together  
Go vagabonding lagging as they fly.

Then thistledown is started on its travels  
In little knots of silky, fleecy gray,  
Which soon the wind, with gentle touch, unravels,  
And sends upon their joyous, wandering way.

From no one knows just where a bit comes flying,  
A feathery flake of summer's magic snow,  
Which twists and turns as though 'twere deftly  
trying  
To dodge the tangles where the burdocks grow.

And though its fellows follow one another,  
Like shooting stars from heaven's field of blue,  
Each whirling flake flies separate from its brother,  
With random fancy for its only clue.

It needs no other partner for its dances;  
With dandelion tufts for merry mates,  
It pivots round the May pole, which it fancies  
A Marguerite so gayly simulates.

The pigeon grass, which beckons to it primly,  
May crook in vain its fuzzy finger-ends;  
It shuns as well the teasels, to which grimly  
Cling tattered remnants of its former friends.

212      AMONG FLOWERS AND TREES

It brushes by the asters, all displaying  
    Their faded purples by the dusty walk,  
And stops to tease the yellowbird aswaying  
    Sedately on the woolly mullein stalk.

Now round the weeds, and now between the grasses,  
    It flutters on, with many a loitering stop,  
The where its way is barred in narrow passes,  
    By goldenrod or blundering clover top.

But ever from its many resting places  
    It starts again a farther flight to try,  
And revels in exciting zigzag races  
    With every passing butterfly.

And then, perchance, the breeze, or maybe merely  
    A little puff of vanity and pride,  
Uplifts the snowy floss, and bears it clearly  
    High o'er the fences by the meadow side.

Across the field it sails; and then it rises  
    In sudden swirl to such an airy height,  
It fairly caps the treetops and surprises  
    The swallows darting round in twittering fright.

And still its very lightness wings it higher,  
    And higher yet, before its flight is done;  
Till, far beyond where vision may aspire,  
    It soars away and melts into the sun.

— W. D. ELLWANGER.

What are the flowers of Scotland,  
All others that excel?  
The flowers of Scotland,  
All others that excel!  
The thistle's purple bonnet,  
And bonny heather-bell,  
O they're the flowers of Scotland,  
All others that excel! — HOGG.

## TRILLIUM; WAKE-ROBIN

*(Trillium)*

Deep in the woodland's cloisteral aisles,  
When loud winds cease their trumpeting,  
Above the mould, with timid smiles,  
Peer the pale-vestured nuns of spring.

Like those white-thoughted souls are they,  
Who shame the loud world's selfish brood,  
By brightening life, from day to day,  
With silent ministries of good.

—CLINTON SCOLLARD.

## THE WAKE-ROBIN

The spell of the wizard is broken,  
And earth no longer is dumb;  
The armor on field and river  
To arrows of archer succumb.

Gold arrows from golden quiver  
He hurls with unerring aim ;  
The warrior sun of the heavens  
His triumph in flowers proclaims.

The slumber of earth is broken ;  
She wakens, listening, still,  
To songs of hurrying waters,  
And joy of the wild birds' trill.  
The sleepy flowers, her daughters,  
Their eyes are opening wide ;  
" Wake! Wake! Robin! Earth is calling,  
Wake! Wake! Robin by the brookside! "

A white-faced maid, Wake-robin,  
In a tiny, three-leaved hood,  
Knows many of earth's secrets  
While nodding in the wood.  
No longer is she sleeping,  
From magic spell she's free,  
Her heart with wise lore laden  
Of the cabalistic Three.

This triple, ancient symbol,  
The mystic, magic Three,  
In leaf, whorl, seed, and flower  
Odd number we can see.  
Did floral sprite endow her  
With nature's secrets deep,  
Before the wizard winter  
Placed over her spell of sleep?

—RAY LAURANCE.

## BEAUTIFUL EYES

Tulips, my dear, are a lofty race,  
Wearing their honors with a haughty grace,  
Worth a king's ransom in days of old,  
When glitter of jewel and glow of gold  
Paled and dimmed at the brilliant dyes  
Which likened the tulip to beautiful eyes.

You fancy the tulips a trifle prim,  
Gayly arrayed, yet stiff and trim —  
Not to be tempted to whim or freak,  
Though flecked so richly in tint and streak.  
Better, you think, is the errant vine,  
Ready to clamber and twist and twine.

Let me whisper a secret in your ear  
Before the tulips have time to hear.  
Once, I am told, they were seen at court,  
Were the fashion, too, though their reign was short.  
Perhaps they copied the high-bred air  
Of the dainty ladies who queened it there  
In the height of the stately minuet,  
When the powdered wig and the patch were met,  
When the squire bent low in a bow profound,  
And the courtesying maiden swept the ground.

Beautiful eyes, the tulips say,  
As I gaze in their painted cups to-day —  
Beautiful eyes, where soft dreams dwell,  
And witchery weaves its magic spell.



The satin petals are quick to fade,  
 But the bright eyes beam through sun and shade,  
 Wondrously winning, sweet, and mild  
 When they speak the soul of a darling child.

Oh, Kathie dear, with the silken hair,  
 The innocent brow so pure and fair,  
 With dimples forever at hide-and-seek  
 On the merry mouth and the nut-brown cheek,  
 You are sweeter far than the tulip flower,  
 Which still reminds of your peerless dower,  
 For, whether clouded or clear the skies,  
 There's always light in your beautiful eyes.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

*Home Fancies and Heart Flowers.* Copyright, 1886, by Harper & Brothers.

## TULIP

(*Tulipa*)

Then comes the tulip race, where beauty plays  
 Her idle freaks; from family diffused  
 To family, as flies the father-dust,  
 The varied colors run; and while they break  
 On the charmed eye, the exulting florist marks,  
 With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.

— THOMSON.

And tulips, children love to stretch  
 Their fingers down, to feel in each  
 Its beauty's secret nearer.

— MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

The tulip is a courtly queen  
Whom, therefore, I will shun. — HOOD.

Dutch tulips from their beds  
Flaunted their stately heads.  
— MONTGOMERY.

The tulip's petals shine in dew,  
All beautiful, but none alike.  
— MONTGOMERY.

## TWIN-FLOWER

(*Linnæa borealis*)

Linnæa, of fairy mould and breath divine,  
Dear foster-child of him who gave his name  
With dower of love to thee; his fading fame  
Thou dost revive at many a wayside shrine,  
Where from thy lowly altars incense fine  
Floats on the air; so sweet it well might shame  
Jasmine or pink, whose odors are but tame,  
Matched with that fragrance pure and wild of thine.  
Well may the wanderer pause to breathe a prayer  
Above that marvel of thy light-poised bells  
So sweetly twinned. How clear, to him who heeds,  
God's universal thought is written there:  
The twofold life that in all nature dwells,  
The primal law, that each the other needs.

— EMILY SHAW FORMAN.

— Beneath dim aisles, in odorous beds,  
The slight Linnæa hangs its twin heads.

— R. W. EMERSON.

Beneath the screen  
Of bearded hemlock boughs and royal pines,  
The twin-flower traces with its slender vines  
A pattern dimly seen  
On carpet soft and green.

The springy moss  
Retains slight impress of the trampling foot,  
But thick on fallen trunk and buttress root  
Slowly it creeps across  
Decay, and hides all loss.

But here and there  
A delicate pale flower turns its head  
To sweetheart's kiss ; more softly now we tread,  
By fragrance made aware  
Of the fond loving pair.

— ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE.

## VENUS'S FLY-TRAP

(*Dionaea muscipula*)

The *Dionaea*, or Venus's fly-trap, is a native of the sandy bogs of the Carolinas. It is a little plant of from six to twelve inches in height, producing a loose head of large, whitish flowers, somewhat similar to the lady's-smock. The flower stalk rises from a rosette of yellowish green leaves, spreading on the ground. Each leaf is divided by a deep incision into two portions, the lower being a broadly winged foot-stalk, the upper the blade or true leaf itself. This upper portion is the fly-trap. It is roundish and

divided into two equal parts by a strong midrib. The margins are fringed with a row of strong bristles. The leaf is a little hollow on either side of the midrib, and the upper surface is dotted with minute reddish glands; each gland is furnished with three slender bristles. If an insect alights on the leaf and touches one of the bristles, the sides suddenly close with a force so great as to imprison the little creature, despite its most frantic efforts to escape. The bristles on each side of the leaf interlace like the fingers of a hand clasped together, or like the teeth of a steel trap. After a time the leaf slowly unfolds.

### SWEET VIBURNUM; SHEEPBERRY

*(Viburnum lentago)*

Sweet viburnum, loved of bees,  
Woody by Maytime's softest breeze,  
By the fragrant riverside,  
Robed in whiteness like a bride,

Decked with knots of dainty flowers,  
Bathed in springtime's sweetest showers,  
Not for thee the withering heat  
And the dust of summer's street.

— FRED LEWIS PATTEE.

### VIOLET

*(Viola)*

I know — blue, modest violets,  
Gleaming with dew at morn —

I know the place you come from  
And the way that you were born!  
When God cuts holes in heaven,  
The holes the stars look through,  
He lets the scraps fall down to earth —  
The little scraps are you. — WILL S. FARIS.

Violets! deep blue violets!  
April's loveliest coronets!  
There are no flowers grow in the vale,  
Kiss'd by the dew, woo'd by the gale,  
None by the dew of the twilight wet,  
So sweet as the deep blue violet.  
— L. E. LANDON.

And in my breast  
Spring wakens too; and my regret  
Becomes an April violet  
And buds and blossoms like the rest.  
— TENNYSON.

A violet by a mossy stone,  
Half hidden from the eye!  
Fair as a star when only one  
Is shining in the sky. — WORDSWORTH.

That strain again; — it had a dying fall;  
Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south  
That breathes upon a bank of violets  
Stealing and giving odor. — SHAKESPEARE.

For though the rose has more perfuming power,  
The violet — haply 'cause 'tis almost lost,  
And takes us so much trouble to discover,  
Stands first with most, but always with a lover.

—BARRY CORNWALL

### A VIOLET

God does not send us strange flowers every year;  
When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant  
places,  
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces, —  
The violet is here.

It all comes back, the odor, grace, and hue,  
Each sweet relation of its life repeated;  
Nothing is lost, no looking for is cheated;  
It is the thing we knew.

So after the death-winter it will be;  
God will not put strange sights in heavenly places;  
The old love will look out from the old faces, —  
Veilchen, I shall have thee.

—MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

Stars will blossom in the darkness,  
Violets bloom beneath the snow.

—JULIA C. R. DORR.

Hath the pearl less whiteness  
Because of its birth?  
Hath the violet less brightness  
For growing near earth?

—MOORE.

Violets dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath.

— SHAKESPEARE.

The eyes of spring so azure  
Are peeping from the ground;  
They are the darling violets,  
That I in nosegays bound.

— HEINE.

Flowers amid the dripping moss,  
Tearful flowers that sweeten loss;  
Pressing closer on the myriads in their train;  
White as milk and perfume-laden,  
Purple-veined and golden-eyed —  
Still with sweeter solace waiting  
Where the swollen streams divide.

— ELAINE GOODALE.

Such a starved bank of moss  
Till that May morn,  
Blue ran the flash across:  
Violets were born!

— ROBERT BROWNING.

Violet! sweet violet!  
Thine eyes are full of tears;  
Are they wet  
Even yet  
With the thought of other years?

— LOWELL.



Violet! sweet violet!





## WALLFLOWER

*(Cheiranthus cheiri)*

The wallflower, on each rifted rock,  
From liberal blossoms shall breathe down  
(Gold blossoms flecked with iron-brown)  
Its fragrance.

— MOIR.

The wallflower — the wallflower,  
How beautiful it blooms!  
It gleams above the ruined tower,  
Like sunlight over tombs;  
It sheds a halo of repose  
Around the wrecks of time.  
To beauty give the flaunting rose,  
The wallflower is sublime.

— MOIR.

The wallflower, symbol of fidelity in misfortune,  
was a great favorite of the Middle Ages, when  
troubadours and minstrels wore it as an emblem of  
their unchanging affection.

— *Language of Flowers.*

## WHEAT

The winds are tangled in the wheat.

In many a yellow breezy mass,  
The rich wheat ripened far away.

They drive home the cows from the pastures,  
 Up through the long shady lane,  
 Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat-fields  
 That are yellow with ripening grain.

Like liquid gold the wheat-field lies,  
 A marvel of yellow and green,  
 That ripples and runs, that floats and flies,  
 With the subtle shadows, the change — the sheen  
 That plays in the golden hair of a girl.

— HAMLIN GARLAND.

### WOODBINE; VIRGINIA CREEPER

Around in stately grandeur stood  
 The stately children of the wood;  
 Maple and elm, and towering pine  
 Mantled in folds of dark woodbine.

— JULIA C. R. DORR.

Like crimson wine the woodbines show.

— CELIA THAXTER.

And glowing woodbines here and there,  
 In graceful tangles thickly bound,  
 Appeared like warriors from the ground  
 Uprising, decked with plumage rare.

— JOHN HENRY BONER.

Over-canopied with lush woodbine,  
 With sweet musk-roses, with eglantine.

— SHAKESPEARE.

## YARROW; MOLFOIL

*(Achillea millefolium)*

Everywhere the yarrow grows!  
Here and there the thistle blows,  
Here and there the barberries,  
By the brook the plummy fern;  
We know where the lily is,  
Where the dear wild roses burn;  
But the yarrow everywhere  
Wanders on the common air.

No one need to search for thee;  
Even now thy leaf I see  
Peeping o'er my opened book,  
Throwing so fair a shadow down,  
So perfect, that I can but look,  
And, looking, find new wonder crown  
The bliss of beauty which before  
Taught my spirit to adore.

In thy bitters odors blent  
Health we find, not discontent;  
In thy name a tender grief  
For that love once drowned in Yarrow,  
Stream that never gave relief  
To the faithful "winsome marrow."  
Bitter Yarrow! Flowing Yarrow!  
Still lament thy winsome marrow!

Emblem of our equal land,  
 Where men and women helpful stand,  
 And love and labor, high and low;  
 Type of the low! Thou lovely plant!  
 Teach the proud-hearted how to know  
 The sacred worth of nature's grant,  
 The strength of bitterness, and the sweet  
 Humility of beauty's feet.

—ANNIE FIELDS.

The wholesome yarrow's clusters fine  
 Like frosted silver dimly shine.

—CELIA THAXTER.

## YUCCA; SPANISH BAYONET

(*Yucca*)

The yucca is a native of the southern United States, Mexico, and Central America. It has a short woody stem bearing a crown of rigid sword-shaped leaves, and from its centre rises a panicle of creamy white bell-shaped flowers. Some varieties grow to a height of eight or ten feet. The names, Spanish bayonet, Adam's needle, and bear-grass, are also applied to the plant.

## YUCCA

Dismal and desolate and gray,  
 Pale sage and dusty alkali,  
 The level prairie sweeps away  
 Unbroken to the dreary sky.

From sky to sky unbroken, save  
For one long pile of rock and sand,  
That seems the lone neglected grave  
Of some dead Titan of the land :

No life, but when in stormy flight  
The dancing whirlwinds cloud the air,  
Or starved gaunt wolves that prowl at night  
Howl hideous prayers to famine there.

Yet see, on those forsaken wolds,  
Glad sign of nature's sweet caress,  
How fair and pure one flower unfolds  
The glory of its loveliness.

A slender spire with pendent bells,  
Clust'ring in ivory whiteness, hung,  
Whence fragrant breath harmonious wells  
Like dreamland melody unsung.

What waste so utterly forlorn  
But bears the All-Creator's sign ?  
What life so left to human scorn  
It owns not something still divine.

— FRANCIS DANA.



**PART III**  
**TREES AND SHRUBS—IN GENERAL**





This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines  
and the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss and in garments green, indistinct  
in the twilight,  
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on  
their bosoms.

— LONGFELLOW.

Earth's crammed with heaven, and every common  
bush  
Is afire with God, but only he who sees  
Takes off his shoes.

— E. B. BROWNING.

### THE WOODS THAT BRING THE SUNSET NEAR

The wind from out the west is blowing;  
The homeward-wandering cows are lowing;  
Dark grow the pine woods, dark and drear —  
The woods that bring the sunset near.

When o'er wide seas the sun declines,  
Far off in its fading glory shines, —  
Far off, sublime, and full of fear, —  
The pine woods bring the sunset near.

This house that looks to east, to west,  
This, dear one, is our home, our rest;

Yonder the stormy sea, and here  
The woods that bring the sunset near.

— RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

I cannot tell what you say, green leaves,  
I cannot tell what you say ;  
But I know that there is a spirit in you,  
And a word in you this day.

— CHARLES KINGSLEY.

### A FOREST HYMN

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man  
learned

To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,  
And spread the roof above them — ere he framed  
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back  
The sound of anthems ; in the darkling wood,  
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down  
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks  
And supplication. For his simple heart  
Might not resist the sacred influences  
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,  
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven  
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound  
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once  
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed  
His spirit with the thought of boundless power  
And inaccessible majesty.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

Father, Thy hand  
Hath reared these venerable columns, Thou

Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look  
down

Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose  
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in Thy sun  
Budded, and shook their green leaves in the breeze,  
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow,  
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died  
Among their branches, till at last, they stood,  
As now they stand, massy and tall and dark,  
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold  
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,  
These winding aisles, of human pomp and pride  
Report not. No fantastic carvings show  
The boast of our vain race to change the form  
Of Thy fair works. But Thou art here—Thou fill'st  
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds  
That run along the summit of these trees  
In music; Thou art in the cooler breath  
That from the inmost darkness of the place  
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,  
The fresh moist earth, are all instinct with Thee.  
Here is the continual worship; nature, here,  
In the tranquillity that Thou dost love,  
Enjoys Thy presence.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thou hast not left

Thyself without a witness, in the shades  
Of Thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace  
Are here to speak of Thee. This mighty oak —  
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem  
Almost annihilated — not a prince,

In all that proud old world beyond the deep,  
 E'er wore his crown as loftily as he  
 Wears the green coronal of leaves with which  
 Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root  
 Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare  
 Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,  
 With scented breath and look as like a flower,  
 Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,  
 An emanation of the indwelling Life,  
 A visible token of the upholding Love,  
 That are the soul of this great universe.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### THE TREES AND THE MASTER

Into the woods my Master went,  
 Clean forspent, forspent.  
 Into the woods my Master came,  
 Forspent with love and shame.  
 But the olives, they were not blind to Him,  
 The little gray leaves were kind to Him,  
 The thorn tree had a mind to Him  
 When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,  
 And He was well content.  
 Out of the woods my Master came,  
 Content with death and shame.  
 When death and shame would woo Him last,  
 From under the trees they drew Him last,  
 'Twas on a tree they slew Him — last  
 When out of the woods He came.

—SIDNEY LANIER.

Poems. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

## AMONG THE TREES

O ye who love to overhang the springs,  
And stand by running waters, ye whose boughs  
Make beautiful the rocks o'er which they play,  
Who pile with foliage the great hills, and rear  
A paradise upon the lonely plain,  
Trees of the forest, and the open field!  
Have ye no sense of being? Does the air,  
The pure air, which I breathe with gladness, pass  
In gushes o'er your delicate lungs, your leaves,  
All unenjoyed? When on your winter's sleep  
The sun shines warm, have ye no dreams of spring?  
And when the glorious springtime comes at last,  
Have ye no joy of all your bursting buds,  
And fragrant blooms, and melody of birds  
To which your young leaves shiver? Do ye strive  
And wrestle with the wind, yet know it not?  
Feel ye no glory in your strength when he,  
The exhausted Blusterer, flies beyond the hills,  
And leaves you stronger yet? Or have ye not  
A sense of loss when he has stripped your leaves,  
Yet tender, and has splintered your fair boughs?  
Does the loud bolt that smites you from the cloud  
And rend you, fall unfelt? Do there not run  
Strange shudderings through your fibres, when the  
axe  
Is raised against you, and the shining blade  
Deals blow on blow, until, with all their boughs,  
Your summits waver, and ye fall to earth?

Know ye no sadness when the hurricane  
 Has swept the wood and snapped its sturdy stems  
 Asunder, or has wrenched, from out the soil,  
 The mightiest with their circles of strong roots,  
 And piled the ruin all along his path?

Nay, doubt we not that under the rough rind,  
 In the green veins of these fair growths of earth,  
 There dwells a nature that receives delight  
 From all the gentle processes of life.  
 And shrinks from loss of being. Dim and faint  
 May be the sense of pleasure and of pain,  
 As in our dreams; but, haply, real still.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### THE BROWNS

The little Pink Leaves gave a party,  
 And invited the Yellows and Reds;  
 "The Browns are too awfully common!"  
 They said, a shaking their heads.

But there came an hour in the frost-time  
 When the party-folk, all in a wink,  
 Were turned to the dingiest color  
 That ever a mortal could think.

Yet they pranced up and down in the sunshine,  
 Those former Pinks, Yellows, and Reds;  
 "We Browns are so aristocratic!"  
 They said, a tossing their heads.

— EMMA C. DOWD.

By permission of the author.

A thousand miles of mighty wood,  
Where thunderstorms stride fire-shod;  
A thousand plants at every rod,  
A stately tree at every rood;  
Ten thousand leaves to every tree,  
And each a miracle to me, —  
Yet there be men who doubt of God!

— JOAQUIN MILLER.

### TREE LANGUAGE

Come tell me of thy favorite tree,  
The one thou lovest with thy soul,  
And I will read thy heart for thee,  
As if it were an open scroll,  
For knowing this I know the whole.

Our fathers loved the stately elm,  
Which like a tower its head uprears,  
Fit type of those who held the helm  
Amid the storms of early years,  
Sedate, unmoved by idle fears.

Is Norway's rugged pine thy tree,  
Or Ceylon's teak, or England's oak?  
Thou lovest war, an angry sea;  
Thy spirit brave has ne'er been broke,  
And thou would'st die 'neath slavery's yoke.

Or lov'st thou by the setting sun  
The redwood with its giant mast,  
The cedars hoar of Lebanon?



Thy life is in the golden past;  
A love for ancient things thou hast.

And if the laurel and the bay  
Have charms above all other trees,  
The graceful birches robed in gray,  
The aspen quaking in the breeze, —  
Thy poet's soul rare beauty sees.

Perchance the willow is thy tree,  
The cyprus with its robes of gloom,  
The olive of Gethsemane, —  
Ah! thou hast toyed with Fate's sad loom,  
Or thou hast bended o'er a tomb.

Is it the tropic tamarisk,  
The palm, the citron, or the plane,  
The orange with its golden disk?  
The hot blood throbs in every vein,  
Thy home should be in dreamy Spain.

It may be that thy spirit roves  
Amid acanthus o'er the sea,  
Or in the Attic ilex groves, —  
Thy dreams are of the Cyclades,  
Of Plato and of Socrates.

And shall I now my tree reveal?  
I love the hemlock's shaggy bole,  
His robes of gloom, his limbs of steel,  
His form uncouth on Maine's wild shoal, —  
Now who from this can read my soul?

—FRED LEWIS PATTER.

## SUNRISE IN AN ALABAMA CANEBRAKE

The lordly sun, rising from underworld,  
Shoots yellow beams aslant the tangled brake;  
Magnolia, with her mirror leaves unfurled,  
Hath caught the glancing radiances that make  
Bright aureoles around her virgin bloom —  
A pale madonna, 'neath her hood of green,  
With unprofanèd cheek and brow serene;  
The pines upon the uplands merge from gloom  
Of night, and with the dawn's intenser glow  
Their serried lances bright and brighter grow!

The conquering light ever ascending higher  
Fills Alabama's stream with molten fire;  
A myriad rays pierce down the wooded slopes,  
Till forest vistas form kaleidoscopes!  
The dogwood blossoms shine like stars of gold,  
Quick flows the amber of the tall sweet gum,  
And swifter still the shifting colors come  
To tulip tree and luscious-scented plum,  
And sassafras, with buddings manifold.

The yellow jasmine and lush muscadine  
With crab and honeysuckle intertwine,  
And thousand odors sweet confederate,  
And clear, cool air so interpenetrate,  
That sky above and blooming earth beneath  
Seem to exhale a long delicious breath!

—ZITELLA COCKER.

## HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN

I'll tell you how the leaves came down.  
The great tree to his children said :  
" You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,  
Yes, very sleepy, little Red."

" Ah! " begged each silly pouting leaf,  
" Let us a little longer stay ;  
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief ;  
'Tis such a very pleasant day,  
We do not want to go away."

So just for one more merry day  
To the great tree the leaflets clung,  
Frolicked and danced and had their way,  
Upon the autumn breezes swung,  
Whispering, all their sports among :

" Perhaps the great tree will forget,  
And let us stay until the spring,  
If we all beg, and coax and fret."  
But the great tree did no such thing ;  
He smiled to hear their whispering.

" Come, children all, to bed," he cried, —  
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer,  
He shook his head, and far and wide,  
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,  
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them on the ground, they lay,  
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,  
Waiting till one from far away,  
White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,  
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare tree looked down and smiled,  
"Good night, dear little leaves," he said;  
And from below each sleepy child  
Replied, "Good night," and murmured,  
"It is so nice to go to bed!"

—SUSAN COOLIDGE.

All the broad leaves over me  
Clapped their little hands in glee,  
With one continuous sound.

—UNIDENTIFIED.

### WHISPERS

Whenever I go up or down  
Along the roadway into town,  
I hear a busy whispering there  
Among the trees high up in air.

It's clear to one who's not a fool  
That trees have never been to school;  
And if you ask me why I know —  
It is because they whisper so!

—CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Under the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And tune his merry note  
Unto the bird's sweet throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither,  
Here shall we see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

— SHAKESPEARE.

### THE TREES

Of all of nature's children in the schoolroom of the  
plants,  
The most studious and faithful are the trees;  
For they stand in quiet order, just wherever they  
are placed,  
While they bow before the ringing of the breeze.  
See them raise their arms together, hear them gently  
turn their leaves;  
They perfect themselves in every branch and line.  
At the opening of the school year they are fresh and  
green indeed,  
But they graduate with brilliancy divine.

— WILDIE THAYER.

### ARBOR DAY

The movement from which Arbor Day took its  
rise began in the state of Nebraska in 1872 when  
Governor Morton, by proclamation, set apart a day  
of tree-planting. The people responded to the call

with the utmost enthusiasm, and on that memorable day set out more than ten thousand trees within the limits of the state.

Prominent foresters in the United States and Canada soon became deeply interested in the movement and sought to make it *national*. At a three days' meeting in Cincinnati, held in 1882, the interest in tree-planting was connected with the public schools, and by means of the schools Arbor Day has come to be observed throughout the nation. About forty states in the Union now observe the day regularly.

Arbor Day very appropriately originated on the treeless plains of the West, and hence had for its original purpose the planting and transplanting of shade trees about houses and in villages. But as the custom gradually spread to other parts of the country, where forests abound and streets are already well shaded, some form of observance other than tree-planting has often been found more appropriate: filthy streets are cleaned; walks are laid out; leaves on the common raked up; and ugly fences removed — anything to beautify the villages and cultivate a taste for neat, wholesome surroundings.

To insure permanent success for this important day, however, its observance should not be left entirely optional with the schools. "In every place that means to make much of the day, there should be a society permanently organized, with good working officers and a strong executive committee,

who should take in charge the general interests of beauty in the regions round about." This society should take the initiative in observing the day, and should each year secure the coöperation of the schools.

Following are a few poems particularly appropriate for Arbor Day exercises in schools, though, in a general way, nearly all the material of the volume is appropriate.

### AN ANTHEM FOR ARBOR DAY

*Tune — "America"*

Joy for the sturdy trees!  
 Fanned by each fragrant breeze,  
     Lovely they stand!  
 The song-birds o'er them trill,  
 They shade each tinkling rill,  
 They crowd each swelling hill,  
     Lowly or grand.

Plant them by stream and way,  
 Plant where the children play  
     And toilers rest,  
 In every verdant vale,  
 On every sunny swale,  
 Whether to grow or fail —  
     God knoweth best.

Select the strong, the fair,  
 Plant them with earnest care —  
     No toil is vain.

Plant in a fitter place,  
Where, like a lovely face,  
Let in some sweeter grace,  
Change may prove gain.

God will his blessing send —  
All things on Him depend.  
His loving care  
Clings to each leaf and flower  
Like ivy to its tower.  
His presence and His power  
Are everywhere.

—SAMUEL F. SMITH.

### AN ARBOR DAY TREE

Dear little tree that we plant to-day,  
What will you be when we're old and gray?  
"The savings-bank of the squirrel and mouse,  
For robin and wren an apartment house,  
The dressing-room of the butterfly's ball,  
The locust's and katydid's concert hall,  
The schoolboy's ladder in pleasant June,  
The schoolgirl's tent in the July noon.  
And my leaves shall whisper them merrily  
A tale of the children who planted me."

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

### PLANT A TREE

He who plants a tree  
Plants a hope.  
Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope;



Leaves unfold into horizons free.  
     So man's life must climb  
     From the clods of time  
     Unto heavens sublime.  
 Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,  
 What the glory of the boughs shall be?

    He who plants a tree  
     Plants a joy;  
 Plants a comfort that will never cloy;  
 Every day a fresh reality,  
     Beautiful and strong,  
     To whose shelter throng  
     Creatures blithe with song.  
 If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,  
 Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

    He who plants a tree —  
     He plants peace.  
 Under its green curtain jargons cease.  
 Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;  
     Shadows soft with sleep  
     Down tired eyelids creep,  
     Balm of slumber deep.  
 Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,  
 Of the benediction thou shalt be.

    He who plants a tree —  
     He plants youth;  
 Vigor won for centuries, in sooth;  
 Life of time, that hints eternity!

Boughs their strength uprear,  
New shoots every year  
On old growths appear.  
Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,  
Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree —  
He plants a love;  
Tents of coolness spreading out above  
Wayfarers, he may not live to see.  
Gifts that grow are best;  
Hands that bless are blest;  
Plant! Life does the rest!  
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,  
And his work its own reward shall be.

— LUCY LARCOM.

### PLANTING THE OAK

In mellowing skies the mated robins sing,  
The west winds blow the flag of clustered stars,  
And showers of roses waft the skies of spring  
O'er bloodless fields and monuments of wars.  
The waters purling flow the green woods through,  
The hermit moons ascend the glimmering sea,  
Peaceful, as when war's silver trumpets blew  
A truce of God or pastoral jubilee.

Here, as we gather on this festal day,  
To plant the acorn, heir of centuries old,  
The oak of warrior kings and courtiers gay,  
Of airy Dryads and the age of gold,

What war scenes rise—what navies dark and grand,  
 With peaking oars and serried shields and bows;  
 What Roman roads with bannered eagles spanned,  
 And cooled with shades of pendent mistletoes!

O acorn, acorn! Fancy sees again  
 Manorial halls and forests cool and broad,  
 Where villeins cluster 'mid the rosy rain  
 Of darkening sunsets 'round the feudal lord;  
 See the rude arkwrights with their trenchers white,  
 Old Norman barons, knights of gay Gascogne,  
 And palgraves tall with battle-axes bright,  
 And marching palmers — gone, forever gone!

I hear grand Nelson's cry—"Strike, hearts of oak!"  
 And see the smitten Dane-ships strew the shore,  
 And, from the Baltic roll the battle smoke  
 O'er deep-sea graves of mourning Elsinore;  
 Before the oaks I see Gibraltar fall,  
 And Trafalgar, and from the Tagus sweep  
 The Genoese on oak-ribbed caravel  
 To pluck the golden empires of the deep.

O oaks of eld, where wandered kirtled maids,  
 Where swung the orioles in the sunlit rain,  
 I see thee gathered for the palisades,  
 From which gonfanon never yet was ta'en;  
 I see thy trunks, once spun with gossamers,  
 Where fanchons sung, in rows defiant rise,  
 And cavaliers with golden stars of spurs,  
 Their shelter seek, with battle-weary eyes!

Mother of cradles, where the infant dreams!  
Father of ships that thunder on the sea!  
The soldier's lance above whose steel tongue gleams  
Or Cross, or Crescent, or the Fleur-de-Lis!  
Couch of the victor, who no more shall wake!  
The dead king's throne, when, 'mid the hush of  
prayers,  
The dark lords pass, their last quick look to take,  
The mullioned windows towards the altar stair.

We plant the acorn — open here the mould,  
The violets break while thrushes flute and sing,  
Earth's new-made vesture let the spade unfold, —  
We plant the acorn in the breath of spring,  
The sun will find it, and the April rain,  
The jocund June, and summer's wandering wind;  
Life's resurrected powers renew again  
The embryo oak, and nature's chain unbind.

Like her, the maid of far Mauritius' palms,  
Virginia, in Provence tale of love,  
Whose simple history still the worn world charms,  
Who 'mid the citron shades was wont to rove,  
And tamarinds cool, and fans of cocoanuts gay,  
And planted there a seed in gratitude  
For every fruit she tasted — so, to-day,  
We plant the acorn, grateful for the wood.

Rise, acorn, rise, the south wind's breath shall blow  
Among thy lobed and sinuated leaves,  
As in the Vosges where the child oaks grow,  
Or Javan valleys where the sea wind breathes,

250      AMONG FLOWERS AND TREES

The showers, thy buds, regenerate, shall baptize,  
And earth shall feed thee like a mother strong,  
Heir of the sun, the cloud, the eternal skies,  
And earth's new ages, eloquent and long.

The heir of peace — the dove descends and falls  
From Christ's own hand upon young Freedom's  
brow ;

We weave the garlands of new festivals,  
Like poets old, to lay upon the plough,  
No more for dragon-ship or palisade,  
The young tree rises by the crumbling wood,  
But children plant the royal oaks to shade  
The councils sweet of human brotherhood !

— HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?  
We plant the ship which will cross the sea.  
We plant the mast to carry the sails ;  
We plant the planks to withstand the gales —  
The keel, the keelson, and beam and knee ;  
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?  
We plant the houses for you and me.  
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,  
We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,  
The beams and siding, all parts that be ;  
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?  
A thousand things that we daily see;  
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,  
We plant the staff for our country's flag,  
We plant the shade, from the hot sun free;  
We plant all these when we plant the tree!

— HENRY ABBEY.

### THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE

Come, let us plant the apple tree.  
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;  
Wide let its hollow bed be made;  
There gently lay the roots, and there  
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,  
And press it o'er them tenderly,  
As round the sleeping infant's feet  
We softly fold the cradle sheet;  
So plant we the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?  
Buds, which the breath of summer days  
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;  
Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,  
Shall haunt, and sing, and build her nest;  
We plant, upon the sunny lea,  
A shadow for the noontide hour,  
A shelter from the summer shower,  
When we plant the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?  
 Sweets for a hundred flowery springs  
 To load the May wind's restless wings,  
 When from the orchard row, he pours  
 Its fragrance through our open doors;  
 A world of blossoms for the bee,  
 Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,  
 For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,  
 We plant with the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?  
 Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,  
 And redden in the August noon,  
 And drop, when gentle airs come by,  
 That fan the blue September sky,  
 While children come, with cries of glee,  
 And seek them where the fragrant grass  
 Betrays their bed to those who pass,  
 At the foot of the apple tree.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Each year shall give this apple tree  
 A broader flush of roseate bloom,  
 A deeper haze of verdurous gloom,  
 And loosen, when the frost clouds lower,  
 The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.  
 The years shall come and pass, but we  
 Shall hear no longer where we lie,  
 The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,  
 In the boughs of the apple tree.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The orchids tempt the wandering bees  
With wastes of white-and-rosy bloom,  
Where Eolus, with viewless keys,  
Unlocks the floodgates of perfume.

—ELIZABETH AKERS.

### THE VINE ON THE SCHOOLHOUSE

When our ivy, grown in the years to come,  
Peeps over the schoolhouse eaves,  
A-toss in its limber branches,  
A-laugh in its rustling leaves;  
When it tinkles and taps at your windows,  
A-shine with the morning dew —  
O lasses and lads at your desks within,  
We planted the vine for you!

When a million tendrils tangle and cling  
Over walls now blank and bare,  
When fluttering wings and dancing leaves  
Give the summer a welcome there —  
Years hence, when our lessons and play are done,  
Your lessons and play to do —  
Remember us, lasses and lads to come,  
We planted the vine for you!

When the shadowy grace of its verdant veil  
Shall soften the noontide glare,  
And wreath on wreath for gala days  
It garlands your building fair,



Your bright flag blossoming out of the green  
Like a flower of triple hue —  
O lasses and lads of the years to come,  
We planted the vine for you!

— F. E. EFFINGTON.

### MY TREE

The greenest, leafiest, prettiest tree  
My papa planted that day for me,  
And said it should be my very own  
While it was little and when it was grown.  
I helped him plant it. He let me stand  
And hold it tightly with my hand.

Then — how the sun came out to shine  
Warm and bright on that tree of mine;  
And, pattering, pattering in the night,  
Dear little raindrops, soft and light.  
And every zephyr that came that way  
Stopped a moment to laugh and play.

That isn't all. A little bird  
Came hopping one day — she must have heard  
That never anywhere could be found,  
Hunting the woods and groves around,  
So beautiful, straight, and fine a tree  
As that one papa set out for me.

She built the tiniest, cunning nest,  
Fit for a birdling's sweetest rest;

And now if you listen you will hear,  
Trilling, twittering, loud and clear,  
Bird songs merry and sweet and gay,  
Gladdening all the summer day.

— UNIDENTIFIED.

### A SLIGHT MISTAKE

Totty and Trotty and Baby May,  
Hard at work on Arbor Day;  
Their spade is sharp and the soil is fine,  
The tree is a dear little baby pine.  
But it never will grow, for oh, dear me!  
They have planted the top where the roots ought to  
be.

### ACORN PLANTING

Bury the seed-germs deep, before the snow,  
No pledge for amber grain or golden ears,  
But for a fleet of ships, whose hulls shall grow  
Out of these acorn shells, in fifty years.

Who plants but for a summertime, has need  
Of steady faith to rule his doubts and fears;  
How full of trust the soul that sows the seed  
Whose harvest ripens not for fifty years!

Upon these germs shall nature's forces wait,  
Sunlight and dew shall nurse the tender shoots,  
The landward breezes bring their misty freight,  
And timely rains refresh the thirsty roots.

On the slow marvel of their annual growth  
Shall fickle skies alternate frown and smile,  
And richest green and deepest scarlet both  
In turn make beautiful the desert isle.

How will the strong limbs writhe in woe and pain,  
When winter tempests rise in howling wrath,  
When roaring waves sweep inward from the main,  
And sailors' wives turn pale beside the hearth!

And when the noble boughs swing wide and high  
And the rejoicing trees wax tall and great,  
Then, on their seeming immortality,  
Will fall the sudden thunderbolt of fate, —

Strong arms will level all their leafy grace,  
Deft hands will hew and shape, — and spar and mast,  
Keel, rib and beam, and plank will find their place,  
And lo! the tardy harvest smiles at last!

More marvellous than aught in that old tale  
Of dragons' teeth which sprouted men and spears,  
The story of the vessels which shall sail  
Out of the acorn-cups — in fifty years!

Perchance some happy trunks unscathed, may be  
Spared in their splendid strength and stateliness  
To greet the morning rising from the sea,  
New, yet the same — a hundred years from this.

The squirrel, wisely lightening toil with mirth,  
Will frisk and fill his cheeks upon the bough,  
Then, chattering, hide his treasures in the earth,  
In autumn days a hundred years from now.

Shy, sweet-voiced birds will warble in their shade,  
Far from all human stir and turbulence,  
And rear their downy offspring unafraid —  
The song birds of a hundred summers hence.

But you and I, my friend, who muse and smile  
Over these fancies, — we shall be, by then,  
Bowed, and dim-eyed, and wan ; so little while  
Makes ships of acorns, and makes wrecks of men !

— ELIZABETH AKERS.



## **PART IV**

### **TREES AND SHRUBS—SPECIFIED**



## ALDERBLOOM

Still pussy-willow folds her hands  
Close-wrapped in muff of snowy fur,  
Knee-deep in snow impatient stands  
Awaiting earliest bee astir.  
There seems no other bush awake  
Along the margin of the stream,  
No stir of sap is felt to break  
The magic of the winter's dream.

Now lady birch from melting snow  
Lifts trailing robe with dainty hand;  
Lithe alder bushes, bending low,  
In reverence about her stand.  
While birch and willow hesitate  
To choose a color to their taste,  
These ardent beaux, without debate,  
Their tasselled gold put on in haste.

— ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE.

## BLACK ALDER

The red and golden drappings  
Of the trees in field and wood,  
And the crimson-colored trimmings  
Upon the tall oak's hood,



Had vanished from the landscape,  
And shadows cold and gray,  
With frost gems thickly powdered,  
Upon the brown earth lay.

Near graceful lady birches  
Whose white arms are upraised,  
As though in supplication,  
Or in surprise, amazed ;  
Some little gypsy beauties,  
Brown-tinted, by the wall,  
Are decked in glowing jewels, —  
The alder black and small.

“ Whence came they ? ” asked the birches,  
“ These maids so gay, arrayed  
In clusters of red jewels,  
Their coming long delayed ;  
For summer now has vanished,  
And skies are cold and gray,  
But these laughing gypsy maidens  
Will make the landscape gay.”

Ha ! ha ! the red-gemmed gypsies,  
The alders black and small,  
Are defying frost fays bravely  
By yonder roadside wall.  
And they say to wondering birches,  
“ We’ve loitered by the way,  
We came to gladden nature  
As the flowers have had their day.”

— RAY LAURANCE.

## FLOWERING ALMOND

*(Amygdalus communis)*

Year after year, when winter has gone by,  
And London smoke eclipses March's sky,  
Spangling with rosy bloom the dusky air,  
Its slender branches flowery burdens bear.

And none, methinks, did ever show more fair  
In Eastern gardens, or home pastures where  
Thrush's soft trill and linnet's silver note  
Down golden alleys of warm sunlight float,  
From orchard choirs, hung o'er with ruddy snow,  
To listeners, pillowed on green turf below.

Ah, dainty flowers! Right well ye testify  
That 'twixt our sordid earth, our murky sky,  
If man so will,  
Things pure and fair and sweet may blossom still.

## ALOE; CENTURY PLANT

*(Agave)*

Have you heard the tale of the aloe plant,  
Away in the sunny clime?  
By humble growth of a hundred years,  
It reaches its blooming time;  
And then a wondrous bud at its crown  
Bursts into a thousand flowers;  
This floral queen in its blooming seen,  
Is the pride of the tropic bowers;

But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,  
For it blooms but once, and in blooming dies!

Have you further heard of this aloe plant,  
That grows in the sunny clime?  
How every one of its thousand flowers,  
As they fall in the blooming time,  
Is an infant tree that fastens its roots  
In the place where they fall to the ground,  
And as fast as they fall from the dying stem  
Grow lively and lovely around?  
By dying it liveth a thousand-fold,  
In the young that spring from the death of the  
old.

—THOMAS C. HARBAUGH.

### APPLE BLOSSOMS

The orchard trees are white,  
For the bright May sun is shining,  
And the blossoms show  
Like a drift of snow  
From a cloud with a rosy lining.

And two little, blue little eyes  
With a sweet surprise are glowing.  
"O mamma, I can see  
A popcorn tree,  
And the cornballs just a growing!"

—UNIDENTIFIED.

## A GROWN-UP FLOWER

Little Apple-blossom, when a baby small,  
In a tiny crimson cap peeped out first of all.  
Older grown, she used to wear a snowy satin gown,  
Trimmed with ribbons pale and pink, running up  
and down.

All her pretty finery she has laid away;  
You will find her, if you hunt, in her workday dress,  
Making you an apple for next wintertime, I guess.

— UNIDENTIFIED.

The heavy apple trees  
Are shaking off their sorrow in breezy play.

— ELIZABETH AKERS.

## THE HIGH-TOP SWEETING

Tallest of all the orchard trees,  
Its boughs the greensward meeting,  
Shading with greenest of canopies  
The meadow bars, and the stand of bees,  
It stood, with an air of sturdy ease,  
As if it had waved for centuries,  
Bounteous queen of the fruitful leas;  
And the apples it swung in the sun and breeze  
Might rival the fair Hesperides', —  
The dear, old high-top sweeting!

Lovely it was when its blossoms came  
 To answer the bluebird's greeting;  
 They were dainty and white as a maiden's fame,  
 And pink as the flush of tender shame  
 That lights her cheek at her lover's name;  
 And the place was bright with the rosy flame  
 Of the beautiful high-top sweeting.

Smiling up to the smiling day,  
 A marvel of bloom and sweetness,  
 Just one bountiful, vast bouquet,  
 The pride and glory of later May,  
 No brush could paint it, no pen portray  
 Its perfect and rare completeness.

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The delicate petals faded slow,  
 Their annual doom repeating;  
 And the sprouting grass, and the path below,  
 Were covered white with their fragrant snow,  
 Dancing and drifting to and fro;  
 And almost ere they vanished, lo!  
 The tiny apples began to grow  
 In the boughs of the high-top sweeting.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Late in August, the gracious sun,  
 His pleasant task completing,  
 Smiles at the work so nearly done,  
 And reddened the apple cheeks every one,  
 With ripening kisses; and then begun  
 Was the feast of the high-top sweeting.

The fruit with its flavor wild and sweet,  
Was fit for a Dryad's eating;  
Scores of children with eager feet,  
Flocked beneath it to pluck and eat;  
And all the folks from the village street  
Paused in passing, to taste the treat  
Of the generous high-top sweeting.

\* \* \* \* \*

Finer apples may redden and fall  
For happy children's eating,  
But never a tree so brave and tall  
Will grow as that by the orchard wall,  
The dear old tree that we used to call  
The loveliest apple tree of all, —  
The marvellous high-top sweeting!

— ELIZABETH AKERS.

The native orchard's fairest trees  
Wild springing on the hill,  
Bear no such precious fruits as these,  
And never will;  
Till axe and saw and pruning-knife  
Cut from them every bough,  
And they receive a gentler life  
Than crowns them now.  
And nature's children, evermore,  
Though grown to stately stature,  
Must bear the fruit their fathers bore —  
The fruit of nature.  
Till every thrifty tree is made  
The shoulder for a cion,

Cut from the bending trees that shade  
The hills of Zion.

Sorrow must crop each passion-shoot,  
And pain each lust infernal,  
Or human life can bear no fruit  
To life eternal.

For angels wait on Providence,  
And mark the sundered places,  
To graft with gentlest instruments  
The heavenly graces.

— J. G. HOLLAND.

From *Bitter Sweet*, published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

### THE SCHOOLBOY'S APPLE TREE

Vallee Vért, thee I remember,  
And the school bell old that hung  
'Neath the shadows of the elm trees,  
Where the golden orioles sung.  
Still at memory's sunset window  
Oft the schoolhouse door I see,  
And the forms that met and parted  
'Neath the schoolboys' apple tree.  
Vallee Vért, my own home valley,  
Place of memories dear to me,  
Where are those who met and parted  
'Neath the schoolboys' apple tree,  
At the parting of the way,  
In the closing of the day?

Apple trees of pilgrim orchards,  
Rising o'er the shining sea ;  
One beside the schoolhouse meadow  
Where the three roads met was free,  
There the robins sang their May songs,  
There the crickets chirped in fall,  
There the grapevine and the ivy  
Crept along the broken wall.

How that wayside tree in summer  
Showered its blossoms on the earth !  
How beneath its shade we rested  
In the noonings on the turf !  
How its fruit bent o'er us, glowing  
In the Indian summer days ;  
Where are those who met and parted  
At the parting of the ways ?

Where? The master, as we lingered  
'Neath the tree, with moistened eyes,  
Whispered he, " The bells of glory  
Each will summon to the skies ! "   
Turned our faces to the sunset,  
Waved our tresses in the breeze,  
And the hermit thrush was singing  
O'er the schoolhouse 'neath the trees.

Vallee Vért, to thee returning,  
As my years grow long and late,  
All is changed, no boys await me  
At the old farm's silent gate.



Gone the master, gone the schoolmates,  
On their graves the moss and fern,  
'Mid the shadows of the willows,  
In the rays of sunset burn.

Long the bells have rung in glory  
For those schoolmates, one by one,  
But I still at memory's window  
See them in the setting sun.  
When life's later school is ended,  
And the last shade draws anear,  
What fair faces in the sunset  
With the angels will appear?

Old town tree, the years behind me  
Leave the silence of the tombs;  
Never more fond youth will find me  
Slumbering 'neath thy tent of blooms!  
Time since then has been my teacher,  
And his pen that scrolls my brow  
Makes correction on each feature,  
For I then knew *more* than now.  
Vallee Vért, my own home valley,  
Place of memories dear to me,  
Hope to faith is slowly changing,  
And the schoolboys' apple tree  
Brings the semblance of life's days  
At the parting of the ways!

— HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

The apple orchards were white and fair,  
And over them softly a rose-light lay,  
Like that warm blush which the snow Alps wear,  
Watched and worshipped from far away.

— ELIZABETH AKERS.

## ASH

(*Fraxinus*)

Then rears the ash his airy crest.

— SCOTT.

Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,  
Delaying as the tender ash delays  
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green.

— TENNYSON.

A laggard still, though other trees  
Have donned their vernal liveries,  
The dainty ash at length receives  
Her graceful garniture of leaves.

— THEO. H. HILL.

## MOUNTAIN ASH

The mountain ash,  
Decked with autumnal berries that outshine  
Spring's richest blossoms, yields a splendid show  
Amid the leafy woods; and ye have seen,  
By a brookside or solitary tarn,  
How she her station doth adorn; the pool  
Glows at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks  
Are brightened round her.

— WORDSWORTH.

# ASPEN

(*Populus*)

Shook like the aspen leaves in wind.      —SCOTT.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower.  
—BRYANT.

Gray birch and aspen wept beneath.      —SCOTT.

The aspen trembling, as if love  
Were whispered by the breeze.  
—LETITIA E. LONDON.

At that awful hour of the Passion, when the  
Saviour of the world felt deserted in His agony,  
when —

“The sympathizing sun his light withdrew,  
And wondered how the stars their dying Lord could view” —

when earth, shaken with horror, rung the passing  
bell for Deity, and universal nature groaned; then  
from the loftiest tree to the lowliest flower all felt  
a sudden thrill, and trembling, bowed their heads,  
all save the proud and obdurate aspen, which said,  
“Why should we weep and tremble? We trees and  
plants and flowers are pure, and we never sinned!”  
Ere it ceased to speak, an involuntary trembling  
seized its every leaf, and the word went forth that it  
should never rest, but tremble on until the day of  
judgment.—*Legend.*





The pink azalea's buds unfold.  
And sweeten every wandering wind.

And variable as the shade  
By the light quivering aspen made.

— SCOTT.

### THE ASPEN

Nay, marvel not to see the pallid white  
Upon my trembling leaves so oft appear!  
I was a spirit once upon whose sight  
Was sudden thrust the awful face of fear.

— CLINTON SCOLLARD.

### AZALEA

(*Rhododendron*)

In the woods a fragrance rare  
Of wild azaleas fill the air,  
And richly tangled overhead,  
We see their blossoms white and red.

— DORA READ GOODALE.

The pink azalea's buds unfold,  
And sweeten every wandering wind.

— ELIZABETH AKERS.

### BAY FLOWERS

(*Magnolia glauca*)

In the thicket with the 'possum and the 'coon,  
Where the log cocks hammer and prate,  
And the gray owl hoots at the waning moon,  
And the wild-cat leaps to its mate  
    With a dim dark sound,  
    O'er the oozing ground  
    Below —  
O that's where the bay flowers blow!

The fungus dark on the stump  
 Wears the grewsome stain of blood,  
 And the moccasin glides from the cyprus hump,  
 And crawls o'er the festering mud ;

But witching and rare  
 In the bough-meshed air,  
 With blossoms as fair

As snow,

The balm-girt bay flowers blow.

The breezes from the forest glooms  
 Are tranced by the joy of spring —  
 They have kissed the lips of the wild bay blooms  
 And are rapt by the spells they fling ;

And when at morn,  
 O'er the cotton and corn,  
 They sigh love-lorn,

I know

They have been where the bay flowers blow.

—SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

## BEECH

(*Fagus ferruginea*)

And the beech in glistening leaves is drest.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## IN A BEECH WOOD

A golden arch above my head,  
 A path with golden carpet spread,  
 Each side the golden-mantled trees  
 Soft singing in the faint sweet breeze,  
 Down-fluttering leaves in golden showers,  
 A gold gleam of witch-hazel flowers,

And dazzling my uplifted eyes,  
The sunlight in the golden skies;  
What magic spell has compassed me?  
What strange new world is this I see?  
Gold! gold! above, below, around;  
I tread upon enchanted ground,  
A dreamland queen, who only knows,  
To-morrow, when the east wind blows  
Her dream and all its glory goes!

— MARIAN DOUGLAS.

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## BIRCH

(*Betula*)

The birch — most shy and ladylike of trees.

## THE BIRCH TREE

Rippling through thy branches goes the sunshine,  
Among thy leaves that palpitate forever;  
Ovid in thee a pining Nymph had prisoned,  
The soul once of some tremulous island river,  
Quivering to tell her woe, but ah! dumb, dumb, forever!

While all the forest witched with slumberous moon-  
shine,  
Holds up its leaves in happy stillness,  
Waiting the dew with breath and pulse suspended,  
I hear afar thy whispering gleamy islands,  
And track thee wakeful still amid the wide-hung  
silence.



On the brink of some wood-nestled lakelet,  
 Thy foliage like the tresses of a Dryad,  
 Dripping round thy slim white stem whose shadow  
 Slopes quivering down the water's dusky quiet,  
 Thou shrink'st as on her bath's edge would some  
 startled Naiad.

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Then shines the birch in silver vest.

— SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The lady birch and alder trees  
 Do tell their beads like veiled nuns,  
 With hanging vines for rosaries.

— DANSKE DANDRIDGE.

### THE BRAVE OLD CEDARS

The banners of autumn are waving bright,  
 From tower and hill and mountain,  
 Her cohorts and phalanxes gleam with light,  
 By shining river and fountain ;  
 Her armies are standing in dress parade,  
 Equipped with a martial splendor,  
 But the gallant old cedars are undismayed,  
 They die, but never surrender.

The maples, in close-serried ranks, uphold,  
 Their standards of red and yellow,  
 The orchard is burning in crimson and gold,  
 The meadows are ripe and mellow ;

The sentinel poplar and sycamore  
Give welcome to every newcomer,  
And doff the brave colors which once they wore  
In honor of sweet, green summer.

But the cedars lift boldly their rugged arms,  
The favors of autumn scorning,  
And keep their green bravery, though the alarms  
Of surly winter give warning.  
So loyal and true, so valiant and strong,  
The snows and the tempests daring,  
The gallant old cedars, a whole life long,  
The same old standard are bearing.

— ZITELLA COCKE.

O'er yon bare knoll the pointed cedar shadows  
Drowse on the crisp gray moss.

— LOWELL.

High on a hill a goodly cedar grewe,  
Of wondrous length, and straight proportion,  
That farre abroad her dainte odours threwe;  
'Mongst all the daughters of proud Libanon  
Her match in beauty was not anie one.

— SPENSER.

## CHERRY

(*Prunus*)

And the valley stretching for miles below  
is white with blossoming cherry trees, as if just  
covered with lightest snow.

— LONGFELLOW.

The cherry drest for bridal, at my pane  
Brushes, then listens, *Will he come?*

— LOWELL.

Like drifts of tardy snow  
On leafless branches caught,  
The cherry blossoms blow  
That May has brought.

— MARGARET DELAND.

### CHERRY BLOSSOMS

Lent was dreary and late that year;  
April to May was going;  
But the loitering moon refused to round,  
And the wild southeast was blowing.

Day by day from my window high,  
I watched, a lonely warder,  
For a building bird in the garden trees  
Or a flower in the sheltered border.

But I only heard the chilly rain  
On the roof of my chamber beating,  
Or the wild sea wind to the tossing boughs  
Its wail of wreck repeating;

And said, " Ah me! 'tis a weary world,  
This cheerless April weather;  
The beautiful things will droop and die,  
Blossom and bird together."

At last the storm was spent. I slept,  
Lulled by the tired wind's sighing, —  
To wake at morn with the sunshine full  
On floor and garden lying;

And lo! the hyacinth buds were blown;  
A robin blithely singing;  
The cherry blooms by the wall were white,  
And the Easter bells were ringing!

It was long ago, but the memory lives;  
And in all life's Lenten sorrows,  
When tempests of grief and trouble beat  
And I dread the dark to-morrows,

I think of the garden after the rain;  
And hope to my heart comes singing,  
"At morn the cherry blooms will be white,  
And the Easter bells be ringing!"

— EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

## CHESTNUT

(*Castanea*)

The chestnut pouts its great brown buds impatient  
for the laggard May.

— ELIZABETH AKERS.

Lanterned with white the chestnut branches wave.

— ELIZABETH AKERS.

The chestnut lights her mimic chandeliers.

— ELIZABETH AKERS.

Well I remember it in all its prime  
 When in the summertime  
 The affluent foliage of its branches made  
 A cavern of cool shade.

There by the blacksmith's forge, beside the street,  
 Its blossoms white and sweet  
 Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive,  
 And murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of autumn, with a shout,  
 Tossed its great arms about,  
 The shining chestnuts, bursting from the sheath,  
 Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its branches bare,  
 Shaped as a stately chair,  
 Have by my hearthstone found a home at last,  
 And whispered of the past.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Only your love and your remembrance could  
 Give life to this dead wood,  
 And make these branches, leafless now so long,  
 Blossom again in song.       — LONGFELLOW.

### HORSE-CHESTNUT

(*Æsculus hippocastanum*)

Then gray hoshches'nuts leetle hands unfold  
 Soft'n a baby's be at three days old.

— LOWELL.

## SUMMER SNOW

O the glorious snow of summer,  
Have you seen it in its pride?  
How it glows and gleams and glistens,  
To the sun of summertime;  
How it loves his fiery kisses,  
How it joys in his embrace,  
Ever brighter, ever whiter,  
In the radiance of his face.

O the beauty of the snow-fields,  
In the mellow autumn light,  
When ten thousand teeming acres  
Lift their sceptres, spotless white,  
And a sight more brave and royal  
Bounteous nature hath not shown,  
Than the fair and goodly pageant,  
Of King Cotton on his throne!

— ZITELLA COCKE.

## COTTON

Queen-consort of the kingly maize,  
The fair white cotton shares his throne,  
And o'er the Southland's realm she claims  
A just allegiance all her own.

Her downy seeds in early spring,  
Entrusted to the stiff red clay,  
Send swiftly up the fresh green plants,  
In long rows stretching far away.

Then "cotton-choppers," young and old,  
A dusky band, their rude hoes wield,  
While rhythmic songs of olden time  
Float slowly up and down the field.

The summer heat comes on apace;  
Ere many sweet spring days are fled,  
We see among the coarse broad leaves,  
The blossoms, creamy white and red.\*

Beneath the glowing Southern sun  
The green bolls swell and ripen fast,  
And turning then to deep rich brown,  
They burst with fleecy wealth at last.

Like snow, where snow is seldom seen,  
Fresh-fallen, — hang the clusters white,  
The cotton pickers gather fast,  
Rejoicing in the welcome sight.

We watch the harvest gathered in,  
The busy toilers come and go,  
Till freed from seeds, the fluffy mass  
Flies from the gin like flakes of snow.

Then pressed, and safely packed away,  
It goes to mills both far and near,  
And busy looms and skilful hands  
Send forth a fabric white and sheer.

\* The cotton bloom is white when it opens, but turns pink the next day.

To clothe the world! O miracle,  
That from a tiny hidden seed  
Such beauty and such comfort springs  
To meet and fill so large a need!

—MINNIE CURTIS WAIT.

### LITTLE COTTON BALL

If little fluffy Cotton Ball  
Should spread her wings and say,  
“I cannot work, I am too small,”  
Then swiftly fly away,  
  
And then, if all her sisters fair  
Should cut just such a caper,  
What should we do for clothes to wear?  
What should we do for paper?  
  
But Cotton Ball does no such thing,  
She wouldn't be so silly;  
She spends her time in blossoming,  
As fair as any lily.  
  
Through the long, sultry, August days,  
Her pretty face she hides  
In a brown bonnet lined with lace,  
And snugly there abides.  
  
Then bursts into a downy ball,  
As soft and white as snow,  
And when the leaves begin to fall,  
The pickers come and go.



They send their Cotton Ball up north  
 Into a noisy town,  
 There she is woven into cloth  
 To make a pretty gown.

So, though she is so very small,  
 She's very useful too.  
 May we not learn from Cotton Ball,  
 Our very best to do?

—A. E. O'CONNOR.

### CYPRESS

Alas for him who never sees  
 The stars shine through his cypress trees!  
 Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,  
 Nor looks to see the breaking day  
 Across the mournful marbles play!  
 Who hath not learned in hours of faith,  
 The truth to flesh and sense unknown,  
 That Life is ever Lord of Death,  
 And Love can never lose its own!

—WHITTIER.

### DOGWOOD

(*Cornus florida*)

Bright tree, when first your sap was stirred,  
 The spring rejoiced through all the land,  
 And birds and bleating flocks were heard  
 On every hand.

In ways untrodden oft I strayed  
Long since your crowding ranks to see,  
That glimmered down the dusky glade,  
Fresh-blown, bright tree.

What bloom was that, whose thick array  
Had caught the morning's dappled dye,  
Or glassed the face of rosy May,  
As she went by?

— DORA READ GOODALE.

Like roseate clouds the red buds glow,  
And through the woodlands, tinged with hope,  
The dogwood's stars, as pure as snow,  
Shine in a happy horoscope.

— INGRAM CROCKETT.

In floral ermine white as snow,  
The dogwood and the hawthorn glow.

— THEOPHILUS HILL.

## ELDER

(*Sambucus*)

An elder or two  
Foamed over with blossoms white as spray.

— LOWELL.

In clusters creamy white the elder flower  
Waves its broad disk against the rising moon.

— CELIA THAXTER.

## ELM

*(Ulmus)*

Great elms o'erhead  
Dark shadows wove on their aerial looms,  
Shot through with golden thread. — LONGFELLOW.

## THE VILLAGE ELMS

In full-leaved majesty, primeval gladness,  
The broad elms tower above the village street;  
They draw from sun and cloud and earthly stillness  
Their nurture and their life with years replete.

Like their great ancestors in Adam's garden,  
They live upon such calm, mysterious food,  
They sing old tunes to hail meandering breezes  
That Adam heard in Eden's solitude.

Below their motionless and spreading branches,  
That cool the street with shadows emerald-brown,  
Day after day, with humdrum hurly-burly, passes  
The fretful traffic of the little town.

The elms retain their postures old and tranquil,  
The pose of Paradisal morns and eves;  
Year after year unto their deep traditions  
They mould their mighty limbs and dress their  
leaves.

Their palms extend above the brows of trouble,  
They seem to whisper with serenest balm,  
"Remember, nobler airs, ye souls immortal, —  
Remember holy birthrights, and be calm!"

— IRENE PUTNAM.





A lonely fir tree's standing  
On a northern barren height.

## THE ELM

Cathedral-like, a leafy dome I raise,  
Graceful and green above the grassy ways,  
Where, cowed in brown, the choiring thrushes  
throng,  
The monks who fill my ancient aisles with song.

— CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Where mellow haze the hill's sharp outline dims,  
Bare elms, like sentinels, watch silently,  
The delicate tracery of their slender limbs  
Pencilled in purple on the saffron sky.

— ELIZABETH AKERS.

## FIR

(*Abies*)

A lonely fir tree is standing  
On a northern barren height;  
It sleeps, and the ice and snowdrift  
Cast round it a garment of white.

— HEINE.

Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine,  
Which sends a comfortable heat from far,  
Which might supply the sun.

— MILTON.

The pine and fir shed balmy incense-tears.

— ELIZABETH AKERS.

## FIR

Hear'st thou the song it sings to me?  
The endless song of the dark fir tree.  
Before my window, beside my door,  
It sighs and whispers forevermore.  
By dawn, or daylight, or night's mid-hour,  
I hear its still small voice of power.

“Eternity! Eternity!”

Is the hourly message it brings to me.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sometimes the storms of summer pour,  
The lightnings dazzle, the thunders roar;  
Those dark boughs groan, and writhe and sway,  
But sighing and moaning still they say:  
“An end to the tempests of earth shall be;  
A tranquil morning awaiteth thee —

Eternity! Eternity!

Beyond this fateful and angry sea.”

When winter hath scattered leaf and rose,  
And the boughs bend low with heavy snows,  
Their patient drooping a lesson lends,  
To a life borne down with the care He sends.  
“Bend to thy burden! awhile for thee  
The weight and wear of toil must be.

Eternity! Eternity!

From care and carking shall set thee free.”

— ROSE TERRY COOKE.

## HAWTHORN

*(Crataegus)*

Furth goth all the Courte, both most and lest,  
To fetche the flouris freshe, and braunche and  
    blome,  
And namely hauthorne brought both page and  
    grome,  
With fresh garlandis partly blew and white,  
And than rejoisin in their grete delight.

— CHAUCER.

Amongst the many buds proclaiming May  
(Decking the meads in holiday array,  
Striving who shall surpass in bravery)  
Mark the fair blooming of the hawthorn tree.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Yet for the bravery that she is in  
Doth neither handle card nor wheel to spin,  
Nor changeth robes but twice ; is never seen  
In other colors than in white or green.

Learn then, content, young shepherd, from this tree  
Whose greatest wealth is nature's livery.

## THE HAWTHORN

It is at once my glory and my shame  
To own a distant kinship to the tree  
That gave a crown to Him of blessed name,  
The holy One who died on Calvary.

— CLINTON SCOLLARD.



## HEMLOCK

*(Tsuga Canadensis)*

Deep in Katahdin's lands,  
Where roll the wild head waters of the Allequash,  
And nothing breaks the silence save the splash  
Of wading herons and the loon's weird cry,  
O'er lonely lakes that wild and nameless lie;  
Black, shaggy, vast, and still as Barca's sands,  
A hemlock forest stands.

So dense its mantle black,  
'Tis dark at midday, and at night there shines no  
star;  
And save the owl heard weirdly from afar,  
Within its depths no voice of beast or bird,  
And on its velvet floors no step is heard,  
Save when, at dead of night, the hungry pack  
Fling fearful echoes back.

O forest like a pall!  
O hemlock of the wild, O brother to my soul,  
I love thy mantle black, thy shaggy bole,  
Thy form grotesque, thy spreading arms of steel;  
For when the storm sifts down its snow like meal,  
Thy matted branches bend and take it all  
Nor let their burdens fall.

And when I think of thee,  
I see the wild head waters of the Allequash,  
The streams that in the Caucogomoc dash,  
And Athabasca with its nameless lakes;

For where the moose the pathless forest breaks,  
There is thy home, O rugged hemlock tree,  
Child of the forest free!

—FRED LEWIS PATTEE.

O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are  
thy branches!  
Green not alone in summer time,  
But in the winter's frost and rime!  
O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are  
thy branches.

—LONGFELLOW.

## HOLLY

*(Ilex opaca)*

The holly! the holly! O twine it with the bay, —  
Come give the holly a song;  
For it helps to drive stern winter away,  
With his garments so sombre and long.  
It peeps through the trees with its berries of red,  
And its leaves of burnished green,  
When the flowers and fruits have long been dead,  
And not even the daisy is seen.  
Then sing to the holly, the Christmas holly,  
That hangs over peasant and king;  
While we laugh and carouse 'neath its glittering  
boughs,  
To the Christmas holly we'll sing. —ELIZA COOK.

With trembling fingers did we weave  
The holly round the Christmas hearth.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

## THE HOLLY TREE

O reader! hast thou ever stood to see  
The holly tree?  
The eye that contemplates it well perceives  
Its glossy leaves,  
Ordered by an intelligence so wise  
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.  
Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen  
Wrinkled and keen;  
No grazing cattle, through their prickly round,  
Can reach to wound;  
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,  
Smooth and unarmed the printless leaves appear.  
I love to view these things with curious eyes  
And moralize;  
And in this wisdom of the holly tree  
Can emblems see  
Wherewith, perchance, to make a pleasant rhyme,  
One which may profit in the after-time.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,  
Some harshness show,  
All vain asperities I, day by day,  
Would wear away,  
Till the smooth temper of my age should be  
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.  
And as, when all the summer trees are seen  
So bright and green,

The holly leaves their fadeless hues display  
    Less bright than they;  
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,  
What then so cheerful as the holly tree?

So, serious should my youth appear among  
    The thoughtless throng;  
So, would I seem, amid the young and gay,  
    More grave than they;  
That in my age as cheerful I might be  
As the green winter of the holly tree.

— ROBERT SOUTHEY.

## MOUNTAIN LAUREL

(*Kalmia*)

When, pale and pure against the sombre green  
Of spreading hemlocks, and close-crowding pines,  
In northern woods thy moonlight beauty shines, —  
Thou seem'st, O stately *Kalmia*, like a queen  
Alien and sad, exiled but not discrowned;  
A wanderer from distant tropic lands,  
But regal still, and bearing in thy hands  
Caskets of pearl and rose, securely bound.  
Fair fugitive, I would not be too bold,  
Nor seek to probe thy hidden history;  
I pluck thy blossoms, not thy mystery;  
Yet, I were rich indeed, with wealth untold,  
If in some trusting hour thou wouldst unfold  
The secrets that those cunning caskets hold.

— EMILY SHAW FORMAN.

## MOUNTAIN LAUREL

Each chalice holds the infinite air,  
Each rounded cluster grows a sphere;  
A twilight pale she grants us there,  
A rosier sunset here;  
She broods above the happy earth,  
She dwells upon the enchanted days, —  
A thousand voices hail her birth  
In chants of love and praise.

— ELAINE GOODALE.

## LINDEN

(*Tilia*)

The lindens in the fervor of July  
Hum with a loud concert. — BRYANT.

If thou lookest on the limeleaf,  
Thou a heart's form will discover;  
Therefore are the lindens ever  
Chosen seats of each fond lover.

— HEINE.

## THE MAGNOLIA TREE

(*Magnolia grandiflora*)

The gradual shades of the twilight fall,  
And the scents of the flowers, after the heat,  
Come freshly over the garden wall —  
But one rich odor transcends them all,  
Strong and subtle, and sweet, how sweet!

A wonderful fragrance, deep and rare —  
The breath of the great magnolia flower,  
That after the long day's din and glare,  
Comes softly forth, like a silent prayer,  
To bless and sweeten the grateful hour.

At morn to the sun's enamored rays  
It opens its bosom's snowy prime;  
Pride of the sultry summer days,  
It gives its beauty to all who gaze,  
But keeps its soul for the twilight time.

And when the valleys grow dim with night,  
And the skies relent from their noonday heat,  
Its long leaves shine in the level light,  
And its wide rich flowers of luminous white  
Slowly close, with a gush of sweet.

I see it, glinting in moonlit air,  
With blossoms like white translucent bowls  
Of alabaster, all creamy fair,  
Filled with a fragrance strange and rare  
As a waft from the land of happy souls.

O gentle airs, which so softly blow,  
Woosing their beauty lover-wise,  
Tell me, if haply ye may know,  
Is this like the lovely trees which grow  
By the silver streams of Paradise?

For if nature holds in her gardens wide,  
 One thing so perfect and wholly fair  
 That when we cross to the other side,  
 Where the green fields smile and the clear waves  
     glide,  
 We may find it, grown immortal there —

Safe from winter and storm and blight,  
 Green and deathless, it seems to me  
 It is this fair dweller in warmth and light,  
 With its glossy leaves, and the blossoms white,  
 The beautiful brave magnolia tree!

Queen of the South, and love of the sun!  
 Happy indeed must the sleeper be  
 Who finds his rest, when at last it is won,  
 And the dew hangs heavy, and day is done,  
 Under the broad magnolia tree!

— ELIZABETH AKERS.

Majestic flower! How purely beautiful  
 Thou art, as rising from thy bower of green,  
 Those dark and glossy leaves so thick and full,  
 Thou standest like a high-born forest queen  
 Among thy maidens clustering round so fair; —  
 And look into thy depths to image there  
 A fairy cavern; and while thus beholding,  
 And while thy breeze floats o'er thee, matchless  
     flower,  
 I breathe the perfume, delicate and strong,

That comes like incense from thy petal-bower ;  
My fancy roams those Southern woods along,  
Beneath that glorious tree, where deep among  
The unsunned leaves thy large white flower cups  
hung!

— CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

## MAPLE

*(Acer saccharinum)*

### IN THE SUGAR CAMP

*(March)*

The sun is pouring from a cloudless sky ;  
The glittering snow o'er stream and field and hill  
Will bear our weight ; there's summer in the air ;  
But ah ! how bare the leafless wood and still !

There's scarce a breath to stir the maple trees ;  
There's not a wildwood voice or bird afloat  
Save the low alto of the chickadee, —  
But hark ! hurrah ! the bluebird's joyous note !

And oh ! the sun, the flooding, golden sun !  
The roof trees pour their floods beneath its beams,  
And from the maples come the gay drip-drop  
Of sap on every hand in limpid streams.

The sun rolls high. The snow no longer bears.  
The roads are swimming o'er with bubbling streams.  
The tubs are filling in the sugar bush,  
Drip-drop, and every drop like crystal gleams.



And now the steers. Leap on the hogshead, boys,  
 'Tis now high time the gathering was begun;  
 The snow is deep, but every maple tree  
 Must yield its pail of sweet ere set of sun.

And next the boiling. Through the whole long  
 night  
 The foaming pans pour out their clouds of steam;  
 And when the darkness falls among the trees,  
 The fires send o'er the snow their ruddy gleam.

Far up the mountain moans a lonely owl;  
 The river's murmur comes from far away;  
 The air is damp: the breath of mossy woods;  
 But all about the fires is bright and gay.

For there are stories, apples juicy red,  
 And maple honey that the snow might stain.  
 O vision of my boyhood, perfect day,  
 I would I might come back to thee again!

— FRED LEWIS PATTER.

## MAPLE

But the maple dons a blush  
 Rosier than the rosiest flush  
 Which in summer glows and thrills  
 All along the sunrise hills, —  
 Breaking into sudden bloom,  
 As from out his sombre tomb  
 Bursts the newborn butterfly  
 Gorgeous with his brilliant dye.

— ELIZABETH AKERS.

## STABAT MATER

Again maternal autumn grieves  
As bloodlike drip the maple leaves  
    On nature's Calvary,  
And every sap-forsaken limb  
Renews the mystery of Him  
    Who died upon a tree.

— JOHN B. TABB.

## MAPLE

When April winds  
Grew soft, the maple burst into a flush  
Of scarlet flowers.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

## THE MAPLE

The maple puts her corals on in May,  
While loitering frosts about the lowlands cling,  
To be in tune with what the robins sing,  
Plastering new long-huts 'mid her branches gray;  
But when the autumn southward turns away,  
Then in her veins burns most the blood of spring,  
And every leaf, intensely blossoming,  
Makes the year's sunset pale, the set of day.  
O Youth unprescient, were it only so  
With trees you plant, and in whose shade reclined,  
Thinking their drifting blooms Fate's coldest snow,

You carve dear names upon the faithful rind,  
Nor in that vernal stem the cross foreknow  
That Age shall bear, silent, yet unresigned.

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

### THE MAPLE

From burst of leaf till fall of leaf I braid  
For browsing herds deep amplitudes of shade;  
From lowest springing branch to rounded crest  
I am the house the robin loves the best.

— CLINTON SCOLLARD.

### MULBERRY

(*Morus*)

O the mulberry tree is of trees the queen!  
Bare long after the rest are green;  
But as time steals onwards, while none perceives,  
Slowly she clothes herself with leaves —  
Hides her fruit under them hard to find.

\*           \*           \*           \*           \*           \*

But, by and by, when the flowers grow few  
And the fruits are dwindling and small to view, —  
Out she comes in her matron grace  
With the purple myriads of her race;  
Full of plenty from root to crown,  
Showering plenty her feet adown.  
While far overhead hang gorgeously  
Large luscious berries of sanguine dye,  
For the best grows highest, always highest,  
Upon the mulberry tree.

— D. M. MULOCK.

## OAK

*(Quercus)*

On the old oak's stems in splendor  
Glorious blossoms fast unfold;  
Foreign blossoms fall, and tender  
Breezes greet us as of old.

— HEINE.

The tall oak towering to the skies  
The fury of the wind defies,  
From age to age in virtue strong,  
Inured to stand and suffer wrong.

— MONTGOMERY.

## THE OAK

I am the type of strength and steadfastness;  
The man who measureth by me his might,  
Howe'er so fierce may prove the conflict's stress,  
Will ever stand unvanquished in the fight.

— CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,  
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars  
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir.

— KEATS.

## OAK

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,  
Who hath ruled in the green wood long;  
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,  
And his fifty arms so strong.

There's fear in his frown, when the sun goes down,  
 And the fire in the west fades out ;  
 And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,  
 When the storms through his branches shout.

Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,  
 Who stands in his pride alone ;  
 And still flourish he, a hale green tree,  
 When a hundred years are gone.

— H. F. CHORLEY.

The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,  
 Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees ;  
 Three centuries he grows, and three he stays —  
 Supreme in state, and in three more decays.

— DRYDEN.

The oak, when living monarch of the wood ;  
 The English oak, which, dead, commands the flood.

— CHURCHILL.

### LIVE-OAK

With his gnarled old arms, and his iron form,  
 Majestic in the wood,  
 From age to age in the sun and storm,  
 The live-oak long hath stood.  
 With his stately air, that grave old tree,  
 He stands like a hooded monk,  
 With the gray moss waving solemnly  
 From his shaggy limbs and trunk.

And the generations come and go,  
And still he stands upright,  
And he sternly looks on the woods below,  
As conscious of his might.  
But a mourner sad is the hoary tree,  
A mourner sad and lone,  
And is clothed in funeral drapery,  
For the long since dead and gone.

— HENRY R. JACKSON.

### ORANGE

(*Citrus aurantium*)

The fragrant orange flowers  
Fall to earth in silver showers.

— JULIA C. R. DORR.

Beneath some orange trees,  
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze  
Were wantoning together free,  
Like age at play with infancy.

— THOMAS MOORE.

### THE ORANGE TREE

Ah, plant the tree, born of Arabia's sands,  
That drinks the living sunbeam like the vine,  
And changes them as with uplifted hands  
To globes of pure and immemorial wine!  
For whom we know not; not for death, we know;  
For bridal chapels, convalescent rooms,  
And happy festivals; blow, ye south winds, blow,  
And bless the land that sows the orange blooms!

From Oman's gardens in Arabian air,  
     O Tree of God, thou wentest forth to bless:  
 To Persian Irak, 'cross the desert bare;  
     To Syria, lapped in summer's loveliness;  
 Then like the Magi's feet from Arabee  
     That sought the Christ, thou went'st where went  
         the cross;  
 To Malta's steep, to sea-wet Sicily,  
     Hispanian shores, and airy Badajos.

Beyond the Ganges long, in suns of Ind,  
     Thy burning apples, in cool leafages,  
 Mellowed and fell; nor Cæsar's eye divined  
     Thy Paradises, hid from sunset seas;  
 No Roman pilgrim o'er the Oxus bore  
     Thy juicy goblets to his halls,  
 With masks and maces from the Caspian shore,  
     Or spices bribed at Sun-god's festivals.

But tropic brides inwove thee in their hair  
     'Mid moonlight pearls and goldlit floss of plumes,  
 To gain the blessing of that Primal Pair  
     Whom God first wedded 'mid immortal blooms,  
 Till all the hearts that felt love's miracles,  
     From Damascenes to maids of Norland's cold,  
 Dreamed of thy odors with the marriage bells,  
     And astrals gleaming on thy globes of gold.

The old Crusader 'neath the Syrian sun,  
     Tasted thy cups and turned his eyes to God;  
 The Red Cross Knight 'neath blazing Askalon  
     Lipped the cool chalice sinking on the sod;

Then 'cross new oceans walked the Genoese,  
Like Peter sinking, yet upheld, and there  
He left thy seeds, and new Hesperides  
Rose from the deep, as Oman's garden's, fair.

Thou followest the conquistadors old  
Who, glimmering from the Inca's high plateaus  
O'er purpled seas, landed on steeds of gold  
And up the hills of the Ocali rose;  
No golden domes hung sunlike in the air  
As from Ocali's oaks they gazed afar,  
But by the lakes they left thy white seeds there,  
And kissed the sun a new-born Florida.

Or him who, haunted by the Cacique's tales  
Of juvenescent fountains, left blue seas  
And windless sails of anchored caravels,  
For coral rivers 'neath the beaded trees.  
The gray Castilian found not youth again  
In St. Augustine's palm wells by the sea,  
Nor in Waukulla of the piney plain,  
And yet he left eternal youth in thee!

Fruit of the monks in worldless solitudes;  
Of sandalled Palmers in their restless quest;  
Of war-spent heroes in the fortified woods;  
Of bold feluccas veering to the West;  
Of low Brazils fanned by the worn sea's wings;  
Of Californian vales of blooms and balms;  
And fairer than the orangeries of kings,  
Of negro cabins 'mid Floridian palms.



The Tree of Peace, o'er shields of prostrate knights,  
     The Battle of the Hallelujahs rolled,  
 The Battle of the Oranges delights  
     Time's sweeter harps, like England cloth of gold.  
 The stacked spears of banquets of Provence,  
     Sicilian peace pipes, Moorish hymns of rest,  
 All knew thy golden apples, and the sense  
     Of love they brought from Araby, the Blest.

Flower of the Bridal Veil, whose odorous breath  
     Sweeps, organ-voiced, through palpitating aisles,  
 In happy hours oblivious of death;  
     What countless maids have showered in thee their  
     smiles!

The heritage of Eden thou dost bear  
     To him whose lips first breathe the name of wife,  
 No coronation is like thee; to wear  
     The spray prophetic from the Tree of Life!

The angels left thee when they took their flight  
     And bore the tree of amaranth away;  
 Ascension lilies for death's fingers white,  
     And orange blossoms for life's wedding day.  
 Happy is he who plants thy seeds beside  
     His latticed home, amid the sunland's bowers,  
 Whether for mart, or mocking-bird, or bride,  
     God's angels still are veiled in thy flowers.

Then plant the Tree, and give the blossoming earth  
     The gift of beauty for her gifts divine;  
 The sibyl winds shall bless thee for its birth,  
     And gratitude wed hearts unborn to thine;





I love the palm  
With its leaves of beauty, its fruit of balm.

When thou art dust thy thought eternal shall grow  
In fecund suns and life-descending showers,  
Breathe soft, O winds, and coo ye ring-doves low;  
Immortal Future — here we bid thy flowers!

— HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

### PALM

Next to thee, O fair gazelle,  
O Beddowee girl, beloved so well;

Next to the fearless Nedjidee,  
Whose fleetness shall bear me again to thee;

Next to thee both, I love the palm  
With its leaves of beauty, its fruit of balm;

Next to thee both, I love the tree  
Whose fluttering shadow wraps us three  
With love and silence and mystery!

— BAYARD TAYLOR.

### PEACH

Blush-tinted petals of the new  
Peach blossoms lend a rosy hue  
To fields that widen on the view,  
To where — withdrawn into a mist  
Of crimson haze and amethyst —  
The sky puts off its living blue.

— THEO. H. HILL.

The peach tree twigs are strung with pink,  
And murmurous with bees.

— ELIZABETH AKERS.

PEAR

(*Pyrus communis*)

The great white pear tree dropped with dew from  
leaves  
And blossoms, under heavens of happy blue.

— JEAN INGELow.

I ask in vain  
Who planted on the slope this lofty group  
Of ancient pear trees that with springtime burst  
Into such breadth of bloom. One bears a scar  
Where the quick lightning scored its trunk, yet still  
It feels the breath of spring, and every May  
Is white with blossoms. Who was it that laid  
Their infant roots in earth, and tenderly  
Cherished the delicate sprays, I ask in vain ;  
Yet bless the unknown hand to which I owe  
This annual festival of bees, these songs  
Of birds within their leafy screen, these shouts  
Of joy from children, gathering up the fruit  
Shaken in August from the willing boughs.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

## PERSIMMON

*(Diospyros virginiana)*

Have you ever,  
On your travels  
Through the queer, uncertain South,  
Had a 'simmon —  
Green persimmon —  
Make a sortie on your mouth?

— FRANK H. SWEET.

## PINE

*(Pinus)*

The pine is the mother of legends.

— LOWELL.

## THE PINE TREE

Beneath my shade the red man slipping,  
Himself a shadow, stole away;  
A paler shadow follows him!  
Races may go, or races stay,  
The cones upon my loftiest limb  
The winds will many a year be stripping.  
And there the hidden day be throwing  
His fires, though dark the dead prime be,  
Before the bird shakes off the dew.  
Ah! What songs have been sung to me,  
What songs will yet be sung, when you  
Are dust upon the four winds blowing!

Before your atoms came together  
 I was full grown, a tower of strength,  
 Seen by the sailors out at sea,  
 With great storms measuring all my length,  
 Making my mighty minstrelsy  
 Companion of the ancient weather.

Yours! Just as much as the stars that shiver  
 When the frost sparkles overhead!  
 Call yours as soon those viewless airs  
 That sing in the clear vault, and trend  
 The clouds! Less yours than theirs  
 The fish-hawks swooping round the river!

In the primeval depths, embowering  
 My broad boughs with my branching peers,  
 My gums I spilled in precious drops —  
 Ay, even in those elder years,  
 The eagle building in my tops,  
 Along my boughs the panther cowering.

— HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

The sea-suggesting pines, with the moan of the  
 billow in their branches.

— LONGFELLOW.

Strange minstrels on their airy harps  
 Among your trembling branches played.

— JULIA C. R. DORR.

## TO A PINE TREE

\* \* \* \* \*  
In the storm, like a prophet o'ermaddened,  
Thou singest, and tossest thy branches ;  
Thy heart with the terror is gladdened,  
Thou forbodest the dread avalanches,  
When whole mountains sweep valeward.

In the calm thou o'erstretchest the valleys  
With thine arms, as if blessing imploring,  
Like an old king led forth from his palace  
When his people to battle are pouring  
From the city beneath him.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Spite of winter, thou keep'st thy green glory,  
Lusty father of Titans past number !  
The snowflakes alone make thee hoary,  
Nestling close to thy branches in slumber,  
And thee mantling with silence.

Thou alone know'st the splendor of winter,  
Mid thy snow-silvered, hushed precipices,  
Hearing crags of green ice groan and splinter,  
And then plunge down the muffled abysses  
In the quiet of midnight.

Thou alone knowest the glory of summer,  
Gazing down on thy broad seas of forest,  
On thy subjects that send a proud murmur  
Up to thee, to their sachem, who towerest  
From thy bleak throne to heaven.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



## THE COMFORT OF THE PINES

I fain would seek that brotherhood,  
The monastery of the wood,  
Earth-bound and tempest-tossed, yet given  
The blessed calm and peace of heaven!

Tall-hooded monks in solemn band,  
Uplifting prayerful arms they stand,  
Intoning whispered orison  
And glad triumphant antiphon!

Brave brothers, yielding limb and form  
Unto the insult of the storm,  
Or battling in exultant song  
Against the fierce tornado's wrong!

Sublimely patient, grandly calm!  
Dispensing life-inspiring balm,  
Till wind-swept plain and forest dense  
Are comforted with rich incense;

Till solace, far beyond their ken,  
Enwraps the toil-worn brains of men,  
And bruised hearts their anguish ease  
Mid soothing, healing ministries!

O brothers strong, did the same Hand  
Frame you that made me, — ye who stand  
Undaunted in unchanging light  
Through winter's wrath, and time's despite?

Who feel life's cruel strife and stress  
Untainted by its bitterness,  
Whose deepest sigh, whose sorest tear,  
Such sweetness gives to atmosphere,

That ruthless winds, so long withstood,  
Became your ministers of good,  
And bear upon their dying breath  
The very antidote of death?

— ZITELLA COCKER.

They rustle and whisper like ghosts,  
They sigh like souls in pain,  
Like the movement of stealthy hosts  
They surge, and are silent again.  
The midnight hush is deep,  
But the pines — the spirits distress —  
They move in somnambulant sleep —  
They whisper, and are not at rest.

— JOHN HENRY BONER.

### THE PINES

Through circling seasons night and day,  
Forlornly gaunt and wistful,  
They voice the same pathetic lay  
With echoes weird and tristful.  
Have they incurred some secret stain,  
Some sin beyond redeeming?  
Alas! their sorrow spells my brain  
And mingles with my dreaming.

They never feel the fragrant charms  
 From violets upbreathing;  
 They never heed the blushing arms  
 Of roses round them wreathing.  
 Their mystic woe knows no relief;  
 They stand through endless ages  
 Symbolic of a hopeless grief  
 Nor love nor time assuages.

—SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

### THE SNOWING OF THE PINES

It was in a beautiful grove of pines near Worcester, Mass., that Colonel T. W. Higginson was inspired to pen this famous verse.

Softer than silence, stiller than still air,  
 Float down from high pine boughs the slender  
 leaves.  
 The forest floor its annual boon receives,  
 That comes like snowfall, tireless, tranquil, fair.  
 Gently they glide, gently they clothe the bare  
 Old rocks with grace. Their fall a mantle weaves  
 Of paler yellow than autumnal sheaves,  
 Or those strange blossoms the witch-hazels wear.  
 Athwart long aisles the sunbeams pierce their  
 way;  
 High up the crows are gathering for the night;  
 The delicate needles fill the air; the jay  
 Takes through the golden mist his radiant flight;  
 They fall and fall till at November's close  
 The snowflakes drop as lightly — snows on  
 snows.

## WILD PLUM BLOSSOMS

Not with slow and coy advance  
Do they wax and greet the view,  
Suddenly they charm the glance  
Like a sweet dream swiftly true;  
Twigs that scarce foretold a trace  
Fire the blood with thrilling grace.

Dew-prankt buds in sprays of white,  
Waving o'er the winter's tomb,  
Not in sorrow, but delight,  
Have they burst in fragrant bloom,  
Seeking with sweet spells to bind  
Every vagrant Southern wind.

Some beside the zigzag fence  
Lean their foreheads, white and pure;  
Some above the broom-sedge dense  
Reach white arm in spicy lure,  
Like fair Naiads breathing balm  
Of the mellilite and palm.

When the bands of wild bees come  
Swooping down like buccaneers,  
Heedless of their tropic hum  
Every blossom laughs, nor fears  
Aught such tiny foes can do,  
Brigands of the breezy blue.

—SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

## POMEGRANATE

*(Punica granatum)*

The pomegranate is much cultivated in warm countries, and apparently is a native of Asia, and perhaps of Northern Africa. It is frequently mentioned in the Old Testament. It has long been naturalized in the south of Europe, and thrives well in the Southern states of America. The flowers are a brilliant scarlet, the fruit as large as an orange, with a thick leathery rind of a fine golden yellow, with a rosy tinge on one side, the cells filled with numerous seeds, each of which is surrounded with pulp, and separately enclosed in a thin membrane. The pulp is sweet, sometimes subacid, of a pleasant, delicate flavor, very cooling and particularly grateful in warm climates. The rind of the fruit is very astringent.

## POMEGRANATES

Pomegranates sweet and pomegranates sour  
    Hang in the red October sun;  
Nobody knew, when they were in flower  
    And their life had just begun,  
Which was the sweet and which was the sour,  
    Till they ripened one by one.  
  
The blooms were hats of cardinal hue  
    And trumpets of yellow flame;  
And as the fruits to perfection grew,  
    Their red coats were just the same.

Then the darts of the sun cleft the rinds in two,  
And their deep-red hearts burst out to view;  
But till they were tasted, nobody knew  
Where the sweet and the sour came.  
For pomegranate sour is a bitter cheat,  
But a luscious thing is pomegranate sweet!

In youth's bright and rosy bower  
A bevy of maidens play:  
Their fresh young life is just in flower,  
But which is the sweet and which is the sour,  
Pray, who will dare to say?  
But there will come a day  
When life's sharp darts  
Will cleave their hearts,  
And taste we must in adversity's hour  
Which nature is sweet and which is the sour.

— ZITELLA COCKE.

### POPLAR

Trees, that like the poplar, lift upward all their  
boughs, give no shade and no shelter, whatever their  
height.

— BULWER-LYTTON.

Somewhat back from the village street  
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat;  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;  
And from its station in the hall  
An ancient timepiece says to all, —  
“Forever! — never!  
Never! — forever!” — LONGFELLOW.

The poplar drops beside the way  
Its tasselled plumes of silver-gray.

— ELIZABETH AKERS.

The silver poplar's pearl-and-emerald sheen  
Glimmers incessant, shadowing the eaves.

— ELIZABETH AKERS.

### LOMBARDY POPLAR

And stiff and tall along the shoreward rocks  
Lombardy poplars woful sentry stand,  
And each with shadow on the greensward mocks  
The spectral pointing of the dial's hand.

— ARLO BATES.

From "An Old Garden," in *Berries of the Brier*. Copyright, 1886,  
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### THE RHODORA

(*Rhodora canadensis*)

In May, when sea winds pierced our solitudes,  
I found the fresh rhodora in the woods,  
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,  
To please the desert and the sluggish brook:  
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,  
Made the black waters with their beauty gay, —  
Here might the redbird come his plumes to cool,  
And court the flower that cheapens his array.  
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why  
This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky,

Dear, tell them, that if eyes were made for seeing,  
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.  
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!  
I never thought to ask: I never knew,  
But in my simple ignorance suppose  
The self-same power that brought me there brought  
you.

— RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

## THE ROSE

(*Rosa*)

What is this that hath made the rose,  
Gray roots and an earthy clod?  
Rather, — the sunshine, rain, and dew,  
And — the breath of God!

— MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

A sweeter flower did nature ne'er put forth.

— WILLIAM BROWNE.

Of all the garden flowers,  
The fairest is the rose.

— MOIR.

Woo on, with odor wooing me,  
Faint rose with fading core;  
For God's rose-thought that blooms in thee  
Will bloom forevermore.

— GEORGE MACDONALD.



# ROSE

Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd,  
 Like the vase in which roses have once been dis-  
     tilled:  
 You may break, you may shatter, the vase, if you  
     will,  
 But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

—THOMAS MOORE.

# ROSES

O roses, roses! Who shall sing  
 The beauty of the flowers of God!  
 Or thank the angels from whose wing  
 The seeds are scattered on the sod  
 From which such bloom and perfume spring!

Sure they have heavenly genesis  
 Which make a heaven of every place;  
 Which company our bale and bliss,  
 And never to our sinning race  
 Speak aught unhallowed, or amiss!

When love is grieved, their buds atone;  
 When love is wed, their forms are near;  
 They blend their breathing with the moan  
 Of love when dying, and the bier  
 Is white with them in every zone.

No spot is mean that they begem;  
No nosegay fair that holds them not;  
They melt the pride and stir the phlegm  
Of lord and churl, in court and cot,  
And weave a common diadem.

For human brows where'er they grow,  
They write all languages of red,  
They speak all dialects of snow,  
And all the words of gold are said  
With fragrant meanings where they blow!

O sweetest flowers! O flowers divine!  
In which God comes so closely down,  
We gather from His chosen sign  
The tints that cluster in His crown —  
The perfume of His breath divine.

O sweetest flowers! O flowers that hold  
The fragrant life of Paradise  
For a brief day, shut fold in fold,  
That we may drink it in a trice,  
And drop the empty pink and gold!

O sweetest flowers, that have a breath  
For every passion that we feel!  
They tell us what the Master saith  
Of blessing, in our woe and weal,  
And all events of life and death!

— JOHN G. HOLLAND.

From *The Mistress of the Manse*. Published by Charles Scribner's  
Sons.

Like a rose  
Red morn began to blossom, and uncloze  
A flushing brightness on the dewy steep.

—OWEN MEREDITH.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,  
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;  
The rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,  
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.

—WALTER SCOTT.

There's naught in nature bright or gay,  
Where roses do not shed their ray,  
When morning paints the orient skies,  
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes.

—THOMAS MOORE.

No flower of her kindred,  
No rosebud is nigh,  
To reflect back her blushes  
Or give sigh for sigh.

—THOMAS MOORE.

## ROSE

When Love first came to earth, the Spring  
Spread rose-beds to receive him.

—CAMPBELL.

A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Rose! thou art the sweetest flower  
 That ever drank the amber shower;  
 Rose! thou art the fondest child  
 Of dimpled spring, the wood-nymph mild!

\* \* \* \* \*

Then bring me showers of roses, bring,  
 And shed them round me while I sing.

Translated by Moore.

— ANACREON.

### THE MOSS ROSE

The angel of the flowers, one day,  
 Beneath a rose tree sleeping lay, —  
 That spirit to whose charge is given  
 To bathe young buds in dew of heaven.  
 Awaking from his light repose,  
 The angel whispered to the rose:  
 “ Oh, fondest object of my care,  
 Still fairest found, where all are fair;  
 For the sweet shade thou givest me  
 Ask what thou wilt, ’tis granted thee.”  
 “ Then,” said the rose, with deepened glow,  
 “ On me another grace bestow.”  
 The spirit paused in silent thought, —  
 What grace is there that flower has not?  
 ’Twas but a moment, — o’er the rose  
 A veil of moss the angel throws,  
 And robed in nature’s simplest weed,  
 Could there a flower that rose exceed?

— AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

If Jove should give the happy bowers  
A queen for all their world of flowers,  
The rose would be the choice of Jove  
And blush the queen of every grove.  
Sweetest child of weeping morning,  
Gem, the breast of earth adorning,  
Eye of flow'rets! glow of lawns,  
Bud of beauty nursed by dawns!

— SAPPHO.

### CINNAMON ROSES

It is but a break in the woodland  
This wall of young poplar encloses;  
There is not a trace of a dwelling  
Save only these cinnamon roses.  
A glow like a cloud of the morning,  
Each bloom with its heart's hidden gold;  
The dear threshold flowers of New England,  
Our grandmothers cherished of old.

All sweet with their fragrance the south wind  
Sways softly the boughs to and fro;  
"We planted those flowers," a low whisper  
Floats down from the dim long ago.  
Who were they? We know not; the wildwood  
The place with its green wall encloses;  
A home that has vanished forever  
Still lives in their cinnamon roses.

— MARIAN DOUGLAS.

*From Harper's Basar.* Copyright, 1894, by Harper & Brothers.

## A SONG FOR WILD ROSE TIME

Sweet wild rose, amid the rocks  
All a growing, growing ;  
Dainty rose, in rosy flocks,  
Still a blowing, blowing, —  
Tell me, on this barren shore,  
Why you choose to grow?  
Smiled the rose, " My roots find life,  
Only this I know."

Brave sweet rose, amid the rocks,  
All a growing, growing ;  
Blushing rose, in fragrant flocks,  
Rosily a blowing, —  
Tell me how, on life's wild shore,  
My place to find and fill?  
" Live, and love the world," she said,  
" Trust, and then be still."

— KATHERINE PEARSON WOODS.

The wind-briar rose, a fragrant cup  
To hold the morning tears. — ANON.

The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem  
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.  
— SHAKESPEARE.

The rose saith in the dewy morn,  
" I am most fair ; yet all my loveliness is born upon  
a thorn."  
— D. G. ROSSETTI.

Wild rose, sweet brier, eglantine,  
All these pretty names are mine,  
And scent in every leaf is mine,  
And a leaf for all is mine,  
And the scent — oh, that's divine!  
Happy-sweet and pungent fine,  
Pure as dew, and pick'd as wine.

— LEIGH HUNT.

Because the rose must fade,  
Shall I not love the rose?

— R. W. GILDER.

### THE WILD ROSE THICKET

Where humming flies frequent, and where  
Pink petals open to the air,

The wild rose thicket seems to be  
The summer in epitome.

Amid its gold-green coverts meet  
The late dew, and the noonday heat;

Around it, to the sea rim harsh,  
The patient levels of the marsh;

And o'er it the pale heavens bent,  
Half sufferance and half content.

— CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.



The wild rose thicket seems to be  
The summer in epitome.





## CHEROKEE ROSES

Roses, roses, roses, roses !  
White as the drift of the driven snow,  
White as the heart which a cloud uncloses  
When the west wind sings to it soft and low.  
Roses white as the foam on the water,  
When the long wave lifts itself to the sky,  
White as a dove's breast when (love taught her)  
She turns towards the sun and her mate is nigh.

Roses, roses, roses, roses !  
Pearling the hedgerows, rugged and old ;  
Deep in each delicate heart reposes  
Hidden sweets 'mid the powdery gold.  
Roses that cling to the pines like laces ;  
Roses twining the mock-birds' nest ;  
Roses in lonely and lovely places,  
Haunted by silence and peace and rest.

Roses, roses, roses, roses !  
The old stone porch of the hall they climb,  
And down by the river the cabin door is  
Wreathed with roses in roses' time,  
Lover of earth, and our heart's desire,  
One perfect bloom in my hand I close,  
Woven of light, of air, and of fire,  
Who but God could make for us — a rose ?

— ELEANOR A. HUNTER.

## CHEROKEE ROSE

Garden roses all are praising, —  
Gorgeous urns of balmy incense,  
Persia's graceful, proud sultanas,  
Provence darlings, burning Tuscans,  
Sunny Seville's regal daughters,  
Blooming on the lawn and terrace  
Like the queens of ancient tourney,  
Peerless in their high-born beauty;  
    But one born this side the sea  
    Is a fairer flow'r to me —  
    The sweet rose, named Cherokee!

With her loving arms embracing  
Cotton-field and broad plantation,  
How she cheers the heart of toiler!  
And her snowy, radiant blossoms,  
Gleaming thro' the moonlit distance,  
Seem like bands of white-robed maidens,  
Like the sacred vestal virgins  
With their lustrous lamps of silver.  
    But a country floweret she,  
    Yet no rose at court could be  
    Lovelier than the Cherokee!

When the skies are bleak and bitter,  
Bright with life and emerald greenness,  
She entwines the naked treetop,  
Glistens thro' the heavy rainfall, —

Sparkles 'neath the frost and snowflake,  
Gladd'ning weary miles of highway,  
Showing the sweet mind of summer,  
E'en when winter's hand is on her!  
    In my drear adversity,  
    Would I could be brave like thee,  
    Dauntless rose of Cherokee!

And some morning, ere we know it,  
On her slender, budding branches  
Mocking-bird is proudly singing  
Such a romance of the forest  
That our hearts are filled with longing.  
And the snowwhite blossoms near him,  
Know that gentle spring is coming,  
And burst forth in joy to meet her.  
    Then the mocking-bird sings free  
    Love's triumphant jubilee  
    To the rose of Cherokee! — ZITELLA COCKER.

## SASSAFRAS

(*Sassafras officinale*)

Fringing cypress forests dim  
Where the owl makes weird abode,  
Bending down with spicy limb  
O'er the old plantation road,  
Through the swamp and up the hill,  
Where the dappled byways run,  
'Round the gin-house by the mill,  
Floats its incense to the sun.

Swift to catch the voice of spring  
Soon its tasselled blooms appear;  
Modest in their blossoming,  
Breathing balm and waving cheer.  
Rare the greeting that they send  
To the fragrant wildwood blooms,  
Bidding every blossom blend  
In a chorus of perfumes.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh, where skies are summer-kissed  
And the drowsy days are long,  
'Neath the sassafras, to list  
To the field-hands' mellow song!  
Or, more sweet than chimes that hang  
In some old cathedral dome,  
Catch the distant kingle-klang  
Of the cow-bells tinkling home.

—SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

## SPIRAEA

(*Spiraea tomentosa*)

About half-buried boulders, overgrown  
With cold gray lichens and with patches round  
Of yellow moss set in concentric rings  
Upon rough surface of the weathered stone,  
There stubborn hardhack bold disputes the ground  
With creeping vine, and to its refuge clings.

Not fed upon by any browsing herd,  
Protection only claiming from the hoof,  
And having this from pasture rock and wall;



Retreat well noticed by sagacious bird,  
Whose nest has hardhack leafage for its roof,  
And close rose-tinted racemes over all.

Among wild native bushes creeping fast  
O'er our neglected fields and pastures bare,  
How frequent is the blooming hardhack met!  
Its fragrance breathing of a happier past  
When in the mother land with thoughtful care,  
A favored shrub, 'twas in the hedgerows set!

— ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE.

## SUMACH

(*Rhus*)

The sumach dons her jewels  
Of garnet's glowing hue,  
And looks in rustic mirror,  
The brook, her charms to view.

— RAY LAURANCE.

## TULIP

(*Liriodendron tulipifera*)

The tulip tree, high up,  
Opened, in airs of June, her multitude  
Of golden chalices to humming-birds  
And silken-winged insects of the sky.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The tulip tree uplifts her goblets high.

— ELIZABETH AKERS.

WILLOW

(*Salix*)

Who will sing us a song of spring? Pussy will O.

A SPRING VERSE

Now spring is stirring to arise  
 Upon her violet pillows,  
 Now, purring softly down the road,  
 Come little pussy-willows.

— MARY E. WILKINS.

SPRING SECRETS

Guess what Doris told me?  
 If you look,  
 On the meadows growing,  
 By the brook,  
 Little furry pussies soft and gray  
 On the slim red branches swing and sway,  
 Cuddle close and never run away.

Just the dearest pussies,  
 Small and sweet,  
 Not a speck of any tail  
 Or feet.

What if we should go there, you and I,  
 With a big, big basket, warm and dry,  
 Could we get some, do you s'pose?  
 Let's try.

— EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

## PUSSY-WILLOW

" Pussy, pussy, pussy ! " there she stood a calling,  
" Pussy, pussy, pussy ! " her voice rang sweet and shrill-o.

Yet still her pussy lingered ; but, on a bush beside her,

Crept softly out in answer a little pussy-willow.

— MARY E. WILKINS.

## THE FIRST COMER

The drift of the gateway is dingy and low ;  
And half of yon hillside is free from the snow ;  
Among the dead rushes, the brook's flowing now ;  
And here's Pussy-willow again on the bough !

" Hi, ho, Pussy-willow ! Say why are you here ? "

" I've brought you a message : The summer is near ;  
All through the long winter, uneasy I've slept ;  
To hear the wild March wind, half listening I kept.

" Loud blew his shrill whistle, and, up and awake,  
My brown cloak from off me I've ventured to shake ;  
Thrice happy in being the first one to say,  
Rejoice, for the summer is now on her way !

" The moss-hidden mayflowers will blossom ere long,

And gay robin-redbreast be trilling a song,  
But always before them, I'm sure to be here ;  
'Tis first Pussy-willow says, ' Summer is near. ' "

— MARIAN DOUGLAS.



## THE WILLOW

Forevermore above the clear and cool  
Reedy recesses of the placid pool,  
Narcissus-like in symmetry and grace,  
Languid I lean, enamoured of my face.

— CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Trees the most lovingly shelter and shade us,  
when, like the willow, the higher soar their summits,  
the lower droop their boughs.

— BULWER-LYTTON.

See the soft green willow springing  
Where the waters gently pass,  
Every way her free arms flinging  
O'er the moist and reedy grass.  
Long ere winter blasts are fled,  
See her tipped with vernal red,  
And her kindly flower displayed  
Ere her leaf can cast a shade.

— JOHN KEBLE.

The willows wide, fair fountain-fall of green  
Whispers like rain.

— ELIZABETH AKERS.

Now like swarms of downy millers,  
Or like droves of caterpillars,  
Stand the yellow-coated willows,  
Which, by every zephyr shook,  
Strew with catkins all the brook.

— FRED LEWIS PATTER.

## WILLOW

Over my neighbor's garden wall  
There leans a willow tree, fair and tall,—

A weeping willow, whose long boughs sigh,  
And shiver, and sob, as the winds go by,

Like a sorrowful woman, standing there  
With drooping garments and drifting hair.

And its branches move, as it grieving stands,  
With a motion that seems like the wringing of hands.

\* \* \* \* \*

Through all the wintertime, cold and bare,  
It shivered and sobbed in the bitter air,

Shaping its sorrow in longing words  
Of last year's raindrops and singing birds.

So sad and regretful his life must be  
Who lives not in hope, but memory!

And all the winter the grieving tree  
Has something mournful to say to me.

\* \* \* \* \*

. . . still in the branches' drifting sweep  
There comes a whisper like "Weep, O weep!"

— ELIZABETH AKERS.

## WITCH-HAZEL

*(Hamamelis virginiana)*

\* \* \* \* \*

But what is this wild fragrance that pervades  
The air like incense smoke?  
Pungent as spices blown in tropic shades,  
Subtle as some enchanter might evoke.

Not like the scent of flower, nor drug, nor balm,  
Nor resins from the East,  
Yet tracing soul and sense in such a charm  
As holds us when the thrush's song has ceased.

Mysterious, gradual, like the gathering dews,  
And damp, sweet scents of night,  
Whence is this strange aroma that imbues  
The lone and leafless wood with new delight?

And while the questioner drinks, with parted lips,  
The mystical draught — behold!  
A wondrous bush, beplumed from root to tips  
With crimped and curling bloom of shredded  
gold!

Not ever the smallest leaf or hint of green  
Is mingled with its sprays,  
But every slender stem and twig is seen  
Haloed with flickerings of yellow blaze.

What wizard, wise in spells of drugs and gums,  
With weird divining rod,  
Conjures this luminous loveliness that comes  
As if by magic from the frozen sod?

Fearless witch-hazel! braver than the oak  
That dare not bloom till spring,  
Thus to defy the frost's benumbing stroke  
With challenge of November blossoming.

And yet it has an airy, delicate grace  
Denied all other flowers,  
And lights the gloom as some beloved face  
Dawns on the dark of melancholy hours.

Miraculous shrub, that thus in frost and blight  
Smilest all undismayed,  
And scatterest from thy wands of golden light  
A sudden sunshine in the chilly glade.

Sprite of New England forests, he was wise  
Who gave thee thy quaint name,  
As, threading wind-stripped woods, with awed surprise,  
He first beheld thy waving fan of flame.

— ELIZABETH AKERS.

### THE YEAR'S LAST FLOWER

Witch-hazel bough! witch hazel bough!  
Strange time it seems to blossom now!  
The sky is gray; the birds have flown;  
With rustling leaves the ground is strown;

The Maytime with her rose leaves down,  
 The autumn days, a bannered train,  
 With colors like the flag of Spain,  
 Have come and gone, without the power  
 To win from thee a single flower!  
 But now, when woods and fields are bare,  
 And chill with coming snow the air,  
 All wreathed with springlike bloom art thou,  
 All decked with gold, witch-hazel bough!

Witch-hazel bough! witch-hazel bough!  
 Could I believe old stories now,  
 Within my hand, were I a witch,  
 Thou hadst the power to make me rich;  
 To prove a true divining rod,  
 And show, where under stone and sod,  
 Or growing tree, or running brook,  
 I should for hidden treasures look!  
 A child, I sought thy charm to try,  
 But, woe is me! no witch am I;  
 For never gleam of elfin gold  
 'Twas my good fortune to behold;  
 No magic dwells in me, or thou  
 Hast lost thy spell, witch-hazel bough!

Witch-hazel bough! witch-hazel bough!  
 Though wizards' arts are powerless now,  
 A high resolve, a steadfast will,  
 A fearless heart, work wonders still;  
 To find and win a needful store  
 Of goods and gold, and wisdom's lore,

The true divining rods for me  
Henceforth must toil and patience be!  
Then welcome honest labor! Thou  
Shalt bloom unplucked, witch-hazel bough!

— MARIAN DOUGLAS.

### YEW

(*Taxus*)

This solitary tree! a living thing  
Produced too slowly ever to decay;  
Of form and aspect too magnificent  
To be destroyed. But worthier still of note  
Are those fraternal four of Borrowdale,  
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove;  
Huge trunks! and each particular trunk a growth  
Of intertwined fibres serpentine  
Up-coiling, and inveterately envolved.  
Nor uninformed with fantasy, and looks  
That threaten the profane; a pillared shade,  
Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hue,  
By sheddings from the pining umbrage tinged  
Perennially, — beneath whose sable roof  
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose decked  
With unrejoicing berries, ghostly shapes  
May meet at noontide. Fear and trembling Hope,  
Silence and Foresight, Death the skeleton  
And Time the shadow, — there to celebrate  
As in a natural temple scattered o'er  
With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,  
United worship.

— WORDSWORTH.

Careless unsociable plant that loves to dwell  
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms ;  
Where light-heel'd ghosts and visionary shades,  
Beneath the wan, cold moon (as fame reports)  
Embodied, thick, perform their mystic rounds.  
No other merriment, dull tree ! is thine.

— BLAIR.

**PART V**  
**FLOWERLESS PLANTS**





## THE PETRIFIED FERN

In a valley, centuries ago,  
Grew a little fern leaf green and slender, —  
Veining delicate and fibres tender, —  
Waving, when the wind crept down so low;  
Rushes tall and moss and grass grew round it,  
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,  
Drops of dew stole in by night and crowned it,  
But no foot of man e'er trod that way;  
Earth was young, and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,  
Stately forests waved their giant branches,  
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,  
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;  
Nature revelled in grand mysteries,  
But the little fern was not of these,  
Did not number with the hills and trees;  
Only grew and waved its sweet wild way, —  
No one came to note it day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,  
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion  
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean;  
Moved the plain, and shook the haughty wood;  
Crushed the little fern in soft, moist clay,  
Covered it, and hid it safe away;  
Oh, the long, long centuries since that day!  
Oh, the agony! Oh, life's bitter cost,  
Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man,  
 Searching nature's secrets, far and deep;  
 From a fissure in a rocky steep  
 He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran  
 Fairy pencillings, a quaint design,  
 Veinings, leafage, fibres, clear and fine,  
 And the fern's life lay in every line!  
 So, I think, God hides some souls away,  
 Sweetly to surprise us the last day.

— MARY L. BOLLES BRANCH.

## FERNS

When zenith-high the sun of August burns,  
 How fresh and cool the frondage of the ferns!  
 Aisle upon waving aisle behold them stand, —  
 A forest shade for folk of fairy-land.

— CLINTON SCOLLARD.

## FERN LIFE

### I. ITS HOME

Within a shadowy ravine,  
 Far hidden from the sun,  
 A fern its wee, soft fronds of green  
 Unfolded one by one.  
 From morn till eve no twittering flock  
 Nor insect hovered nigh;  
 Its cradle was the lichen'd rock,  
 The storm its lullaby.

By night, above the dark abyss,  
The stars their vigils kept,  
And white-winged mists stooped low to kiss  
The baby, while it slept.

## II. AT SCHOOL

Weeks passed away ; the tiny fern  
Fronde after fronde uncurled,  
And waited patiently to learn  
Its mission in the world.

By fir trees draped in mosses gray  
The willing fern was taught,  
And once each day a single ray  
Its summer greeting brought.

## III. ASLEEP

Her cradle songs the north wind sung  
And whispered far and wide,  
Until a thousand harebells swung  
Along the mountain side.

She sung of far-off twilight land,  
Moss-muffled forests dim,  
And, — to her mountain organ grand, —  
The aged pine tree's hymn.

## IV. A CRADLE SONG OF THE NIGHT WIND

The pines have gathered upon the hill  
To watch for the old-new moon ;  
I hear them murmuring — " Hush, be still !  
'Tis coming — coming soon ! "

The brown thrush sings to his meek brown wife  
 Who broods below on her nest :  
 " Of all the world and of all my life  
 'Tis you I love the best ! "

But the baby moon is wide awake,  
 And its eyes are shining bright,  
 The pines in their arms this moon must take  
 And rock him to sleep to-night.

#### V. THE HAREBELL'S CHIME

Softly swinging to and fro,  
 Harebells tinkle, sweet and low !  
 All the world is fast asleep,  
 Birds and folks and woolly sheep ;  
 Far above us the mountain ;  
 Far below, an unseen fountain  
 From its rocky cradle deep,  
 Like a child, laughs in its sleep ;  
 All our faces shyly hidden,  
 As the fir trees oft have bidden,  
 Softly bending, sweet notes blending,  
 Moonbeams climbing,  
 Wee bells chiming,  
 Harebells tinkle, star gleams twinkle,  
 To and fro,  
 To and fro,  
 Sweet — sweet and low.

## VI. THE HYMN OF THE NORTHERN PINES

Sure — sure — sure —  
Are the promises He hath spoken,  
His word hath never been broken.  
Pure — pure — pure —  
Are the thoughts and the hearts of His chosen,  
As crystals the north wind hath frozen.  
Strong — strong — strong —  
Underneath are the arms everlasting;  
On them our cares we are casting.  
Long — long — long —  
Have we sung of the life He doth give us —  
His mercy and love shall outlive us.

## VII. AT LAST

Far from its mountain home the fern  
Has found a resting-place,  
A maiden has begun to learn  
To love its winsome face.  
  
But when at night the north winds smite  
Against the frosty pane,  
The fern is listening with delight  
To hear their voice again.  
  
For in their solemn murmuring  
The pine trees chant once more,  
The harebells chime, the thrushes sing,  
The mountain torrents roar;

Again the dark-robed fir trees stand  
About its mossy bed,  
And hold aloft with trembling hand  
Their crosses o'er its head.

— WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

### THE FERN

Violets and fairy mayflowers,  
Buttercups and daisies too,  
Roses, lilies, clover, pansies,  
All are magical, 'tis true.  
But my choice in the botanic  
Is a species never tall,  
Grows in humid soil, is verdant,  
But is not a flower at all.

'Tis not popular nor petted,  
Is not beautiful nor coy ;  
Yet consider it, and you will  
All these adjectives employ —  
Dainty, gentle, restful, winning,  
Balmy, comely, fresh, and sweet,  
Gifted with the grace of fairies  
And with symmetry complete ;

Never haughty, nor disdainful,  
But of graceful, modest mien ;  
Not high-colored, but contented  
With a dress of simple green.  
Though not loved by all or many,  
Yet to me it is the best,  
For to see it is refreshing,  
In its presence there is rest.



There is rest and sweet enchantment  
In the shadow of a fern.





In the forests you may find it,  
You may find it in the dale,  
And when lonely sit beside it  
And contentment sweet inhale;  
For its balm then do I love it,  
And this lesson true I learn,  
There is rest and sweet enchantment  
In the shadow of a fern.

— WILDIE THAYER.

### GROUND-PINE

*(Lycopodium complanatum)*

Within the woods  
Tufts of ground-laurel, creeping underneath  
The leaves of the last summer send their sweets up  
to the chilly air.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### GROUND-PINE

Deep in the forest's depths it grows  
Where hemlocks guard the sylvan scene,  
'Neath scorching suns and shrouding snows  
It keeps its immemorial green.

It seems like those shy, saintlike souls  
Who dwell from all the world apart,  
And keep, while time's swift river rolls,  
Perennial freshness in the heart!

— CLINTON SCOLLARD.

## LICHEN

Little lichen, fondly clinging  
In the wildwood to the tree ;  
Covering all unseemly places,  
Hiding all thy tender graces,  
Ever dwelling in the shade,  
Never seeing sunny glade.

— R. M. E.

## THE BROWN LICHEN

With dusky fingers clinging to the stone,  
Through summer's languid days and lovely nights,  
Through autumn's chillness and the spring's delights,  
The lichen lives in grimmest state, alone.

The spicy summer breezes o'er it go,  
But from its nunlike breast win no perfume ;  
Brown bees, gold-dusted, seek some flower's bloom,  
Nor pause above it, flitting to and fro.

The snail glides on it with solemn pace ;  
The cunning spider in it spins her snare ;  
But, be its tenants either foul or fair,  
The lichen naught is troubled in her place.

The fays full oft in splendid state go by,  
And elfin laughter thrills through all the air,  
"What cheer, Dame Lichen, grave and debonair?"  
To them vouchsafes the lichen no reply.

We pluck among the crannies of the stone  
The wild flowers, purple, golden, or sweet blue;  
But both in nature and in friendship too  
We leave the grim brown lichen quite alone.

— ARLO BATES.

*Berries of the Brier.* Copyright, 1886, by Roberts Brothers.

### MOSSES

From ledges of the lonely hills  
To caverns of the sea, —  
What tokens of the love of God  
His tender mosses be!  
For deep below as high above  
His love extendeth He.

How marvellously delicate!  
How wondrously fair!  
As lies their beauty over strength  
In ocean and in air,  
So over all the might of God  
His love lies, everywhere.

— RALPH H. SHAW.

### MUSHROOM

Although bred only from the decay of higher organisms, these mushrooms are not without their own beauty of shape and color.

— HUGH MACMILLAN.

Mushrooms, toadstools, white and streaked,  
 Or with blistered venom freaked;  
 Red and orange, amber brown,  
 Clustered like an Indian town;  
 Round nailheads of mottled gray,  
 Scattered in fantastic clumps,  
 Where small mosses have their way  
 In the bole of earthy stumps,  
 Where the vine hath taken root  
 And the lichen set her foot;  
 Owned by fairy witches\* all,  
 Springing at their midnight call,  
 In the moonlight or the shade,  
 Where the magic wand is laid.

— DANSKE DANDRIDGE.

Or at the mushroom board to sup,  
 And drink the dew from the buttercup.

— JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

## SEAWEED

Such beauty, in such varied forms  
 Of tiny, slender, branching fronds,  
 And long-veined leaves that toss in storms,  
 And filaments like fairy wands!

\* When mushrooms grow in circles they are called fairy rings.  
 Another pretty fancy connected with toadstools is that they are  
 used as tables by the fairies.

Yet all the marvel of this book  
Lay hid within a mass of slime,  
Tossed in some rocky seaside nook,  
Where waves amid the boulders chime.

O love, that knew the beauty there,  
And sought it out for love of thine,  
A faithful image dost thou bear  
Unto the deeper Love Divine!

For so doth God, our Father, see  
In outcast souls by sin defiled,  
The beauty of humanity,  
The image of His own dear child.

And in His love may we abide,  
Renewed, restored, redeemed from sin,  
Like these poor outcasts of the tide,  
Whose precious Saviour thou hast been.

— JAMES BUCKHAM.

### WOLF'S-FOOT

Under these hemlocks and pines,  
Under these spruces and firs,  
Along with twin-flower vines  
Wolf's-foot warily stirs;  
Far does it wander and wide,  
Creeping close to the ground,  
Pushing the leaves aside,  
Careful to make no sound.

Out from this sombre shade  
With crane's-bill and orchis gay,  
Timid and half-afraid,  
Rarely the wolf's-foot stray;  
Few mates but the hard fern  
Come with the prowler here;  
Is it that they in turn  
Of the wolf's-foot stand in fear?

Well may it skulk behind  
A rotten, moss-covered log,  
Else will the huntsmen find  
The print of its steps on the bog;  
For the hunters were here last night;  
The place of their lodging we see,  
Where their pipes were left upright  
At the foot of this hemlock tree.

— ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE.

**PART VI**  
**NATIONAL FLOWERS**





ENGLAND. THE ROSE. — From earliest times the rose has been cultivated for ornament, holding the chief place among floral favorites because of its superior beauty and delicious fragrance, and it is generally known as the "Queen of Flowers." Among the ancients, the rose was sacred to Cupid and Venus, and was accounted the symbol of joy, love, and prudence. Its opening buds are a favorite poetic image of innocence and purity. In poetry there are undoubtedly more references to the rose than to any other flower. There are about fifty varieties in the wild state and more than a thousand in cultivation.

The rose has long been looked upon as the emblem of England. In the early days of Victoria's reign, she was prettily called "The Rose of England." The title was also given to her eldest daughter at the time of her marriage to Frederick of Prussia.

The long struggle between the houses of York and Lancaster for the English throne was called the "War of Roses," because a white and a red rose respectively represented the contending parties. Dating from the time when the two houses were united by the marriage of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, a variety of the damask rose having red petals striped with white has been known as the York and Lancaster rose.

In the British coat of arms, the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock are represented as growing from the same stalk, indicative of the united kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

SCOTLAND. THE THISTLE. —

- “The rough bur-thistle spreading wide,  
Auld Scotia's emblem dear.”

We are not to consider any particular species of thistle as the exclusive emblem of Scotland, for, to a true Scot, any thistle is an object of regard. How this came to be is told in the following story:—

“According to the common tradition the Danes came upon the Scots in the dead of night, and halting while spies were trying to discover the undefended points of their opponent's camp, one of the spies chanced to tread upon a thistle (the stemless variety, probably), and the loud imprecation which the sudden pain evoked aroused the unsuspecting Scots, who at once attacked the invaders, gained a complete victory, and dubbed the plant which had been the means of their success the Scotch Thistle.

“The earliest known mention of the thistle as the national badge of Scotland is in the inventory of the effects of James III., who probably adopted it as an appropriate illustration of the royal motto, ‘In Defence.’”

IRELAND. THE SHAMROCK. — It is probable the name “shamrock” has a sort of general reference to plants with trifoliate leaves, any one of which may stand for Ireland's symbol. Our nearest ally to the

common shamrock of Ireland seems to be the white clover. History tells us that the shamrock was first used as the emblem of Ireland from the circumstance that St. Patrick employed it to illustrate the doctrine of the Trinity. "No true Irishman will dispense with a bunch of shamrock on St. Patrick's day."

"The breezes oft shake both the rose and the thistle,  
While Erin's green shamrock lies hushed in the  
vale;  
In safety it rests while the stormy winds whistle,  
And grows undisturbed midst the moss of the  
dale."

WALES. THE LEEK. —

"Why on St. David's day do Welshmen seek  
To beautify their hats with verdant leek?"

Shakespeare says this is "an ancient tradition begun upon an honorable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of pre-deceased valor." The origin of the custom can hardly be traced with certainty.

The leek is probably of Eastern origin, for it is known to have been cultivated in Egypt in the time of the Pharaohs. It is used for food, has a flavor much milder than that of the onion, and has long been a special favorite with the Welsh.

FRANCE. THE FLEUR-DE-LIS, OR LILY. — Authorities are divided as to whether this celebrated emblem is derived from the white lily of the garden, or

from the flag or iris, which, as generally represented, it resembles more closely both in form and color. It is said that the Franks of old had a custom, at the proclamation of a king, of elevating him upon a shield or target, and placing in his hand a reed, or flag in blossom, instead of a sceptre. There are many legends connected with the badge, and from a very early period kings of France have borne as their arms three golden lilies on an azure field, the number intended to represent the Trinity.

GERMANY. THE KAISERBLUMEN, OR BLUEBOTTLE. — In Germany this is a dainty wild flower, but in America is cultivated, and here is known as the bachelor's button, or bluebottle (*Centaurea cyanus*). It exists in a variety of colors, blue, white, and pink, and was the favorite flower of the much loved Louise, queen of Prussia, and it is for her sake that it continues to be patronized especially by the house of Brandenburg.

EGYPT. THE LOTUS. —

"A flower delicious as the rose,  
And stately as the lily in her pride."

The lotus, or Egyptian water-lily (*Nymphaea lotus*), is an aquatic plant with a white blossom, closely resembling our common water-lily (*Nymphaea odorata*) except that the bloom is larger and rises several feet out of the water. It grows abundantly in the streams of northern Africa, and poets often speak of the Nile as "starred with lotus."

This beautiful plant was the rose of ancient Egypt,

the favorite of the nation; and though we have no authority for calling it Egypt's national flower because of any formal adoption, yet its loveliness certainly impressed itself deeply upon their minds, for it appears in various forms, as no other flower does, in the remains of their civilization. In their mythology the lotus symbolizes one of the Egyptian gods — Nefer Atum. It appears in their hieroglyphics and enters largely into works of art. Several species of lotus, both white and blue, are found figured in remains of Egyptian buildings and columns.

The lotus is now being successfully cultivated in this country.

Margaret Fuller once wrote to Thoreau: "Seek the lotus, and take a draught of rapture."

Rocked now on old Nile's deep pulses,  
Love-Lily is stirred by the tide  
That was moving in cadence-sweep onward  
To merge its great heart in seas wide.

—L. CLEVELAND.

**JAPAN. THE CHERRY BLOSSOM.** —The "Land of Flowers" has seven royal favorites, — the chrysanthemum, narcissus, maple, peony, wistaria, evergreen rhodea, and cherry. The plum blossom, the iris, and the lotus are also held in high esteem, but it seems to be generally conceded that the cherry blossom is Japan's national emblem. What the rose is to Western nations, the cherry bloom is to Japan.

The cherry blossom holds the first place among

flowers with the people. The extreme popularity of this flower is shown by its use in decoration. The single blossom of five parts with a notch at the end of each petal, is to be seen in conventionalized form on the buttons which are worn on the caps and coats of students, on the badges worn by policemen and street-car employees, in the designs on cloth, on pennants at the boat races, on trademarks, etc.

A proverb says, "The cherry is first among flowers, as the warrior is first among men," and Sir Edwin Arnold has translated a little Japanese poem as follows :

" If it shall happen that one  
 Ask'd the Japanese heart,  
 ' How shall we know it apart ? '  
 Point where the cherry blooms wave,  
 Lightsome, and bright and brave,  
 In the gold of the morning sun,  
 There is the Japanese heart ! "

When the cherry blooms in March, multitudes of people throng the places where the trees are most numerous, to enjoy the beauty and fragrance of the flowers, which are often cultivated to a size unknown with us, and are of many varieties, and sometimes double.

There are gay picnics under the trees, and much feasting and drinking, and writing of poetry.

The plum blossom is a strong rival in popularity, but blooms a month earlier, when the weather is unfavorable for much outdoor merrymaking.

The chrysanthemum is the heraldic emblem of the imperial household, and appears in conventionalized form (always with the sixteen petals) on the parliament buildings, on documents issued by the government, on every piece of paper money, on every coin, and on every revenue and postage stamp.

The chrysanthemum is given a poetical name in Japan, meaning "long-lasting plant," and is greatly admired and beloved. There are more than two hundred and sixty varieties in that country, and it is said that it must be seen in its own home to be fully appreciated. An open sixteen-rayed variety is one of the imperial emblems. The chrysanthemum fête differs from the outdoor flower festivals of spring-time. At these magnificent exhibits booths are made from the flowers, and elaborate flower pictures or tableaux are arranged, representing historical scenes.

These two flowers appear in the life of the people as no others appear and hence may be looked upon as the two favorites of Japan, — the chrysanthemum as the emblem of the emperor and his household; the cherry as the favorite of his subjects.

The wistaria reaches its highest perfection in Japan, is marvellous in size and beauty, and is a close competitor with the cherry and chrysanthemum for public favor. The iris is also highly esteemed and is especially dedicated to the boys' festival on the fifth of May.

The arrangement of flowers is considered a fine art in Japan, and taught to girls as one of the most



valued accomplishments. Definite rules are carefully observed; only a single variety appears in one vase, and the disposition of the stem and leaves is considered of more importance than the blossom.

The Japanese are shocked at the manner in which Westerners crowd masses of different flowers together. They study to avoid everything approaching tame regularity; their idea of beauty being to follow nature's arrangement as closely as possible.

No country in the world shows such delicate appreciation of the beauty of the floral kingdom, and there is no doubt that the love of flowers has much to do with the gentleness and sweetness of disposition that is a marked characteristic of its people.

CHINA. TEA. — This useful plant is believed to be a native of China, and has been cultivated in that nation for more than fifteen hundred years. It is therefore a fit emblem of the nation.

INDIA. THE POPPY. — Among the ancients this plant was looked upon as sacred to Ceres, the goddess of corn and harvests. It is from one species — the white poppy — that opium is made.

PERSIA. TULIP. — The tulip — a native of the Levant — was brought to Constantinople in 1559, and from that point it rapidly spread throughout all Europe. "In Holland tulip culture became a mania in the seventeenth century, and it is still most sedulously cultivated in that country."

GREECE. THE OLIVE. — Among the Greeks the olive was sacred to Athena, — the goddess of wisdom, — and from earliest times it was the emblem of

peace.\* The vanquished who came to supplicate for peace always bore olive branches in their hands. A crown of olive twigs was the highest distinction of a citizen who had merited well of his country, and the highest prize of the victor in the Olympic games.

The olive is a thorny shrub in the wild state, but when cultivated it grows to an immense height and size and is destitute of spines. The leaves resemble those of the willow. The flowers are white and grow in short, dense racemes. The fruit has a greenish tint and is very abundant.

ITALY. THE MARGUERITE, OR DAISY. — In the age of chivalry, the daisy was the emblem of fidelity in love, and was frequently borne at tournaments by both knights and ladies. It may be that Italy chose this flower for her emblem as a compliment to Margaret, queen of Italy, who, amiable, cultured, and exquisite in tact, was idolized by her subjects.

SPAIN. THE ORANGE. — This plant does not seem to have been known to the Greeks or Romans, but was probably brought to Europe by the Moors. The bitter orange is called the Seville orange in consequence of a large plantation which the Moors planted around the city of Seville.

PERU. THE SUNFLOWER. — The color “yellow” is often used with an unfavorable implication in extended or derived meanings; a *yellow* decision means an incorrect decision, as of an umpire.” “The sun-

\* And the dove came in to him in the evening; and, lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf pluckt off: so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth. — Genesis viii. 11.

flower, in flower language, is symbolic of false riches, for the following reason: The Spanish when they invaded Peru, beheld gold on every hand, and when they saw the country covered with golden colored flowers they imagined that they, too, must be pure gold — not the only case where appearances have been deceitful. But by a perverse contradiction of this story, the Spaniards themselves adopt the flower as a symbol of faith."

The annual sunflower common in our gardens is a native of tropical America, where it sometimes attains a height of twenty feet. The species are numerous, all natives of America, but the plant is now cultivated in all parts of the world.

The American Indians make bread from the seeds; the flowers abound in honey and are much frequented by bees; the leaves are good fodder for cattle; the stems are sometimes used for fuel.

It is thought by some that sunflowers are a protection from malaria, and they are often planted in low grounds for that purpose.

THE UNITED STATES. — What shall it be? Occasionally, for several years, the question of a national flower has been coming up for discussion, and though no final decision has yet been reached, the following candidates for adoption (and possibly some others of less merit) have all been considered: Laurel, Arbutus, Water-lily, Goldenrod, Columbine, Maize or Corn.

The arguments offered in favor of, and in opposition to, these various flowers have made it clear

that the flower for national adoption should fulfil the following conditions: (1) it should be a flower that grows abundantly in every State of the Union; (2) it should be so common as to be known to all — young and old, rich and poor, layman and botanists, in city and country; (3) it should be a plant no species of which has ever been used as the emblem of another nation; (4) it should be suitable for purposes of decoration — daytime or evening, in any season; (5) it should be *distinctively American*, i.e. indigenous to American soil, connected with our history, and should symbolize by *essential qualities* typically American characteristics — thrift, strength, utility.

How well the different flowers fulfil the desired conditions we must leave to the reader to decide. We give below simply a brief summary of the arguments in favor of the different candidates, and, in connection with each, poems.

*Laurel.* — Possesses beauty, strength, thriftiness, and is adapted to the sudden changes of American climate; thrives amid adverse environments as did the Pilgrims; belongs to that family of plants distinguished for use in crowning heroes and poets. "It is symbolic of fortitude, longevity, and unison, because its clusters of small blossoms, supported by one parent stem, combine to form a harmonious and perfect whole."

## THE MOUNTAIN LAUREL

A childish gladness stays my feet,  
As through the winter woods I go,  
Behind some frozen ledge to meet  
A kalmia shining through the snow.

I see it, beauteous as it stood  
Ere autumn's glories paled and fled,  
And sigh no more in pensive mood,  
"My leafy oreads all are dead."

I hear its foliage move, like bells  
On rosaries strung, and listening there,  
Forget the icy wind that tells  
Of turfless fields, and forests bare.

All gently with th' inclement scene  
I feel its glossy verdure blend; —  
I bless that lovely evergreen  
As heart in exile hails a friend.

Its boughs, by tempest scarcely stirred,  
Are tents beneath whose emerald fold  
The rabbit and the snowbound bird  
Forget the world is white and cold.

And still, 'mid ruin undestroyed,  
Queen arbor with the fadeless crown,  
Its brightness warms the frosty void,  
And softens winter's surliest frown.

But ah, when sunshine comes apace,  
And nature's lavish hand repays  
Her sylvan darling's duteous grace,  
That cheered her dark and lonely days,

All greener gleams the laurel's crest  
In spring's wild rivalry of green,  
And, coy to Phœbus' ardent quest,  
Our virgin Daphne still is queen.

The April Naiads bathe its feet,  
Its locks the Maytime fairies prune,  
Till Flora robes her tree complete,  
Enchantress of the woods of June.

Then sweet through shadiest copse and brake,  
Its blossoms burst, a white surprise,  
And all its dreaming witcheries wake  
To charm the forest wanderer's eyes.

Or, midway up the mountain's height,  
With rosier tint in morning's ray,  
Its new regalia of delight  
Makes all the rocks and ridges gay.

And lovers from its kirtle's hem  
Braid armulets, and summer's joy  
Smiles in its plumy diadem  
To eager hearts of girl and boy.

O vestal of the wilderness!  
No other growth of Beauty's loom  
Hath living emblem like thy dress,  
So rich of leaf, so rare of bloom.

— THERON BROWN.

*Arbutus*. — One of the fairest and sweetest of the early spring flowers ; everybody loves it ; grows naturally in but few places in our country but could *probably* be induced to grow in all the states of the Union ; a constant reminder of the Pilgrim fathers.

### THE MAYFLOWER

"The trailing arbutus, or mayflower, grows abundantly in the vicinity of Plymouth, and was the first flower that greeted the Pilgrims after their fearful winter."

Sad *Mayflower!* watched by winter stars,  
And nursed by winter gales,  
With petals of the sheeted spars,  
And leaves of frozen sails !

What had she in those dreary hours,  
Within her ice-rimmed bay,  
In common with the wildwood flowers,  
The first sweet smiles of May ?

Yet, " God be praised ! " the Pilgrim said,  
Who saw the blossom peer  
Above the brown leaves dry and dead,  
" Behold our *Mayflower* here ! "

" God will it : here our rest shall be  
Our years of wandering o'er,  
For us the *Mayflower* of the sea  
Shall spread her sails no more."

O sacred flowers of faith and hope,  
As sweetly now as then  
Ye bloom on many a birchen slope,  
In many a pine-dark glen.

Behind the sea wall's rugged length,  
Unchanged your leaves unfold,  
Like love behind the manly strength  
Of the brave hearts of old.

So live the fathers in their sons,  
Their sturdy faith be ours,  
And ours the love that overruns  
Its rocky strength with flowers.

The Pilgrim's wild and wintry day  
Its shadow round us draws ;  
The *Mayflower* of his stormy bay,  
Our Freedom's struggling cause.

But warmer suns ere long shall bring  
To life the frozen sod ;  
And through dead leaves of hope shall spring  
Afresh, the flowers of God !

— JOHN G. WHITTIER.

### MAYFLOWER

What singing of the storm, O forest flower,  
What stir of rhythmic pines,  
From drooping boughs what dripping of the shower,  
Fashioned your lovely lines !



What melody of tides along the shore,  
Sobbing from shelf to shelf,  
What song the brooding mother-bird sings o'er  
In silence to herself!

What flush of timid sunrise, filtered through  
The dusk with roseate glint,  
What moonbeams in the mould and dark and dew  
Painted your perfect tint!

What more than tropic winds, just this side heaven,  
What airs from Paradise,  
Blown deep within your heart of hearts has given  
This sweetness to your sighs!

The savage changed his sad and darkling mood,  
And melted in the gloom,  
To music of the wild and murmuring wood,  
When his foot crushed your bloom.

And naught to him the separating seas,  
Naught seemed the wintry death,  
When the glad Pilgrim first upon his knees  
Breathed your delicious breath.

And naught to me shadow of grief or strife,  
While your mysterious birth  
Blazons the beauty that the Spirit of Life  
In passing gives the earth!

— HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.





The lily  
A form of incarnate light.

## MAYFLOWERS

The grace that Holy Week had brought  
In nature's dearest haunt I sought;  
Her alabaster box most sweet  
Lay broken at the Master's feet.

— ELLA GILBERT IVES.

*Water-lily.* — When still in obscurity was growing constantly upward; emits the most delicious fragrance from a heart reflecting the gold of the sun; is the emblem of purity; "its living in the water is a reminder of how only by being surrounded and upheld by the spirit of truth can individuals and nations be free."

## THE WATER-LILY

From the reek of the pond, the lily  
Has risen in raiment white, —  
A spirit of airs and waters —  
A form of incarnate light;  
Yet, except for the rooted stem  
That steadies her diadem, —  
Except for the earth she is nourished by,  
Could the soul of the lily have climbed to the sky?

— LUCY LARCOM.

## A WATER-LILY

The queen of the fairies, I do believe,  
Crossed over the brook on midsummer eve,  
From here in the rushes she left afloat  
Her little, wee, ivory, gold-lined boat.

— AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up  
And slips into the bosom of the lake.

— TENNYSON.

The water-lily starts and slides  
Upon the level in little puffs of wind,  
Tho' anchored to the bottom.

— TENNYSON.

*Goldenrod.* — Grows wild in nearly all parts of the nation; it is in bloom from July to October; its golden color is an emblem of our national wealth; "it symbolizes a country where the people rule, for many tiny flowerets are needed to make a perfect head, just as in our composite nationality many races combine to form the true flower of American manhood and womanhood."

## GOLDENROD

Sing a song of goldenrod,  
The dearest flower that grows,  
And let it be a merry glee  
That everybody knows.

For we rejoice the nation's choice  
Is not the queenly rose.  
O goldenrod! bright goldenrod!  
We'll sing your praises ever.  
Though but a weed,  
Your voice we'll heed, —  
“Our Union none can sever.”

Sing a song of goldenrod!  
The bonniest flowers of all,  
That garner light from sunshine bright,  
Wherever sunbeams fall.  
And let the glee ring glad and free  
From cottage and from hall.  
O goldenrod! dear goldenrod!  
We'll sing your praises ever.  
Though but a weed,  
Your voice we'll heed, —  
“Our Union none can sever.”

Sing a song of goldenrod!  
The truest bit of gold  
That ever gleams by woodland streams  
Or on the wayside wold,  
Till o'er and o'er, from shore to shore,  
The echoes sweet are rolled.  
O goldenrod! dear goldenrod!  
We'll sing your praises ever.  
Though but a weed,  
Your voice we'll heed, —  
“Our Union none can sever.”

— ELLA GILBERT IVES.

## THE GOLDENROD

When old New England proudly boasts  
The grandeur of her wooded hills ;  
On Western plains, by Southern coasts,  
And gently flowing Eastern rills,  
There blooms the goldenrod.

Fair flower, scarce known to foreign fields,  
America may claim thy birth ;  
Her soil thy needed nurture yields ;  
Her simple nurture is thy worth,  
Dear native goldenrod.

In costly home or cottage, there  
The loving hands thy wealth display ;  
Childhood and age alike may share  
Thy golden sceptre's widespread sway,  
Majestic goldenrod.

With fervent hope we make the plea  
That this our nation's sign may be,  
Fit symbol of prosperity,  
Our emblem, goldenrod.

—GRACE J. WILLIAMS.

*Columbine.* — The chief arguments in favor of the columbine are as follows: "The name 'columbine' has the same Latin root as Columbus and Columbia; there are just thirteen species of columbine native to this country, corresponding to the thirteen original states and the number of stripes on our flag; it wears the national colors, red, white, and

blue; it grows in nearly all the States of the Union; its time of flowering brings it about Memorial Day and the Fourth of July, so that it can be used in holiday decorations; its botanic name is *Aquilegia*, from the same root as our American eagle; the shape of the petals is like a horn of plenty."

### AQUILEGIA

(*Columbine*)

Bright bits of color — red and orange blending —  
Hung out from clefts of ledges bleak and bare,  
On slender branches of a plant low-bending,  
Slow swinging idly on the summer air.

So tender and so frail,  
Bold challenging the gale;  
High ledges suiting best  
Where eagles build their nest!

From those wild freedom-loving neighbors came  
Fair *Aquilegia*'s name.

Your stately kin-flower, on rich meadows growing,  
Courts not the north wind's rude and rough caress,  
Nods to the warm, sweet breeze of summer going  
On sandalled feet that grass blades softly press.

Light poised on easy wing  
Its purple blossoms swing  
As doves just taking flight,  
Or hovering to alight.

From timid doves, as from bold eagles thine,  
Comes name of *Columbine*. — ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE



*Indian Corn or Maize.*—Miss Edna Dean Proctor, in setting forth the merits of this plant, says: "It is indigenous to America, and peculiar to it—never a kernel elsewhere in the world until carried from here. It grows, in many varieties, from Northern Canada to Southern Chili. With its commanding height, its graceful curving leaves, its crown of flowers, its silken tassels and pliant husks,—nature's choicest wrappings for her stateliest grain,—and, above all, for its golden ears, true cornucopias, symbols of abundance and joy, it is distinguished for beauty and dignity and individuality. It is associated with all life on this continent. It was the food, with game, of the primitive peoples here,—of the wandering tribes, the Aztecs, the Incas,—and the object of their prayers and thanksgivings in songs and dances and rituals, as it is of their descendants to-day. Among ourselves it is our most important grain product, nearly equalling in value that of all the other cereals together. Then it lends itself with such effect to decoration. Its leaves, its flowers, its tassels, its ears, with their varied tints and forms, make it unrivalled for artistic use. And always it is so unique, so purely American! The eagle flies for other lands; the maize is native only of our own. Let the states choose each what flower they will; but for a national emblem let us have the only plant that is American enough to fitly symbolize us—the maize, the corn."

Another writer says: "What a column for architecture might be made by clustering the stalks and

twining the leaves and tassels for a capital! How beautiful the combination of the yellow ear and the silver husk in the painting on a wall!"

## INDIAN CORN

The stormy winter had not fled  
That saw New England born,  
When white men ate the red men's bread,  
And called it "Indian corn."  
It came, a blessing in distress,  
To that poor pilgrim band,  
Like manna in the wilderness  
Sent down from God's own hand.

They sowed its yellow kernels on  
Their hills and valleys new,  
And harvests green as Lebanon  
And rich as Egypt grew;  
Its gardens were Hope's dwelling-place,  
Its stock was Plenty's tree,  
It fed the millions of a race  
That spread from sea to sea.

And now where Freedom builds her nest  
And rears her eagle brood,  
The heartbeats of each patriot breast  
Bespeak that stalwart food.  
No dainty feast for pampered kings,  
No sweet for glutton's spoil,  
Its strength a nation's sinews strings  
To deeds of glorious toil.

Bring cakes of Scotland's oatmeal gray,  
And German barley brown,  
By all the rye of Russia lay  
The wheat of Egypt down,  
And pour the rice of East and South  
From Amalthea's horn, —  
Their savor shall not tempt a mouth  
That knows good Indian corn.

No seed where labor is not free  
Can yield such life as yields  
The golden grain of Liberty  
That crowns Columbia's fields.  
We love the bread that saved our sires  
When hungry and forlorn,  
And every autumn feast inspires  
Our praise of Indian corn.

Though men of monarch-ridden lands  
On thinner fare may thrive,  
They miss the fruit of sun and sands  
That keeps great hearts alive;  
And, foe to tyrants, kin and kith,  
A Samson stands unshorn  
In Saxon power and Yankee pith  
That grow with Indian corn.

Its mark is on invention's age;  
The force of high emprise  
To brawny smith and brainy sage  
Its wealth alike supplies;

Its nurture alien souls indebts  
And cures disloyal scorn,  
And anarchy its rage forgets  
When fed on Indian corn.

Mondamin! Ceres of the West!  
Along the winds of fame,  
That whisper from thy queenly crest  
Thy sweet barbarian name,  
Come voices of Arcadian peace,  
And from historic morn  
Sing all the sheafy fields of Greece  
A song for Indian corn.

Thou emblem grain, our civic plant!  
In zone or sun or snow,  
Where prairies roll or mountains slant,  
In rustling beauty grow.  
Thy plume our native flower shall stand,  
And, on her bosom worn,  
Shall shine, the standard of the land,  
Our golden Indian corn!

—THERON BROWN.

## MAIZE FOR THE NATION'S EMBLEM

Upon a hundred thousand plains  
Its bagners rustling in the breeze,  
O'er all the nations' wide domains,  
From coast to coast betwixt the seas.

It storms the hills and fills the vales,  
It marches like an army grand,  
The continent its presence hails,  
Its beauty brightens all the land.

Far back through history's shadowy page  
It shines a power of boundless good,  
The people's prop from age to age,  
The one unfailing wealth of food.

God's gift to the New World's great need,  
That helps to build the nation's strength,  
Up through beginnings rude to lead  
A higher race of men at length.

How straight and tall, and stately stand  
Its serried stalks, upright and strong!  
How nobly are its outlines planned!  
What grace and charm to it belong!

What splendid curves in rustling leaves!  
What richness in its close-set gold!  
What largess in its clustered sheaves,  
New every year, though ages old!

America! from thy broad breast  
It springs, beneficent and bright,  
Of all the gifts from heaven the best  
For the world's succor and delight.

Then do it honor, give it praise!  
A noble emblem should be ours; —  
Upon thy fair shield set the maize,  
More glorious than a myriad flowers,

And let the States their garlands bring,  
Each its own lovely blossom sign;  
But leading all, let maize be king,  
Holding its place by right divine.

—CELIA THAXTER.

### COLUMBIA'S EMBLEM

Blazon Columbia's emblem,  
The bounteous, golden corn!  
Eons ago, of the great sun's glow  
And the joy of earth, 'twas born.  
From Superior's shore to Chili,  
From the ocean of dawn to the west,  
With its banners of green and silken sheen,  
It sprang at the sun's behest;  
And by dew and shower, from its natal hour,  
With honey and wine 'twas fed,  
Till the gods were fain to share with men  
The perfect feast outspread.  
For the rarest boon to the land they loved  
Was the corn so rich and fair,  
Nor star nor breeze o'er the farthest seas  
Could find its like elsewhere.

In their holiest temples the Incas  
Offered the heaven-sent maize —  
Grains wrought of gold, in a silver fold,  
For the sun's enraptured gaze;  
And its harvest came to the wandering tribe  
As the god's own gift and seal;

And Montezuma's festal bread  
Was made of its sacred meal.  
Narrow their cherished fields; but ours  
Are broad as the continent's breast,  
And lavish as leaves, the rustling sheaves  
Bring plenty and joy and rest.  
For they strew the plains and crowd the wains,  
When the reapers meet at morn,  
Till blithe cheers ring and west winds sing  
A song for the garnered corn.

The rose may bloom for England,  
The lily for France unfold;  
Ireland may honor the shamrock,  
Scotland her thistle bold;  
But the shield of the great Republic,  
The glory of the West,  
Shall bear a stalk of the tasselled corn,  
Of all our wealth the best!  
The arbutus and the goldenrod  
The hearts of the North may cheer;  
And the mountain laurel for Maryland  
Its royal clusters rear;  
And jasmine and magnolia  
The crest of the South adorn:  
But the wide Republic's emblem  
Is the bounteous, golden corn!

—EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

## **APPENDIX I**

### **FLORAL SYMBOLISM, OR THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS**





## FLORAL SYMBOLISM

In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,  
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares ;  
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,  
On its leaves a mystic language bears.

— PERCIVAL.

An exquisite invention this —  
This art of writing *billet-doux*  
In buds and odors and bright hues.

— LEIGH HUNT.

Flowers are Love's truest language ; they betray  
Like the divining rods of Magi old,  
Where precious wealth lies buried, not of gold,  
But love — strong love, that never can decay.

— PARK BENJAMIN.

Who that has loved knows not the tender tale  
Which flowers reveal, when lips are coy to tell.

— BULWER-LYTTON.

Love's language may be talked with these ;  
To work out choicest sentences,  
No blossoms can be meeter ;  
And such being used in Eastern bowers,  
Young maids may wonder if the flowers,  
Or meanings, be the sweeter.

And such being strewn before a bride,  
 Her little foot may turn aside,  
     Their longer bloom decreeing,  
 Unless some voice's whispered sound  
 Should make her gaze upon the ground  
     Too earnestly for seeing.

And such being scattered on a grave,  
 Whoever mourneth there may have  
     A type which seemeth unworthy  
 Of that fair body hid below,  
 Which bloomed on earth a time ago,  
     Then perished as the earthy.

And such being wreathed for worldly feast  
 Across the brimming cup, some guest,  
     Their rainbow colors viewing,  
 May feel them, with a silent start,  
 The covenant his childish heart  
     With Nature made, — renewing.

— MRS. BROWNING.

### MESSAGE OF THE LORD

The red rose says, " Be sweet ;"  
     And lily bids, " Be pure ;"  
 The hardy brave chrysanthemum,  
     " Be patient and endure."  
 The violet whispers, " Give,  
     Nor grudge nor count the cost ;"  
 The woodbine, " Keep on blossoming  
     In spite of chill and frost."

And so each gracious flower  
Has each a several word,  
Which, read together, maketh up  
The message of the Lord.

—SUSAN COOLIDGE.

### SYMPATHY

He voiced no word of cheer, spoke no regrets ;  
With tender eyes he sat by me in space ;  
He laid within my hand some violets,  
And then was gone. But comfort filled the place.

—EMMA C. DOWD.

By permission of the author.

## FLOWERS AND THEIR MEANINGS

- Abutilon: *Meditation.*  
Ageratum: *Strive to excel.*  
Almond, Flowering: *Hope.*  
Aloe: *Grief; Superstition; Bitterness.*  
Alyssum, Sweet: *Excellence beyond beauty.*  
Amaranth: *Immortality.*  
Anemone: *Love returned; Frailty; Anticipation.*  
Apple Blossom: *Preference.*  
Arbor-vitae: *Immortality; I never change.*  
Arbutus: *You only do I love.*  
Ash: *Prudence.*  
Aspen: *Excess of sensibility; Fear.*  
Asphodel: *Memorial sorrow; My regrets follow you to the grave.*  
Aster: *Love of variety.*  
Azalea: *Temperance; Moderation.*  
Bachelor's Button: *Hope in love.*  
Balm: *Sympathy.*  
Balsam: *Impatience.*  
Barberry: *Sharpness of temper.*  
Basil, Sweet: *Good wishes.*  
Bay Wreath: *Reward of merit.*  
Bay Tree: *Glory.*  
Bellwort: *Hopelessness.*  
Beech Tree: *Prosperity.*  
Betony: *Surprise.*  
Birch: *Meekness.*  
Bittersweet: *Truth.*  
Bluebell: *Constancy; Health.*  
Bluebottle: *Delicacy.*

- Box : *Stoicism.*  
Bramble : *Lowliness ; Remorse.*  
Bryony : *Prosperity.*  
Burdock : *Importunity.*  
Buttercup : *Riches.*  
Butterfly Orchis : *Gayety.*  
Cactus : *Grandeur ; Warmth.*  
Calla Lily : *Beauty ; Maiden modesty ; Magnificent beauty.*  
Camellia, White : *Perfected loveliness ; Without blemish.*  
Candytuft : *Indifference.*  
Cape Jasmine : *I am too happy.*  
Carnation : *See Pink.*  
Cardinal Flower : *Distinction.*  
Cedar : *Strength ; Think of me ; I live for thee.*  
Celandine : *Joys to come.*  
Cherry Blossom : *Spiritual beauty.*  
Chestnut Blossom : *Do me justice.*  
Chicory : *Frugality.*  
Chrysanthemum, Red : *I love.*  
Chrysanthemum, White : *Truth.*  
Chrysanthemum, Yellow : *Slighted love ; Dejection.*  
Cinquefoil : *Maternal affection.*  
Clematis : *Mental beauty.*  
Clover, Crimson : *Not only gay, but good.*  
Clover, Four-leaf : *Be mine ; Good luck.*  
Clover, Red : *Industry.*  
Clover, White : *Think of me ; Promise.*  
Columbine : *Desertion ; Inconstancy.*  
Convolvulus : *Bonds.*  
Coreopsis : *Always cheerful.*  
Corn : *Riches.*  
Cornel (Flowering Dogwood) : *Success crown you ; Faithfulness.*  
Cornflower (Bluebottle) : *Delicacy ; Refinement.*  
Cowslip : *Winning grace ; Comeliness.*  
Crab-apple Blossom : *Irritability.*

- Cranberry: *Cure for heartache.*  
Cress: *Stability; Power.*  
Crocus: *Gladness; Mirth; Cheerfulness.*  
Cyclamen: *Diffidence.*  
Cypress: *Mourning; Despair; Death.*  
Daffodil: *Uncertainty; Regard.*  
Dahlia: *Elegance and Dignity; Pomp.*  
Daisy: *Innocence; Peace; Hope.*  
Dandelion: *Coquetry.*  
Dead Leaves: *Sadness.*  
Eglantine: *Poetry; Genius; Talent.*  
Elder: *Compassion; Zealousness.*  
Elm: *Dignity.*  
Everlasting: *Always remembered.*  
Eyebright: *Cheer up.*  
Fennel: *Strength; Worthy of praise.*  
Fern: *Fascination; Magic; Sincerity.*  
Fig: *Argument.*  
Fir: *Time; True.*  
Flax: *Domestic industry; Fate.*  
Fleur-de-lis: *Message; My compliments; Aristocracy.*  
Fly Orchids: *Error.*  
Forget-me-not: *True love; Constancy; Forget me not.*  
Four-o'clock: *Timidity.*  
Fuchsia: *Confiding love; Taste.*  
Gentian, Fringed: *I look to Heaven.*  
Gentian, Closed: *Sweet be thy dreams.*  
Geranium: *Gentility.*  
Geranium, Ivy: *Bridal favor.*  
Geranium, Lemon: *A peaceful mind.*  
Geranium, Oakleaved: *True friendship.*  
Geranium, Rose: *Preference.*  
Geranium, Scarlet: *Comforting.*  
Geranium, Wild: *Steadfast piety.*  
Gillyflower: *Bonds of affection.*  
Gladiolus: *Ready armed.*

- Goldenrod: *Encouragement ; Precaution.*  
Gooseberry: *Anticipation.*  
Grape, Wild: *Charity ; Mirth.*  
Grass: *Submission ; Utility.*  
Harebell: *Grief ; Submission.*  
Hawthorn: *Hope.*  
Hazel: *Reconciliation.*  
Heliotrope: *Devotion ; Eagerness ; I love but thee.*  
Hellebore: *Scandal.*  
Hepatica: *Confidence.*  
Holly: *Foresight ; Domestic happiness.*  
Hollyhock: *Ambition ; Fruitfulness.*  
Honeysuckle: *Devoted affection ; Bonds of love ; Fidelity.*  
Hop: *Hope.*  
Horse-chestnut: *Luxury.*  
Houstonia (Bluets): *Contentment.*  
Hyacinth, Blue: *Constancy.*  
Hyacinth, Purple: *Sorrow.*  
Hyacinth, White: *Modest loveliness.*  
Iris: *Message.*  
Ivy: *Fidelity ; Friendship ; Wedded love ; Marriage.*  
Jasmine: *Amiability.*  
Jessamine, Yellow: *Grace and elegance.*  
Jonquill: *Can you return my love ?*  
Lady's-slipper: *Capricious beauty.*  
Lady's-tresses: *Bewitching grace.*  
Larch: *Boldness.*  
Laurel: *Glory.*  
Laurel, Mountain: *Ambition.*  
Lemon: *Zest.*  
Lichen: *Solitude.*  
Lilac, Purple: *First love ; Fastidiousness.*  
Lilac, White: *Youthful innocence.*  
Lily-of-the-Valley: *Return of happiness ; Purity ; Delicacy.*  
Lily, White: *Purity and sweetness ; Majesty.*  
Lily, Water: *Purity of heart ; Faith.*



## 394      AMONG FLOWERS AND TREES

- Live-oak: *Liberty*.  
 Locust: *Elegance*.  
 Lupine, White: *Always happy*.  
 Magnolia: *High-souled; Magnificence; Benevolence*.  
 Maize: *Delicacy; Refinement; Riches*.  
 Maple: *Reserve; Retirement*.  
 Mignonette: *Your qualities surpass your charms*.  
 Mimosa: *Exquisite; Sensitiveness*.  
 Mint: *Virtue*.  
 Mistletoe: *I surmount difficulties; Superstition*.  
 Morning-glory: *Affectation*.  
 Mountain Ash: *Prudence*.  
 Mullein: *Take courage*.  
 Myrtle: *Love*.  
 Nasturtium: *Patriotism*.  
 Nettle: *Spite; Slander*.  
 Night-blooming Cereus: *Transient beauty*.  
 Oak: *Hospitality; Patriotism*.  
 Oak Leaves: *Bravery*.  
 Oat: *I love your music*.  
 Olive: *Peace*.  
 Orange Blossoms: *Purity; Loveliness; Bridal festivities*.  
 Ox-eye: *Patience*.  
 Palm: *Victory*.  
 Pansy: *Pleasant thoughts; Think of me; Remembrance*.  
 Passion-flower: *Holy love; Faith; Religious fervor; Religious superstition*.  
 Pea, Sweet: *Your qualities like your charms are unequalled*.  
 Pear Blossom: *Affection*.  
 Pear: *Comfort*.  
 Peony: *Bashfulness*.  
 Periwinkle, Blue: *Early friendship*.  
 Periwinkle, White: *Pleasures of memory*.  
 Petunia: *You soothe me*.  
 Phlox: *Unanimity*.  
 Pimpernel: *Change*.

Pine: *Pity*.  
Pine, Spruce: *Hope in adversity*.  
Pink, Carnation: *Woman's love*.  
Pink, Single: *Pure love*.  
Pink, White: *Talent*.  
Plum Blossom, Wild: *Independence*.  
Plum Tree: *Fidelity*.  
Pomegranate Blossom: *Mature elegance ; Perfection*.  
Poppy, Red: *Consolation ; Oblivion*.  
Poppy, Scarlet: *Fantastic extravagance*.  
Poppy, White: *Sleep ; Forgetfulness*.  
Poplar, White: *Time*.  
Primrose: *Early youth*.  
Pyxie Moss: *Life is sweet*.  
Rhododendron: *Majesty*.  
Rose: *Love*.  
Rose, Maréchal Niel: *Yours, heart and soul*.  
Rose, Moss: *Superior merit*.  
Rose, Wild: *Charming simplicity*.  
Rose, Yellow: *Let us forget ; Jealousy*.  
Rosebud, White: *Youth ; Maidenhood ; Purity*.  
Rosebud, Moss: *Confession of love*.  
Rosemary: *Remembrance ; Remember me*.  
Sensitive Plant: *Fine sensibility*.  
Shamrock: *Loyalty*.  
Snowdrop: *Consolation ; Hope ; Friendship in trouble*.  
Sorrel, Wood: *Joy*.  
Sunflower: *Splendor ; False riches*.  
St. John's-wort: *Superstition*.  
Syringa: *Memory ; You shall be happy yet*.  
Thistle: *Austerity ; Misanthropy ; Retaliation*.  
Thyme: *Courage*.  
Trillium: *Modest ambition*.  
Trumpet-flower: *Fame*.  
Tulip, Red: *Declaration of love*.  
Tulip, Variegated: *Beautiful eyes ; Enchantment*.

- Verbena: *Tender and quick emotion.*  
Violet, Blue: *Faithfulness ; Love ; Modesty.*  
Violet, White: *Modesty and candor.*  
Virginia-creeper: *I cling to you both in sunshine and shade.*  
Wake-robin: *Ardor ; Zeal.*  
Wallflower: *Fidelity in adversity.*  
Wheat: *Prosperity.*  
Willow, Weeping: *Mourning.*  
Wistaria: *Cordial welcome.*  
Witch-hazel: *A spell is upon us ; Inspiration ; Mysticism.*  
Woodbine: *Fraternal love.*  
Yarrow: *Cure for heartache.*  
Zinnia: *Thoughts of absent friends.*

**APPENDIX II**

**FLOWERS OF THE MONTHS**



## FLOWERS OF THE MONTHS

January.	Snowdrop: <i>Fidelity ; Hope ; Purity.</i>
February.	Primrose: <i>Sincerity ; Youth.</i>
March.	Violet: <i>Faithfulness ; Love ; Modesty.</i>
April.	Daisy: <i>Innocence ; Patience ; Peace.</i>
May.	Hawthorn: <i>Hope ; Happy domestic life.</i>
June.	Honeysuckle: <i>Fidelity ; Love ; Devotion.</i>
July.	Water-lily: <i>Purity of heart ; Faith.</i>
August.	Poppy: <i>Consolation.</i>
September.	Morning-glory: <i>Affectation ; Equanimity.</i>
October.	Hop: <i>Hope.</i>
November.	Chrysanthemum: <i>Fidelity ; Love.</i>
December.	Holly: <i>Domestic happiness ; Foresight.</i>

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## INDEX TO AUTHORS

### **Abbey, Henry.**

What do we plant when we plant  
the tree ? 250.

### **Akers, Elizabeth.**

Spring Miracles, 14.

Grandmother's Garden, 21.

The Frail Anemones, 43.

Chrysanthemums, 77.

When the wild whiteweed's  
bright surprise, 95.

Ah, sweet the bloom upon the  
grape, 120.

And the lilacs, overwhelmed with  
blossoms, 144.

The lilacs purpling to the eaves,  
145.

Water-lilies, 150.

An Egyptian Lily, 152.

The orchids tempt the wandering  
bees, 253.

Acorn planting, 255.

The heavy apple trees, 265.

The High-top Sweeting, 265.

The apple orchards were white  
and fair, 271.

The pink azalea's buds unfold,  
273.

Chestnut, 279.

Where mellow haze the hill's  
sharp outline dims, 287.

The pine and fir shed balmy in-  
cense-tears, 287.

The Magnolia Tree, 294.

Maple, 298.

The peach tree twigs are strung  
with pink, 308.

The poplar drops beside the way,  
318.

The silver poplar's pearl-and-  
emerald sheen, 318.

The tulip tree uplifts her goblets  
high, 331.

The willows wide, 334.

Willow, 335.

Witch-hazel, 336.

### **Aldrich, Thomas Bailey.**

I like the chalice lilies, 153.

### **Allen, Willis Boyd.**

Fern Life, 344.

### **Anacreon.**

Rose! thou art the sweetest  
flower, 323.

### **Anonymous or Unidentified.**

May Thirtieth, 31.

Decoration Day, 33.

Not unknown art thou to fame,  
57.

Pray where are the charming  
bluebells gone ? 61.

The Bluebell, 61.

In families thou lov'st to grow,  
66.

What the Burdock was good for,  
66.

That flower supreme in loveli-  
ness and pure, 73.

Rich in vegetable gold, 87.

The Awakening, 87.

Daisy Grandmothers, 95.

The Children's Flower, 99.

Grandmother's Fennel, 107.

To the Heliotrope, 127.

The heart is like the jessamine  
bell, 139.

The Cypripedium with her  
changeable hues, 142.



- Lilac, 144.  
 Lotus, 154.  
 Lupine, 154.  
 Pimpernel, 189.  
 Jack-o'-Lantern, 194.  
 History of a Seed, 195.  
 Snow-plant, 200.  
 All the broad leaves over me, 241.  
 An Arbor Day Tree, 245.  
 My Tree, 254.  
 A Slight Mistake, 255.  
 Flowering Almond, 263.  
 Apple Blossoms, 264.  
 A Grown-up Flower, 265.  
 Birch, 275.  
 Amongst the many buds pro-  
 claiming May, 289.  
 The Moss Rose, 323.  
 The wind-brier rose, a fragrant  
 cup, 325.  
 The queen of the fairies, I do  
 believe, 374.  
**Arnold, Matthew.**  
 The solemn wastes of heathery  
 hill, 127.  
**Arnold, Sir Edwin.**  
 If it shall happen that one, 362.  
**Atkinson, Mary E.**  
 My Hyacinth, 131.  
**M. F. B.**  
 Fairy Candles, 149.  
**Bacon, Francis.**  
 The breath of flowers is far  
 sweeter in the air, 5.  
**Bailey.**  
 English Ivy, 134.  
 The mistletoe hung in the castle  
 hall, 167.  
**Bangs, John Kendrick.**  
 July Days, 36.  
**Barker, James N.**  
 The fairy-formed, flesh-hued  
 anemone, 42.  
**Barton, Bernard.**  
 Evening Primrose, 193.  
**Bates, Ario.**  
 The Columbine, 83.  
 Cyclamen, 90.  
 Meadow Rue, 161.  
 Lombardy Poplar, 318.  
 The Brown Lichen, 350.  
**Beecher, E. Catherine.**  
 Pale mournful flower, that hidest  
 in shade, 132.  
**Beecher, Henry Ward.**  
 Flowers have an expression of  
 countenance, 6.  
 You cannot forget it, 100.  
**Beers, Ethel Lynn.**  
 Four-o'clock, with heart upfold-  
 ing, 113.  
 Morning-glories, tents of purple,  
 169.  
 Pink, 190.  
**Benjamin, Park.**  
 Flowers are Love's truest lan-  
 guage; they betray, 387.  
**Benton, Joel.**  
 The Cardinal Flower, 71.  
 Meadow Lilies, 149.  
**Bingham, Jennie M.**  
 Night-blooming Cereus, 72.  
**Blair.**  
 Cowslip, 88.  
 Careless unsociable plant that  
 loves to dwell, 340.  
**Boner, John Henry.**  
 Hunting Muscadines, 121.  
 Nettle, 176.  
 And glowing woodbines here  
 and there, 224.  
 They rustle and whisper like  
 ghosts, 313.  
**Bradley, Mary E.**  
 Of all the bonny buds that blow,  
 181.  
**Bradley, S. H.**  
 The Resurrection Plant, 24.  
**Branch, Mary L. Bolles.**  
 The Petrified Fern, 343.

- Brand.**  
 Rosemary, which was anciently  
 thought to strengthen the  
 memory, 197.
- Bridges, Madeline E.**  
 The Crocus, 89.  
 The Rose, 319.
- Brotherton, Alice Williams.**  
 The Ragged Regiment, 8.  
 Nasturtium, 174.
- Brown, Theron.**  
 Among the Flowers, 1.  
 Closed Gentians, 114.  
 Mullein, 169.  
 The Mountain Laurel, 368.  
 Indian Corn, 379.
- Browne.**  
 But, maiden, see the day is waxen  
 olde, 160.
- Browne, George Waldo.**  
 Heliotrope, 127.
- Browne, William.**  
 A sweeter flower did nature ne'er  
 put forth, 319.
- Browning, Mrs. E. B.**  
 And tulips, children love to  
 stretch, 216.  
 Earth's crammed with heaven,  
 and every common bush, 231.  
 Love's language may be talked  
 with these, 387.
- Browning, Robert.**  
 Sunflower, 208.  
 Such a starry bank of moss,  
 222.
- Bruce, Michael.**  
 The lily of the vale, of flowers  
 the queen, 152.
- Bryant, William Cullen.**  
 Within the woods, 42.  
 The daffodil is our doornside  
 queen, 92.  
 The Fringed Gentian, 113.  
 The liverleaf put forth her sister  
 blooms of faintest blue, 128.  
 The Painted Cup, 178.
- Periwinkle, 188.  
 A Forest Hymn, 232.  
 Among the Trees, 235.  
 The Planting of the Apple Tree,  
 251.  
 There's a dance of leaves in that  
 aspen bower, 272.  
 Linden, 294.  
 Maple, 299.  
 I asked in vain, 308.  
 Tulip, 331.  
 Ground Pine, 349.
- Buckham, James.**  
 Seaweed, 352.
- Bulwer-Lytton.**  
 Poplar, 317.  
 Trees the most lovingly shelter  
 and shade us, 334.  
 Who that has loved knows not  
 the tender tale, 387.
- Burns, Robert.**  
 Wild-scattered cowslips bedeck  
 the green glade, 88.  
 Wee, modest, crimson tippit  
 flower, 93.  
 The daisy's for simplicity and  
 unaffected air, 93.  
 The hyacinth for constancy with  
 its unchanging blue, 132.  
 And I will put the pink, the em-  
 blem o' my dear, 190.
- Butterworth, Hezekiah.**  
 Planting the Oak, 247.  
 The Schoolboy's Apple Tree, 268.  
 The Orange Tree, 303.
- Butts, Mary P.**  
 A Flower Acquaintance, 84.
- Campbell.**  
 Rose, 322.
- Carman, Bliss.**  
 The wind-flowers and the wind  
 confer, 42.  
 Daisy, 94.
- Case, Sara E. L.**  
 Pansies, 184.

- Chase, Helen.**  
Hooded darlings of the spring,  
128.
- Chaucer, Geoffrey.**  
That well by reason men it call  
may, 92.  
Of all the flowers in the mede,  
93.  
Hawthorn, 289.
- Chazet.**  
In every flower that blows  
around, 9.
- Choate, Isaac Bassett.**  
Andromeda, 41.  
Arethusas, 48.  
Chickweed, 73.  
Hepaticas, 128.  
Mitchella, 167.  
Orchis, 176.  
Pitcher Plant, 190.  
St.-John's-Wort, 197.  
Saxifrage, 198.  
Wood-sorrel, 202.  
Speedwell, 204.  
Sundew, 207.  
Beneath the Screen, 218.  
Aldbloom, 261.  
Hardhack, 330.  
Wolf's-foot, 353. |  
Aquilegia, 377.
- Chorley, H. F.**  
Oak, 301.
- Churchill.**  
The oak, when living, monarch  
of the wood, 302.
- Cleaveland, L.**  
Rocked now on old Nile's deep  
pulses, 361.
- Cocke, Zitella.**  
Easter Lilies, 26.  
A Blade of Blue Grass, 122.  
Sunrise in an Alabama Cane-  
brake, 239.  
The Brave Old Cedars, 276.  
Summer Snow, 281.  
The Comfort of the Pines, 312.
- Pomegranates, 316.  
Cherokee Roses, 327.
- Collier, Thomas.**  
Memorial Day, 32.
- Cook, Eliza.**  
Holly, 291.
- Cooke, R. T.**  
Fir, 288.
- Coolidge, Susan.**  
Bindweed, 55.  
Mignonette, 163.  
How the Leaves came down,  
240.  
Message of the Lord, 388.
- Cornwall, Barry.**  
For though the rose has more  
perfuming power, 221.
- Cowley.**  
The sunflower, thinking 'twas for  
him foul shame, 208.
- Cowper.**  
Not a flower, xiv.  
Ivy clings to wood or stone,  
134.  
Jasmine, 138.
- Coxe, Bishop.**  
Flowers are words, xiv.
- Craik, Dinah Muloch.**  
Oh, the green things growing, the  
green things growing, 5.
- Cranch, Christopher Pearse.**  
Majestic flower! How purely  
beautiful, 296.
- Crockett, Ingram.**  
Like roseate clouds the red buds  
glow, 285.
- Dana, Francis.**  
Yucca, 226.
- Dana, Mrs.**  
This was first called "day's eye,"  
92.  
Jack-in-the-pulpit, 135.  
"The umbrellas are out," 159.
- Dandridge, Danske.**  
Bloodroot Blossoms, 58.

- I know a field where bluets  
blow, 65.  
But here and there amid the  
wreck, 78.  
The lady birch and alder trees,  
276.  
Mushrooms, toadstools, white  
and streaked, 352.
- Darwin.**  
With zealous steps he climbs the  
upland lawn, 209.
- Davis, Sarah F.**  
Dodder, 104.  
Orchid, 176.
- Dayre, Sydney.**  
When, Where, and How, 12.  
In May, 100.
- Deland, Margaret.**  
When shiv'ring through the  
skies, 59.  
With tender steadfast eye, 65.  
Bossy and the Daisy, 95.  
Flax Flowers, 107.  
The mullein's yellow candles  
burn, 172.  
Peony, 186.  
And there the primrose stands  
that, as the night, 193.  
Succory, 206.  
Like drifts of tardy snow, 278.
- Denison, Elizabeth W.**  
Bitter Sweet, 55.
- De Vere, Sir Aubrey.**  
Thy pure corolla's depth within,  
185.
- Dickens, Charles.**  
Oh, a dainty plant is the ivy  
green, 134.
- Dimond, Mary B.**  
Pansies, 183.
- Dodge, Mary Mapes.**  
My Window Ivy, 134.
- Dorr, Julia C. R.**  
And all the meadows wide un-  
rolled, 16.  
A Summer Song, 34.
- In the hemlock's fragrant shadow,  
60.  
Buttercup, 67.  
The golden stars of the jessa-  
mine glow, 139.  
And the stately lilies stand, 148.  
Up from the gardens floated the  
perfume, 173.  
Stars will blossom in the dark-  
ness, 221.  
Woodbine, 224.  
Orange, 303.  
Strange minstrels on their airy  
harps, 310.
- Douglas, Marian.**  
Autumn Days, 36.  
The Cotton-grass, 121.  
The Lilac, 145.  
In a Beech Wood, 274.  
Cinnamon Roses, 324.  
The First Comer, 333.  
The Year's Last Flower, 337.
- Dowd, Emma C.**  
The Browns, 236.  
Sympathy, 389.
- Drake, Joseph Rodman.**  
Or at the mushroom board to  
sup, 352.
- Dryden, John.**  
The monarch oak, the patriarch  
of the trees, 302.
- R. M. E.**  
Lichen, 350.
- Effington, F. E.**  
The Vine on the Schoolhouse, 253.
- Elliot, George.**  
Is there not a soul, 18.
- Elliott, Ebenezer.**  
Daisies infinite, 94.
- Ellwanger, W. D.**  
A Summer Snowflake, 211.
- Emerson, R. W.**  
Chide me not, laborious band, 49.  
The mimic waving of acres of  
Houstonia, 65.

- Beneath dim aisles, in odorous  
beds, 217.  
The Rhodora, 318.  
**Eytinge, Margaret.**  
A summer song with plenty of  
chorus, 18.  
**Faris, Will S.**  
How the Violets come, 219.  
**Fields, Annie.**  
Yarrow, 225.  
**Forman, Emily Shaw.**  
Bloodroot, 58.  
Clematis, 79.  
Lady's-tresses, 143.  
Twin-flower, 217.  
Mountain Laurel, 293.  
**French, Emma B.**  
But to me the dearest flower, 73.  
**Garland, Hamlin.**  
Wheat, 223.  
**Gates, Mrs. Merrill E.**  
I love the lowly children of the  
earth, 13.  
**Gilder, Richard Watson.**  
The Woods that bring the Sunset  
near, 231.  
Because the rose must fade, 326.  
**Glaborne.**  
The harebell—as if grief de-  
pressed, 61.  
**Goethe.**  
The pink in truth we should not  
slight, 190.  
**Goldsmith, Oliver.**  
Aromatic plants bestow, 16.  
**Goodale, D. H. R.**  
What's a flower? A bit of bright-  
ness, 13.  
And still beside the shadowy  
glen, 49.  
Where the woodland streamlets  
flow, 79.  
Clear and simple in white and  
gold, 94.  
Hepatica, 128.  
In yonder marshes burn, 161.  
Azalea, 273.  
Dogwood, 284.  
**Goodale, Elaine.**  
A pure white flower of simple  
mould, 59.  
Bluebell, 60.  
Whence is yonder flower so  
strangely bright, 71.  
Crimson clover I discover, 82.  
Skirting the rocks at the forest  
edge, 84.  
Blue-eyed Grass, 123.  
Indian Pipe, 132.  
Lady's-slipper, 142.  
There Cinderella dropped her  
shoe, 142.  
Flowers amid the dripping moss,  
222.  
Mountain Laurel, 294.  
**Gould, Elizabeth Porter.**  
The Primrose, 193.  
**Greenwell, Dora.**  
The goldenrod with fire, 119.  
**C. E. H.**  
The Dandelion, 98.  
**Harbaugh, Thomas C.**  
Aloe, 263.  
**Haskell, Agnes.**  
Lily Lessons, 28.  
**Hawkes, Clarence.**  
Why talk of wondrous miracles  
of yore, 14.  
**Heine.**  
The lotus flower is troubled, 154.  
The eyes of Spring so azure, 222.  
Fir, 287.  
If thou lookest on the limeleaf, 294.  
Oak, 301.  
**Hemans, Felicia.**  
They speak of hope to the faint-  
ing heart, 9.  
Lilies, 150.  
**Herrick.**  
Marigold, 160.

**Higginson, Ella.**

Four-leaved Clover, 81.

**Higginson, T. W.**

The Snowing of the Pines, 314.

**Hill, Theo. H.**

I have flirted, too, with thee, 42.

Bursting from their icy prison, 68.

Where thy yellow blossoms, 101.

A laggard still, though other trees,  
271.

In floral ermine white as snow,  
285.

Peach, 307.

**Hogg.**

What are the flowers of Scotland, 213.

**Holland, J. G.**

The native orchard's fairest trees,  
267.

Roses, 320.

**Holmes, Oliver Wendell.**

Yellow japanned buttercups, 68.

As if some wounded eagle's  
breast, 70.

**Hood, Thomas.**

The cowslip is the country wench,  
88.

Dreary rosemary, 196.

The tulip is a courtly queen,  
217.

**Howells, William Dean.**

And out of many a weed-grown  
nook, 49.

**Howitt, Anna M.**

In spirit we ascended these Alps,  
105.

**Howitt, Mary.**

The Use of Flowers, 11.

Like lilac flame its color glows,  
90.

Heart's-ease! One could look for  
half a day, 180.

**Hunt, Leigh.**

Wild rose, sweet brier, eglantine,  
326.

An exquisite invention this, 387.

**Hunter, Eleanor A.**

Cherokee Roses, 327.

**Hutchinson, Nellie M.**

They are all in the lily bed  
cuddled together, 181.

**Ingelow, Jean.**

And oh, the buttercups! that  
field, 67.

Columbine! open your folded  
wrapper, 84.

O velvet bee! you're a dusty  
fellow, 161.

Purple orchids lasteth long, 176.

Pear, 308.

**Ives, Ella Gilbert.**

The grace that Holy Week had  
brought, 373.

Golden Rod, 374.

**Jackson, Helen Hunt.**

September, 10.

The lands are lit, 48.

A Song of Clover, 80.

Morning-glory, 168.

My Nasturtiums, 175.

Poppies in the Wheat, 191.

My Strawberry, 205.

**Jackson, Henry R.**

Live-oak, 302.

**Jewett, Sarah O.**

Discontented, 68.

**Joubert.**

The odors of flowers are their  
souls, 13.

**Keats.**

Marigold, 161.

Narcissus, 173.

Sweet Peas, 209.

Those green-robed senators of  
mighty woods, 301.

**Keble, John.**

See the soft green willow spring-  
ing, 334.

- Kingsley, Charles.**  
I cannot tell what you say, green  
leaves, 232.
- Landon, L. E.**  
The cowslip that bending, 87.  
Violet, 220.  
The aspen trembling, as if love,  
722.
- Lanier, Sidney.**  
The Trees and the Master, 234.
- Larcom, Lucy.**  
The Mystery of the Seed, 17.  
The Wind-flower, 43.  
Plant a Tree, 245.  
The Water-lily, 373.
- Laurance, Ray.**  
Have you seen the tiny babies? 63.  
Wild Carrot, 71.  
Coptis, 85.  
The Heal-all, 125.  
The Hollyhocks, 130.  
Jewel-weed, 139.  
Bee Larkspur, 143.  
Milkweed, 164.  
Little warriors, brave and fear-  
less, 175.  
The Peonies, 187.  
Southernwood, 203.  
The Wake-robin, 213.  
Black Alder, 261.  
Sumach, 331.
- Leland.**  
Among the flowers no perfume  
is like mine, 139.
- Locke, Elsie.**  
Dandelions, 99.
- Loder, Marion.**  
Garden Folk, 179.
- Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth.**  
Wondrous truths, and manifold  
as wondrous, xv.  
Gathering still, as he went, the  
mayflowers blooming around  
him, 46.  
Compass-plant, 85.
- Her eyes were as blue as the  
fairy flax, 108.  
The Flower-de-luce, 108.  
Grapevine, 120.  
O'ershadowed by oaks from  
whose branches, 167.  
This is the forest primeval, 231.  
Cherry, 277.  
Well I remember it in all its  
prime, 280.  
Elm, 286.  
O hemlock tree! O hemlock  
tree! how faithful are thy  
branches, 291.  
The sea-suggesting pines with  
the moan of the billow in their  
branches, 310.  
Somewhat back from the village  
street, 317.
- Lowell, James Russell.**  
The rich milk-tinging buttercup,  
68.  
To the Dandelion, 101.  
Half vent'rin' hepaticas in their  
furry coats, 128.  
And I believe the brown earth  
takes delight, 200.  
Or succory keeping summer long  
its trust, 207.  
Violet! sweet violet, 222.  
The Birch Tree, 275.  
Over yon bare knoll the pointed  
cedar shadows, 277.  
The cherry drest for bridal, at  
my pane, 278.  
Horse Chestnut, 280.  
Elder, 285.  
The Maple, 299.  
Pine, 309.  
To a Pine Tree, 311.
- Macdonald, George.**  
Anemone, so well, 42.  
Hang-head bluebell, 61.  
Woo on, with odor wooing me,  
319.

**MacMillan.**

Mushroom, 351.

**Mason, Caroline A.**

Innocents in smiling flocks, 62.

**Massey, Gerald.**

Growing Toward Heaven, 29.

**McCord, Emma L.**

A Botany Lesson, 15.

**McCord, Mary Nicholena.**

Sweet Peas, 210.

**Meredith, Owen.**

Red morn began to blossom and  
unclose, 322.

**Miller, Emily Huntington.**

April Fool, 181.

Spring Secrets, 332.

**Miller, Joaquin.**

A thousand miles of mighty  
wood, 237.

**Milton, John.**

Kindles the gummy bark of fir  
or pine, 287.

**Mitchell, Agnes E.**

With tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, 188.

**Mitchell, D. G.**

The quaint blush of the arbutus,  
44.

**Moir.**

Simplest of blossoms! to mine  
eye, 60.

"Look to the lilies how they  
grow," 148.

Wallflower, 223.

The wall-flower—the wall-flower,  
223.

Of all the garden flowers, 319.

**Montgomery, James.**

There is a flower, a little flower, 93.

Myrtle, 173.

Eagle of flowers! I see thee  
stand, 209.

Dutch tulips from their beds, 217.

The tulip's petals shine in dew,  
217.

The tall oak towering to the  
skies, 301.

**Moore, Thomas.**

The busy hive, 89.

Night-blooming Jasmine, 138.

Shamrock, 199.

The sunflower turns on her god  
when he sets, 208.

Hath<sup>3</sup> the pearl less whiteness,  
221.

Beneath some orange trees, 303.

Rose, 320.

There's naught in nature bright  
or gay, 322.

No flower of her kindred, 322.

**Muloch, D. M.**

The buttercups across the field,  
68.

Mulberry, 300.

**O'Connor, A. E.**

Little Cotton Ball, 283.

**Onseley, Thomas J.**

The beauteous pansies rise,  
181.

**Owen, Katherine B.**

The Cornstalks, 155.

**Pattee, Fred Lewis.**

Nature is a Dainty Belle, 20.

Indian Pipe, 133.

Sweet Viburnum, 219.

Tree Language, 237.

Hemlock, 290.

In the Sugar Camp, 297.

Now like swarms of downy mil-  
lers, 334.

**Peck, Samuel Minturn.**

Four-o'clock, 112.

Bay Flowers, 273.

The Pines, 313.

Wild Plum Blossoms, 315.

Sassafras, 329.

**Percival.**

Anemone, 43.

In Eastern lands they talk in  
flowers, 387.

**Phelps, Elizabeth Stuart.**

Be White, 148.



- Pickergill.**  
The Bride of the Danube, 110.
- Pliny.**  
Nature, in learning to form a lily, 55.
- Pratt, Anna M.**  
Easter Carol, 25.  
An April Calendar, 29.  
Comrades, 209.
- Pratt, Lee S.**  
A Stray Edelweiss, 104.
- Proctor, Edna Dean.**  
A Crimson Clover, 82.  
Goldenrod and Asters, 115.  
Maize in Norway, 157.  
Cherry Blossoms, 278.  
Columbia's Emblem, 383.
- Putnam, Irene.**  
The Village Elms, 286.
- Rapin.**  
Nor shall the marigold unmentioned die, 160.
- Reese, Lizette Woodworth.**  
Thistledown, 210.
- Rexford, Eben.**  
See, here's a blossom at our feet, 20.  
Chrysanthemum, 74.
- Roberts, Charles G. D.**  
An Easter Lily, 26.  
The Quest of the Arbutus, 47.  
Dandelions, 96.  
Hawk-bit, 103.  
Ripe grew the year. Then suddenly there came, 119.  
Heal-all, 124.  
The Jonquil, 141.  
Lily-of-the-valley, 151.  
The Pea-fields, 185.  
The Wild Rose Thicket, 326.
- Robinson, Mary N.**  
The Blue and the Gray, 33.
- Roslofaon, Emily Bruce.**  
Forget-me-not, 110.
- Rollins, A. W.**  
Their Own Names, 3.
- Rossetti, Christina G.**  
These all wait upon Thee, 4.
- Rossetti, Dante Gabriel.**  
Flowers preach to us if we will hear, xiv.  
The rose saith in the dewy morn, 325.
- Sangster, Margaret E.**  
Chrysanthemum, 75.  
Lilacs — A Vision of Spring, 147.  
Beautiful Eyes, 215.
- Sappho.**  
If Jove should give the happy bowers, 324.
- Scollard, Clinton.**  
Cardinal Flower, 70.  
Wild Coreopsis, 86.  
Trillium, 213.  
Whispers, 241.  
The Aspen, 273.  
The Elm, 287.  
The Hawthorn, 289.  
The Maple, 300.  
The Oak, 301.  
Forevermore above the clear and cool, 334.  
Ferns, 344.  
Ground-pine, 349.
- Scott, Sir Walter.**  
Ash, 271.  
Aspen, 272.  
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath, 272.  
And variable as the shade, 273.  
Beech, 274.  
Then shines the birch in silver vest, 276.  
The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new, 322.
- Shakespeare, William.**  
Flowers are like the pleasures of the world, 8.

- I know a bank whereon the wild  
thyme blows, 9.
- In Nature's infinite book of se-  
crecy, 11.
- The summer's flower is to the  
summer sweet, 16.
- The cowslip tall her pensioners  
be, 88.
- O Proserpine, 92.
- Whose white investments figure  
innocence, 93.
- Lilies of all kinds, 110.
- The marigold that goes to bed  
with the sun, 160.
- Winking marybuds begin to ope  
their golden eyes, 161.
- And there is pansies; that's for  
thoughts, 181.
- There's rosemary, that's for re-  
membrance, 196.
- For you there's rosemary and  
ruc, these keep, 196.
- That strain again; — it had a  
dying fall, 220.
- Violets dim, 222.
- Over-canopied with lush wood-  
bine, 224.
- Under the greenwood tree, 242.
- A rose by any other name would  
smell as sweet, 322.
- The rose looks fair, but fairer we  
it deem, 325.
- Shaw, Ralph H.**  
Mosses, 351.
- Shelley, Percy Bysshe:**  
Daisies, those pearly Arcturi  
of the earth, 94.  
Nearer to the river's trembling  
edge, 109.  
And the hyacinth purple and  
white and blue, 132.  
Broad water-lilies lay tremu-  
lously, 150.  
Lily-of-the-valley, 151.  
A sensitive-plant in a garden  
grew, 199.
- For the sensitive-plant has no  
bright flower, 199.
- Smith, Horace.**  
Hymn to the Flowers, 6.
- Smith, Samuel F.**  
An Anthem for Arbor Day, 244.
- Southey, Robert.**  
The Holly Tree, 292.
- Spenser.**  
High on a hill a goodly cedar  
grewe, 277.
- Spofford, Harriet Prescott.**  
The Pine Tree, 309.  
The Mayflower, 371.
- Sweet, Frank H.**  
Persimmon, 309.
- Swinburne.**  
Sundew, 207.
- Tabb, John B.**  
Wind-flowers, 42.  
Goldenrod, 117.  
Star Jessamine, 139.  
Stabat Mater, 299.
- Taylor, Bayard.**  
Palm, 307.
- Tennyson, Alfred.**  
Flower in the crannied wall,  
xiv.  
And ye talk together still, 88.  
Bitter Cress, 88.  
I know the way she went, 94.  
The Snowdrop, 200.  
Unloved, the sunflower, shining  
fair, 209.  
And in my breast, 220.  
Why lingereth she to clothe her  
heart with love, 271.  
With trembling fingers did we  
weave, 291.  
Now folds the lily all her sweet-  
ness up, 374.  
The water-lily starts and slides,  
374.
- Thaxter, Celia.**  
The Kaiserblumen, 50.

- Seaside Goldenrod, 119.  
 The while deliciously, 164.  
 Like crimson wine the wood-  
   bines show, 224.  
 The wholesome yarrow's clusters  
   fine, 226.  
 In clusters creamy white the  
   elder flower, 285.  
 Maize for the Nation's Emblem,  
   381.
- Thayer, Wildie.**  
 To the Flowers, 11.  
 Lilac, 146.  
 The Trees, 242.  
 The Fern, 348.
- Thomson.**  
 Tulip, 216.
- Timrod, Henry.**  
 Jessamine, 138.
- Tytler, Susan.**  
 Mignonette, 162.
- Wait, Minnie Curtis.**  
 The Mayflower, 44.  
 Black-eyed Susan, 57.  
 Bluets, 64.  
 Edelweiss, 105.  
 Mandrakes, 159.  
 Florida Moss, 169.  
 Cotton, 281.
- Warner.**  
 Daffy-down-dilly came up in the  
   cold through the brown mould,  
   92.
- Whitney, A. D. T.**  
 Now it is June and the secret is  
   told, 3.  
 A Violet, 221.
- Whittier, John Greenleaf.**  
 Along the roadside, like the  
   flowers of gold, 119.  
 Heather, 126.  
 Jack-in-the-Pulpit, 136.  
 The Corn Song, 155.  
 Cypress, 284.  
 The Mayflower, 370.
- Wilkins, Mary E.**  
 Bachelor's Buttons, 49.  
 Tiger-lilies, 153.  
 A Spring Verse, 332.  
 "Pussy, pussy, pussy!" there  
   she stood a calling, 333.
- Williams, Grace J.**  
 The Goldenrod, 376.
- Woodberry, George Edward.**  
 Earth's children slumber when  
   the wild winds rise, xiv.
- Woods, Katherine Pearson.**  
 A Song for Wild Rose Time,  
   325.
- Wordsworth, William.**  
 God made the flowers to beautify,  
   xv.  
 Hope smiled, 4.  
 To me the meanest flower that  
   blows, can give, 9.  
 Daffodil, 91.  
 The lily of the vale, 152.  
 Nor will I then thy modest grace  
   forget, 200.  
 A violet by a mossy stone, 220.  
 Mountain Ash, 271.  
 Yew, 339.
- Wray, Angelina W.**  
 Goldenrod, 117.  
 Poppies, 192.

## GENERAL INDEX

- Alder, poem on, 261.  
 Almond, poem on, 263.  
 Aloe, poem on, 263.  
 Andromeda, poem on, 41.  
 Anemone, poem on, 42, 43.  
 Apple Tree, poem on, 264, 265, 267, 268, 271.  
 Arbor Day, history of, 242.  
     Poems on, 244, 245, 247, 250, 251, 253, 254, 255.  
 Arbutus, poem on, 44, 46, 47, 370, 371, 373.  
 Arethusas, poem on, 48, 49.  
 Ash, poem on, 271.  
 Aspen, poem on, 272, 273.  
 Azalea, poem on, 273.  
  
 Bachelor's Button, poem on, 49, 50.  
     National flower of Germany, 360.  
 Bay Flowers, poem on, 273.  
 Beech, poem on, 274.  
 Bindweed, poem on, 55.  
 Birch, poem on, 275, 276.  
 Bitter Sweet, poem on, 55.  
 Black-eyed Susan, poem on, 57.  
 Bloodroot, poem on, 58, 59.  
 Bluebell, poem on, 60, 61.  
 Bluets, poem on, 62, 63, 64.  
 Burdock, poem on, 66.  
 Buttercup, poem on, 67, 68.  
  
 Cardinal Flower, poem on, 70, 71.  
 Carrot, poem on, 71.  
 Cedar, poem on, 276, 277.  
 Cereus, Night-blooming, poem on, 72, 73.  
 Cherry, poem on, 277, 278.  
  
 Cherry blossom, national flower of Japan, 361.  
 Chestnut, poem on, 279, 280.  
 Chickweed, poem on, 73.  
 Chrysanthemum, poem on, 74, 75, 77, 78.  
 Clematis, poem on, 79.  
 Clover, poem on, 80, 81, 82.  
 Columbine, poem on, 83, 84, 377.  
 Compass-plant, poem on, 85.  
 Coptis, poem on, 85.  
 Coreopsis, poem on, 86.  
 Cotton, poem on, 281, 283.  
 Cowslip, poem on, 87, 88.  
 Crocus, poem on, 89, 90.  
 Cuckoo Flower, poem on, 88.  
 Cyclamen, poem on, 90.  
 Cypress, poem on, 284.  
  
 Daffodil, poem on, 91, 92.  
 Daisy, poem on, 92, 93, 94, 95.  
     National flower of Italy, 365.  
 Dandelion, poem on, 96, 98, 99, 100, 101, 103.  
 Decoration Day, poem on, 31, 32, 33.  
 Dodder, poem on, 104.  
 Dogwood, poem on, 284, 285.  
  
 Edelweiss, poem on, 104, 105.  
 Elder, poem on, 285.  
 Elm, poem on, 286, 287.  
  
 Fennel, poem on, 107.  
 Fern, poem on, 343, 344, 348.  
 Fir, poem on, 287, 288.  
 Flax, poem on, 107, 108.

- Fleur-de-Lis, national flower of France, 359.  
 Flowers, poems on, 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 17, 18, 20, 21, 24, 25, 26, 28, 29, 34, 36.  
 Flower-de-Luce, poem on, 108, 109, 110.  
 Forget-me-not, poem on, 110.  
 Four-o'clock, poem on, 112, 113.  
 Fringed Gentian, poem on, 113, 114.  
 Golden Rod, poem on, 115, 117, 119, 374.  
 Grape, poem on, 120, 121.  
 Grass, poem on, 121, 122, 123.  
 Ground Pine, poem on, 349.  
 Hawthorn, poem on, 289.  
 Heal-all, poem on, 124, 125.  
 Heather, poem on, 126.  
 Heliotrope, poem on, 127.  
 Hemlock, poem on, 290, 291.  
 Hepatica, poem on, 128.  
 Holly, poem on, 291, 292.  
 Hollyhock, poem on, 130.  
 Hyacinth, poem on, 131, 132.  
 Indian Pipe, poem on, 132, 133.  
 Ivy, poem on, 134.  
 Jack-in-the-Pulpit, poem on, 135, 136.  
 Jasmine, poem on, 138, 139.  
 Jewel-weed, poem on, 139.  
 Jonquil, poem on, 141.  
 Kaiserblumen, see Bachelor's Button.  
 Lady's-slipper, poem on, 142.  
 Lady's-tresses, poem on, 143.  
 Larkspur, poem on, 143.  
 Laurel, poem on, 293, 294, 368.  
 Leek, national flower of Wales, 359.  
 Lichen, poem on, 350.  
 Lilac, poem on, 144, 145, 146, 147.  
 Lilies, poem on, 148, 149, 152.  
     Water, 150, 373, 374.  
     of-the-Valley, 151.  
     Tiger, 153.  
 Linden, poem on, 294.  
 Lotus, poem on, 154.  
     National flower of ancient Egypt, 360.  
 Lupine, poem on, 154.  
 Magnolia, poem on, 294, 296.  
 Maize, poem on, 155, 157, 379, 381, 383.  
 Mandrake, poem on, 159.  
 Maple, poem on, 297, 298, 299, 300.  
 Marigold, poem on, 160, 161.  
 Mayflower, see Arbutus.  
 Meadow Rue, poem on, 161.  
 Mignonette, poem on, 162, 163.  
 Milkweed, poem on, 164.  
 Mistletoe, poem on, 165, 167.  
 Mitchellia, poem on, 167.  
 Morning Glory, poem on, 168, 169.  
 Moss, poem on, 351.  
     Florida, poem on, 169.  
 Mulberry, poem on, 300.  
 Mullein, poem on, 169, 172.  
 Mushroom, poem on, 351, 352.  
 Myrtle, poem on, 173.  
 Narcissus, poem on, 173.  
 Nasturtium, poem on, 174, 175.  
 National Flowers :  
     England, 357.  
     Scotland, 358.  
     Ireland, 358.  
     Wales, 359.  
     France, 359.  
     Germany, 360.  
     Egypt, 360.  
     Japan, 361.  
     China, 364.  
     India, 364.  
     Persia, 364.

- Greece, 364.  
 Italy, 365.  
 Spain, 365.  
 Peru, 365.  
 United States, 366.  
 Nettle, poem on, 176.
- Oak, poem on, 301, 302.  
 Olive, national flower of ancient Greece, 364.  
 Orange, poem on, 303.  
     National emblem of Spain, 365.  
 Orchid, poem on, 176.  
 Orchis, poem on, 176.
- Painted Cup, poem on, 177, 178.  
 Palm, poem on, 307.  
 Pansy, poem on, 179, 180, 181, 183, 184.  
 Passion Flower, poem on, 184, 185.  
 Pea, poem on, 185.  
 Peach, poem on, 307, 308.  
 Pear, poem on, 308.  
 Peony, poem on, 186, 187.  
 Periwinkle, poem on, 188.  
 Persimmon, poem on, 309.  
 Pimpernel, poem on, 188.  
 Pine, poem on, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314.  
 Pink, poem on, 190.  
 Pitcher Plant, poem on, 190.  
 Plum, poem on, 315.  
 Pomegranate, poem on, 316.  
 Poplar, poem on, 316, 318.  
 Poppy, poem on, 191, 192.  
     National flower of China, 364.  
 Primrose, poem on, 193.  
 Pumpkin, poem on, 194, 195.
- Rhodora, poem on, 318.  
 Rose, poem on, 319, 320, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328.  
     National flower of England, 357.  
 Rosemary, poem on, 196, 197.
- Sassafras, poem on, 329.  
 St.-John's-wort, poem on, 197.  
 Saxifrage, poem on, 198.  
 Seaweed, poem on, 352.  
 Sensitive-plant, poem on, 199.  
 Shamrock, poem on, 199.  
     National flower of Ireland, 358.  
 Snowdrop, poem on, 199, 200.  
 Snow-plant, poem on, 200.  
 Sorrel, poem on, 202.  
 Southernwood, poem on, 203.  
 Speedwell, poem on, 204.  
 Spiræa, poem on, 330.  
 Strawberry, poem on, 205.  
 Succory, poem on, 206.  
 Sumach, poem on, 331.  
 Sundew, poem on, 207.  
 Sunflower, poem on, 208, 209.  
     National flower of Peru, 365.  
 Sweet Pea, poem on, 209, 210.
- Tea, national flower of China, 364.  
 Thistle, national flower of Scotland, 358.  
 Thistledown, poem on, 210, 211, 213.  
 Trees, poem on, 231, 232, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 240, 242, 245.  
 Trillium, poem on, 213.  
 Tulip, poem on, 215, 216, 217, 331.  
     National flower of Persia, 364.  
 Twin Flower, poem on, 217, 218.
- Venus's Fly-trap, description of, 218.  
 Viburnum, poem on, 219.  
 Violets, poem on, 219, 220, 221, 222.
- Wallflower, poem on, 223.  
 Wheat, poem on, 223, 224.  
 Willow, poem on, 332, 333, 334, 335.  
 Witch-hazel, poem on, 336, 337.  
 Wolf's-foot, poem on, 353.  
 Woodbine, poem on, 224.
- Yarrow, poem on, 225.  
 Yew, poem on, 339, 340.  
 Yucca, poem on, 226.















HJ 28XL 5



